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VICTOR HUGO:

A LIFE

RELATED BY ONE WHO HAS WITNESSED IT:

INCLUDING A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED

INEZ DE CASTRO,

AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

26570

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

[Authorized Translation.]

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PREFACE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE following pages contain an account of the early years of one whose name is so familiar wherever France is known or its language spoken, that it would be bad taste, and indeed, almost impertinent, to recommend it to the English reader.

The biography of which the first part is now published is almost an autobiography. Written, it is believed, by Madame Hugo, the "witness," from her earliest childhood, of the life of her future husband, it bears marks throughout of having been prepared under the eye of the poet himself. It contains many of his schoolboy productions, and various specimens of his style. These have been selected under careful supervision, and they exemplify the gradual development of the author's powers, and his remarkable precocity. They include also a number of fragments that have not before been published. Among these, the most important of the juvenile writings, is a complete play, entitled Inez de Castro—a singular and remarkable work, when the very tender age of the author is taken into consideration.

There are many interesting allusions to the great literary contemporaries of the poet, and of these the notices of Lamartine and Chateaubriand are especially remarkable.

In translating the general text into the English language, care has been taken to retain all that seemed characteristic, while converting the expressions into those that best represent them in Saxon phraseology.

In translating the poetry, the passages are merely construed, that seeming the only way by which French poetry can readily be made comprehensible to English readers. The original, however, is reprinted, whenever there seemed to be the smallest necessity for so doing.

The present volumes contain notices of only so much of the life of the great poet as may be regarded purely literary. It is understood that the work will be continued, but valid reasons are given to account for a certain delay. Many persons still living might be compromised by an account of the political life of Victor Hugo.

A. D. H. A.

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THE

LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

LA VENDÉE.

THE first Hugo of whom there is any account is a certain Pierre Antoine Hugo, born in 1532, who was Privy Councillor to the Grand Duke of Lorraine, and who married the daughter of the Seigneur de Bioncourt. All earlier documents were lost in the pillage of Nancy by the troops of the Marshal de Crequi. Amongst the descendants of Pierre Antoine are to be found, in the sixteenth century, Anne Marie, Canoness of Remiremont; in the seventeenth, Charles Louis, Abbé d'Etival, Bishop of Ptolemais, author of a valuable collection entitled *Sacræ Antiquitatis Monumenta;* in the eighteenth, Joseph Antoine, an officer under the command of the Marshal de Montesquiou, who was killed at the battle of Denain; Michel Pierre, lieutenant-colonel in the Tuscan service; and Louis Antoine, whom Mr. Abel Hugo

described as the Hugo of the Convention, who was executed for moderatism.

Joseph Leopold Sigisbert, the father of Victor Hugo, entered the army as a cadet, in 1788, at the age of fourteen. Besides sisters, he had seven brothers, who left home almost at the same time as himself. Five were killed at the beginning of the war, before Weissemburg; two survived—Francis Juste, who became major in a regiment of infantry; and Louis Joseph, who was a general of brigade, and died ten years ago.

The Revolution came, and promotion was rapid, partly at first on account of the emigration of officers, a great many of whom hastened to escape from the grudges borne them by their soldiers. Mere boys, who had only earned their promotion by learning to dance the minuet, and who knew of no drum but their mothers' embroidery frames,* were placed in command of veteran troops, baptized in powder; and commanded them, too, with all the insolence of those who believed themselves to be of a higher caste. Beneath the spurred boot the red heel peeped out. For trivial faults, and acting on reports frequently incorrect, they inflicted blows with the flat of the sword—an odious and humiliating punishment of that time. When the Revolution dawned, the regiments were found to be in a state of excitement, which contributed not a little to increase the emigration.

Three years after first entering the service, Leopold Hugo became a quarter-master, and was attached to the

* These in French are called *tambours-à-broder*, or drums on which embroidery is made.—TRANS.

staff. He there made the acquaintance of Kleber and Desaix, who continued his friends until their death. The chief of the staff, General Alexandre Beauharnais, formed a friendship for him and made him his secretary. One evening, after having desired him to prepare from his notes a memorandum to the Government, suggesting that, instead of breaking up the "*sainte ampoule*" of Rheims, they should sell it to the Empress of Russia, who had offered two millions for it, the general returned towards midnight, very thoughtful, and, finding his secretary still hard at work,—"Hugo," said he, "they offer me the position of Minister of War; shall I accept or refuse it?"

On such an occasion most men would have thought of their private interests, and the advantage of being secretary to a minister. The young soldier, however, only looked at it in the interest of his general. This was in the year 1792, verging on 1793, at which time the higher the position the greater was the danger. The subaltern advised the General to refuse. Next day, Alexandre Beauharnais was breakfasting with the Commander-in-Chief (the Duke de Biron), and the Duke congratulated him on being Minister.

"Minister!" replied Beauharnais; "I am so no longer!" And as Biron appeared surprised, he pointed to his secretary and said, "Hugo would not allow me."

Alexandre Beauharnais reposed such confidence in Hugo that he desired him to write to Pétion, requesting to know whether it would not be better that he should send Eugène to study in England, Paris being in so dis-

turbed a state. Not long after, he obtained the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine, and appointed Hugo as his aide-de-camp. But Hugo had an intimate friend whom he would not leave. He thanked the General, and went into La Vendée, with his friend Muscar, as captain-adjutant-major.

His battalion quickly traversed France, crossed the Loire at the Pont de Cè, and fought in the battle of Martigné-Briant, and in the two skirmishes at Vihiers. On the occasion of the second of these battles, Hugo was ordered to cover a movement of his brigade with a detachment. This detachment, although exposed to a terrible fire, held its ground, and was annihilated. All perished except a few who were carried off wounded, and the Adjutant-major, who came away with seventeen grape-shot wounds, and a bullet which had passed quite through one of his feet.

He rejoined his battalion before he could walk, not requiring other legs than those of his horse. But at the defeat of Montaigu he had two horses killed under him, and being incapable of walking a single step, he would have been killed but for an officer of the Black Hussars, who risked his life to save him by hoisting him on one of his own horses.

He inspired devotion in others, being himself devotion and goodness personified. One had but to know him to love him. He was humane to a fault. In that terrible war, where no prisoners were taken, and where it was necessary to kill in order to escape being killed, he several times had the happiness of saving life. At the

attack of La Chevrolière, Muscar, who commanded the expedition, having been disabled by seven gunshot wounds, selected him as commander in his stead. The Chouans, warmly attacked, fled across the moor, leaving the aged, the women, and the children to the mercy of the enemy. Hugo captured them, knowing they would be safer with him than with anyone else; and, seeing an infant, five months old, abandoned by its nurse (certainly its mother would have been incapable of thus acting), he caught up the child, and sought out a nurse for it amidst the female prisoners. At the close of the expedition he restored this grateful community to liberty, and gave them food for several days.

They were shooting two Vendeans, uncle and nephew, who had been captured with arms in their hands. When the uncle had already been shot, the nephew, a child between nine and ten years of age, was about to undergo the same sentence. Hugo dashed forward, saved the child, whose name was Jean Prin, took care of him, and kept him about his person for seven years, until he had found a fitting situation for him.

His goodness was contagious. A little girl of two years old, deserted at the Porte St. Martin, was preserved from destruction by his adjutant, Vogt, who, subsequently, after he had obtained his captaincy, adopted the child.

The village of Bouquenay attacked each detachment in succession as it marched from the Château d'O to Nantes. One of the squadrons, annoyed by the discharge of guns, rushed into the village, and returned with 292 prisoners, twenty-two of whom were females. All taken

were to be executed, but Muscar, who was staggered by the number, begged for instructions from Nantes. Special commissioners were sent, who came to judge, or rather to condemn. They began with the men. Hugo was bold enough to appear before the tribunal to request, not their pardon, but that they might be sent to work in the mines in Central France, until peace should be proclaimed. The judges were inexorable, and the 270 men were condemned and executed. The women were about to undergo the same fate, when the tribune was recalled to Nantes. The commissioners returned precipitately, desiring Muscar to hand over the prisoners to a military commission. Hugo managed to be appointed president of the commission. He dreaded an aged sub-lieutenant, named Fleury, a melancholy, taciturn kind of man, who, by right of seniority, would be entitled to speak first. He warned the commissioners that they should take example from no one, and that they ought to judge these unfortunate women solely according to the dictates of their conscience, and to remember that they had not participated in the hostilities. He added that they were already severely punished by the deaths of their brothers, husbands, and sons, who had been shot before their eyes. Then he allowed the sub-lieutenant to speak, who, with his usual brusque manners and rough voice, observed,—"I entered the military service to fight men, not to assassinate women. I vote that these twenty-two women should be set at liberty, and immediately restored to their homes." All followed his example; and, by an unanimous verdict, they were acquitted.

During thirty years of military life, Hugo was only once punished. The circumstances were as follows:—On recovering from his seven gunshot wounds, Muscar received orders to take up his position at Vue, and told off Captain Mercadier to this post. He found there a force ten times as large as his own, and was obliged to fall back. Muscar having received formal instructions, blamed Mercadier for his want of success, and ordered him to re-advance and take up the position. The Captain, who was truly brave, but who was sure that the attempt would be unsuccessful, demanded reinforcements, and was refused. He left at daybreak, and, at eleven o'clock, a countryman from the village of Saint Jean de Boizeau was seen running with news that the detachment was about to be worsted. Muscar and the other superior officers were not there at the time, but Hugo undertook to go to the rescue of his comrades. When he arrived he found that not only Mercadier, but 123 soldiers out of 200 had been killed or taken. Seventy men only were left, and these he saved and brought back to the camp. Muscar, who had refused the reinforcement, reprimanded Hugo; but the seventy rescued men murmured. Their murmurs consigned Hugo to a prison; but they then rose in a body, and attempted to force the prison, with the band playing at their head. Muscar hastened to the scene, and found Hugo haranguing them, and energetically urging submission to discipline. On seeing this, the Commander ordered the prison to be opened, and shaking hands with the prisoner, threw himself into his arms with a burst of tender feeling.

Hugo then occupied a high position on the staff, and took part in the expedition to Quiberon. He came to Chateaubriant, which was then under the command of Muscar, and narrowly escaped being witness of a terrible disaster. A soldier, who was recovering from a wound received while serving in the Army of the Rhine, was going home to his father's house on sick leave. He had been repeatedly urged not to go in advance of the escort accompanying the diligence, but at the first glimpse of his village home he had not been able to wait, and had risked the journey alone. A labourer working on the road, seeing him come, seized a gun which was hidden in a hedge, took aim, shot him through the head, and then began to rifle the corpse. The report having been heard, the escort accompanying the diligence galloped up, and the peasant fled with the knapsack and a portfolio in which there was a travelling pass. As neither he nor his wife knew how to read, they begged a neighbour to communicate to them the contents of the paper, and they found that the dead man was their son. The mother killed herself with a knife, and the father gave himself up to justice.

General Hoche put an end to all these atrocities. He was so pleased with Muscar and with his adjutant that he promoted Muscar to a generalship, and Hugo to be adjutant-general of a brigade which he was preparing for Ireland.

But Muscar having heard that the expedition was to be commanded by General Humbert, with whom he had had an open quarrel, thanked Hoche, but declined the

appointment. He would have done the same to avoid separation from his friend.

But they were soon afterwards parted, though much against their will. Their corps, reduced by the losses of war, and by being sent to Ireland and elsewhere, returned to Paris, and was amalgamated with the remains of seventeen other corps. A half-brigade was the result, and Muscar, who had refused to accept the appointment of general, was now considered not old enough to command a battalion. He even required some interest to get sent to Ostend, with a grade which no longer allowed of his selecting a staff, so that he was not able to carry Hugo with him. He had to remain in Paris as Adjutant of the Second Battalion.

II.

MARRIAGE.

WHILST this war in La Vendée lasted, Major Hugo had frequently been obliged to visit Nantes, and he had there made several acquaintances, the principal one being with an armourer named Trébuchet.

Trébuchet was an honest citizen, who, like others of his calibre, had never left his native town nor changed his opinions. He had remained a Royalist and a Catholic, and mixed up his God and his king in his religion. It is, therefore, difficult to imagine how the soldier of the Convention had obtained a footing in the house of the faithful ally of Louis XVI. I do not know how he first obtained admission, but I do well know the reason of his return thither, and what was the nature of the attraction.

The armourer, who was a widower, had three daughters, one of whom, Sophie, had only half imbibed her father's opinions. She possessed that independent spirit, and that strong individuality, which are often to be met with in motherless girls, who are forced to act as women

before their time. In politics, however, she was as ardent as her father, and her only bigotry consisted in a blind devotion to the throne, and this was rather an obstacle to any association with the Major. He was, however, humane in war, he had shown pity on women and children. Besides this, he was a fine, tall youth, well made, full of life, and the expression his countenance expressed goodness—that best of all beauty. This is the reason why the Major came back again. As for Sophie, she was small and thin, with tiny hands and feet; she was slightly pitted with the small-pox, but these marks were forgotten in the extreme sprightliness of her expression, and in her intelligent look. The secret of the Major's return is now revealed.

When intelligence and beauty meet, they generally harmonize. In this instance, they had harmonized so well that it had ended in a promise of marriage. Hoche had been the means of preventing the fulfilment of the promise by too speedily putting an end to the war; the Major had been obliged to set off for Paris, but he had not left without plighting his troth, and engaging that he would do all in his power to hasten the desired union.

The charms of Paris in nowise caused forgetfulness of Nantes. After the formation and disciplining of the half-brigade, he was appointed reporter to the first council of war. The registrar was of the same age as himself. Both being young, and sheltered under the same roof (the council of war being then held at the Town Hall), Leopold Hugo and Pierre Foucher, one of

whom was reporter, the other registrar, made friends with each other, and were already intimate when Hugo was made acquainted with the circumstance that Foucher was from Nantes and that he knew Trébuchet's family. They became firmer allies than ever, the more so as it happened that Foucher, too, was in love and on the eve of marriage.

One thing only came between their friendship for each other, and this was their political opinions. The reporter was a Republican, and the registrar was a Royalist. Foucher having lost his father and mother whilst yet an infant, had been brought up by an uncle who was a Canon at Mans: he had had his nephew instructed by the Oratorians of Nantes. All these priests had not succeeded in inspiring him with much enthusiasm for religion. He had seen a friend of his uncle's killed, a certain Abbé Briant, who was the slave of two strong passions. One was that of composing sermons, the other was that of fishing with a line. Having no audience for the many sermons he was in the habit of composing, he was frequently joked on the subject and told that he preached to the fishes and fished for hearers. War had been a piece of good luck for him. He had quitted his fishes to devote himself to the peasantry, and was in the habit of climbing trees in order that his voice might be heard at a distance, preaching away to whoever should listen. His voice reached only too far, for a detachment of Republicans once overheard him, and shot him dead.

"I was on the spot," observed the registrar to the

secretary, when relating to him this story, which told ill for the Republic.

"And I also was present," was the reply; "for I was at the head of the detachment."

Nevertheless, this shot was not ordered by Major Hugo, but by the lieutenant of his advanced guard, and he had taken the officer to task for it, believing that the assembly might have been surrounded without any loss of life. He had even gone so far as to rescue the corpse of the preacher from the hands of the National Guard, who had begun to insult it, and he had seen that it was decently buried.

The registrar's Royalist feelings, however, were not very violent, and they had not prevented his mixing himself up in the capture of the Château de Nantes. This expedition he joined in, partly excited by the natural feelings of a student, and partly by his curiosity as an antiquarian. One night, in the month of July, 1789, hearing the alarm-bell ringing from all the churches of the town, he had hastily dressed, and run down into the street. He there heard a nobleman haranguing the multitude against the nobility, and strongly advising the seizure of the castle. The mob rushed forward, and he followed them. The castle was only defended by a single company, and by a few invalided men who offered no resistance. Being disappointed of a battle, they made up their minds to breakfast instead of fighting, and sending out for rolls, hams, and barrels of wine, they sat down happily enough. But the pupil of the Oratorians soon abandoned the pleasures of the table, to satisfy his

appetite for archæological curiosities, which he gratified by a good ramble over the ancient home of the Dukes of Brittany.

His studies once terminated, he came to Paris to seek his fortune. He there saw Louis XVI. and the royal family. It was in the year 1792; the King no longer owned the Tuilleries, and the palace had fallen into the possession of the people. Those who wished to see the royal family on their way to mass had but to make their way towards the Pavillon de l'Horloge at twelve o'clock on Sunday. He had seen them in this way, with little or no pomp, and his description of the scene I copy from some notes he has left.

"I was much surprised on seeing the King, and could not forget his vacillating gait, his large face, of a tawny red colour, his ugly grey camlet coat, and his white silk stockings, fastened over his breeches by red woollen garters above the knee. The Queen's hair, though she was not yet forty, was thickly sprinkled with grey. When smiling on her guards, she showed her teeth, and very unornamental they were. She wore a pink and white striped silk dress, and her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, a stout, chubby-faced person, wore a dress of the same material, striped with blue and white."

Leopold Hugo acted two years as reporter. He had something to do with the band of *chauffeurs*, whom the civil authorities dared not pursue, but whom the military judges annihilated. On the other hand, he brought to light the innocence of prisoners who had been too lightly accused, and even sometimes condemned. Amongst these

was an old captain named Fontaine, who had been for some years in irons. He was the means of obtaining one act of justice in particular, though it has not since been followed up; this was, insisting that the punishment should date from the day of arrest, instead of from the day of judgment. He said, with some show of reason, that preventive detention was imprisonment, and that in not acting upon this fact, the judge acted with more severity than the legislator.

Whilst reporting in Paris the lawsuits of others, his own cause was being tried at Nantes. The armourer rather hesitated in giving his daughter in marriage to a military man, who was obliged to travel all over the world, and whose wife would either be forced to remain alone, or must wander with her husband wherever he was ordered to proceed. Another objection he had to the Major was his political opinions, which would be at variance with those of his family, and might occasion quarrels in his home. But love is the best of lawyers, and Sophie pleaded the cause so effectively that the marriage was decided on.

The bridegroom elect being unable to visit Nantes, the lady herself came to Paris, accompanied by her father and brothers, but not by her sisters, who had taken the veil at a convent of the Ursulines.

The marriage of the young couple took place at the registry office at the Town Hall. No religious ceremony was performed. The churches were all closed at that period, and the priests had all fled or were concealed. Our young people took no pains to discover them. The

bride cared but little for the pastoral blessing, and the bridegroom was perfectly indifferent to it.

The registrar soon followed the Major's example, and the Town Hall gave shelter to the two young couples. The registrar, who had no relations, requested the Major to be his witness. At the wedding dinner, the Major, who was naturally of a very cheerful disposition, and was also elated at his recent accession of happiness by taking to himself a wife, filled a glass, and holding it out to his friend, exclaimed,—

"You have a daughter, and I will have a son, and the children shall marry each other. I drink to the prosperity of their future home!"

Strange to say, this singular agreement was ratified.

III.

CAMPAIGN OF THE RHINE.

It was not long before children made their appearance. Within a year, Madame Hugo was nursing a fine boy, who was not yet advanced enough to answer to his Christian name of Abel, but who was already in a fair way of having a brother. At this time, the youthful father met Lahorie, whom he had known as a mere soldier in 1793, when he himself was captain-adjutant-major. He had then been enabled to render him some service. Lahorie, who had been adjutant-general, was surprised to see his patron still in the same rank; and, wishing to acquit himself of his debt of gratitude, advised that he should join the army at Basle, where he himself was going as chief of the staff of Moreau.

The Major applied for leave of absence; first, from his adjutant-general, who unwillingly granted it; next, from his young wife, who consented tearfully; thirdly, from his newly-born son, who did not refuse. Accordingly, he started. On his arrival at Basle, Lahorie was absent on a tour of inspection. As Lahorie was his only acquaint-

ance on the staff, Hugo awaited his appearance, promenading up and down before the hotel of the Commander-in-Chief. A man who was passing by, dressed in a great coat, and with a pipe in his mouth, asked him if he had not just heard the firing of a gun?

"No, sir."

On hearing the word "sir," the pedestrian looked at him. Seeing him in the uniform of a major, he asked him where he had served. They entered into conversation. Hugo spoke of the campaigns against the Vendeans, and of his adventures with the Chouans, in a manner that appeared to arrest the attention of his questioner. Very soon, however, the man and his pipe left him to himself, and disappeared into the hotel.

Not long afterwards, an adjutant came to inform him that the Commander-in-Chief was about to sit down to dinner, and was waiting for him. He replied that this was, doubtless, some mistake, he not having the honour of being known to the General.

"He not know you! You have been nearly an hour talking to him, and he is delighted with you!"

The man with the pipe was Moreau.

Lahorie had little or no trouble in getting his friend appointed on the staff; and Moreau attached him specially to his person. In this capacity he took a part in the passage of the Rhine, in the battles of Eugen, of Moeskirch, of Biberach, of Memmingen, &c. I have in my possession the letters he used to write to his wife in the evenings after these encounters. He there mentions in detail the movements of the troops, the advantages gained

or the losses incurred, and only omits to mention himself. He was so truly modest that, at Moeskirch, Moreau having offered him a battalion, he begged him to wait until he had more fully deserved it. But, at the passage of the Danube, a beam having been thrown across the intersected arch of a bridge that had been partly destroyed, he set so noble an example by recklessly crossing it, regardless of a shower of grape, that the Commander-in-Chief no longer thought it necessary to consult him upon the subject, but appointed him to the command of a battalion on the field of battle itself.

He conversed with La Tour d'Auvergne two hours before the death of that officer. Moreau, at Neubourg, had desired him to support Montrichard's division by that of General Leclerc. The 46th Regiment of the Line, in which La Tour d'Auvergne served, was amongst those that Leclerc drafted off. Hugo perceived him advancing at full speed. La Tour d'Auvergne, who knew him, and who believed him to be a Breton, rode up to him mounted on his little black horse.

"Well, countryman," said he, "how do things proceed?"

"Pretty tolerably," replied Hugo; "one more touch, and they're done for."

La Tour d'Auvergne set off to give this last touch. The next day Hugo saw him on a litter covered with branches, and borne by grenadiers, in front of whom marched the drums and the band. He was on his way to the grave.

The Danube once passed, Moreau established his head-

quarters at Munich, where the Austrians sent to him to request a suspension of hostilities. Conferences took place, at the hamlet of Partsdorf, between Lahorie, on behalf of France, and Count Dietrichstein, on behalf of Austria. Colonel the Count of Colloredo accompanied Dietrichstein, and Hugo accompanied Lahorie. France had it all her own way; hostilities ceased, and preparation was made for the Congress of Lunéville. Hugo commanded the place, under Generals Clarke and Bellavesne. The plenipotentiaries arrived, and the young Commandant made the acquaintance of Joseph Buonaparte. The slowness of the Austrian diplomacy wearied the First Consul, and war recommenced. Moreau, who had been to Paris, and passed through Lunéville on his return to head-quarters, wished to take back Hugo; but Joseph Bonaparte desired that he should remain, and engaged to answer for his future career. Moreau consented, out of regard to his *chef de bataillon;* and, though separated, they remained such close friends, that Moreau was in the habit of writing to inform him of every important movement, and Hugo actually was aware of the victory gained at Hohenlinden twelve hours before Joseph Buonaparte heard of it.

The battle of Hohenlinden plainly showed Austria that nothing was to be gained by quarrelling, and she conceded all. A treaty of peace was signed, and the Army of the Rhine re-entered France. Joseph Buonaparte kept his word with Moreau, and requested that the *chef de bataillon* should be made brigadier-general. He wrote the following letter:—

"C.* MINISTER, "1st Floréal, year IX.

"C. Hugo, Commandant Extraordinary, is a very distinguished and talented officer. I shall be much pleased if you are able to employ him in the Army of La Gironde as brigadier-general.

"General Moreau, when passing through Lunéville, very much wished to take him with him. He fully appreciated his bravery, activity, and intelligence.

"I requested the General to leave him at Lunéville, and I have since been well satisfied that I did so. C. Hugo has proved very useful.

"You will understand, C. Minister, that the interest I feel for this officer is altogether legitimate, and I ask, as a personal favour, that you will confer on C. Hugo the rank of brigadier-general.

"J. BUONAPARTE."

But, in spite of his being brother to the First Consul, Joseph Buonaparte could not obtain this appointment. The First Consul and Moreau had already commenced their private quarrel, and it was no recommendation to the one that Hugo was in favour with the other. The *chef de bataillon* remained *chef de bataillon*.

* In the autograph letter now before me, the word *citoyen* is only designated by its initial. I retain the orthography, as being characteristic of a period when people had already begun to grow weary of the word, and even avoided the trouble of writing it in full.—AUTHOR.

IV.

A BIRTH.

WITHOUT consulting him, certain friends were the means of Hugo's being appointed to the command of the 20th Demi-brigade, then stationed at Besançon. Accordingly, he removed thither, and sent for his wife and two children, Abel and Eugène. Abel had large blue eyes and a delicate complexion; Eugène was broad-shouldered and strong-wristed. It was delightful to see such robust health as he possessed; he was one of those of whom one would say, "We need fear nothing for him: he will outlive us all."

The family dwelt in the Place St. Quentin, in a house now known as the "Maison Barette." In this house a third child was shortly to be born. Having had two sons, the father now wished for a daughter. A godmother was already chosen, but whether son or daughter, it was also necessary to find a godfather. It so happened that there resided at Besançon an aide-de-camp of Moreau's, who was blessed with a young wife. Madame Delelée was only too pleased to be asked to stand sponsor to the

child of her husband's fellow-soldier. General Lahorie was suggested as the godfather. He was then in Paris, and the two following letters on the subject have been found at the office of the Minister of War:—

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"You have always been so kind to Hugo, and so affectionate towards my children, that I was truly sorry you could not act as godfather to the last. I am about to give birth to a third, and I should be much gratified if you would stand for the new-comer. I hope this will not be taking too great an advantage of your friendship.

"Although we should be delighted to see you here, we do not venture to ask you to set out on so long a journey, at such an inclement season as the month of Ventôse, towards the middle of which I expect to be confined. I am about to request Madame Delelée to do us the same honour which we ask of you. Doubtless, she will feel flattered by having you associated with her as one of the godparents. Should you be unable to join us, our mutual friend, Citizen Delelée, would no doubt act as your proxy on the occasion.

"We propose to give our child a name which you have never dishonoured, but which indeed you have helped to render more illustrious. In the event of its being a boy, it will be called Victor, and if a girl, Victorine.

"Your assent to this arrangement will be another proof of your friendship.

"Believe me, etc.,

"FEMME HUGO."

About six weeks after this letter from the wife, Lahorie received one from the husband.

"Besançon, 14th Ventôse, year X.

"My wife and I, my dear General, duly received the letter you forwarded to us by private hands, undertaking the office we requested of you. We were much gratified by the expressions you make use of, and are deeply grateful for this proof of friendship.

"Brigadier-General Citizen Delelée received your letter on the 6th. On the 7th we received those which you forwarded to us. My wife was confined of a son the same day. She had a better delivery than she expected, having suffered much during her pregnancy. I should have written to you before, my dear General, but I waited to give you news of the mother and child. This is the eighth day, and both are going on as well as possible.

"We have called the child Victor Marie, the second of these names being that of Madame Delelée. Your wishes, as well as our own, are, therefore, carried out. My wife will offer you her thanks in person for all your kind expressions towards her. She, as well as I, feel satisfied of the interest you take in our children, judging by that which you have always exhibited in my affairs. That which you have just done is a new title to my gratitude, and should bind still more closely the ties of friendship which unite us. I shall neglect nothing to render myself worthy of this friendship, and I trust to retain unaltered all the kind feelings you have expressed towards me.

"We cordially unite in kindest regards.

"Hugo.

Victorine was expected, but Victor came, and when he made his appearance one would have said that he knew he was not wanted. He seemed even to come into the world reluctantly. He had none of the good looks of his brothers; he was, indeed, so small, so delicate, and so puny, that the accoucheur declared he was not likely to live.

I have often heard his mother relate the history of his birth. She said he was not longer than a table-knife. Having dressed him in swaddling clothes, they placed him in an arm-chair, where he occupied so little space that there would have been room for a dozen more of the same size. His brothers were summoned to look at him. "He was so ugly," said his mother, "and was so unlike a human being, that their fine boy Eugène, who was only eighteen months old, and could hardly speak, cried out when he saw him, 'Oh, what a little animal!'"

In this moribund state he was taken to the Mairie. The registers of the first section of Besançon attest the presentation of a boy, born at half-past ten at night, "*Septidi Ventôse, an X. de la République*" (26th February, 1802), under the name and pre-names of Victor Marie Hugo.

The moribund did not die. He has since said, in speaking of himself, "What pure milk, what care, what vows, what love, were lavished upon him and made him, in a twofold sense, the child of his pertinacious mother!" As soon as he found out that no malice was borne him for not being Victorine, and that instead of being got rid of, he was the object of such devoted care,

he resolved to live. Six months after the accoucheur's prophecy, he was bravely undertaking the fatiguing journey from Besançon to Marseilles.

His father had not been without his troubles. His brigadier-general having received from the Minister an order to discharge all those who were capable of being re-formed, thought it more profitable to make money by the transaction. This traffic got talked about, and the *chef de bataillon* thought it his duty to warn the brigadier-general of the injurious reports that were in circulation about him. Others were less friendly, and instead of informing the general of brigade gave notice to the general commanding-in-chief. The former, not knowing to whom to attribute this denunciation, supposed that it proceeded from the person who had spoken to him concerning the transaction. Hence arose ill feeling, from which the subordinate, after undergoing much annoyance, wished to escape. He sent his wife to Paris to solicit from Joseph Buonaparte a change of brigade. Madame Hugo, when at Paris, was on a visit to her old friends of the Hotel de Ville. They no longer lived there, for the councils of war had been removed, and Pierre Foucher, who retained the office of registrar, had followed them to the Hotel Toulouse, Rue du Cherche-Midi. Madame Foucher warmly welcomed her friend.

The children, being too young for this long journey, had remained with their father, who tried to console them for their mother's absence by doubling their supply of bonbons. Victor, who was then twenty-two months old,

and whose existence was still centred in his mother, came in for a large share of this treatment.

"Your Abel," wrote he, "your Eugène, and your Victor, speak of you daily. I have never given them so many bonbons as now, because they, like myself, have never had to endure such a painful privation as at present. Victor is constantly calling for his mamma, but his poor mamma is not able to hear.

"Victor is just come in. He kisses me. I kiss him in your stead, and make him kiss this spot [*here a blank occurs in the letter*] in order that, although absent, you may at least receive something from him. I have just given him some bonbons, of which I have always a store in my drawer. He goes away gloomily, sucking them as he goes."

The mother's absence was prolonged. She could obtain nothing, in spite of the active intervention of the First Consul's brother. Joseph Buonaparte could not succeed in rendering Moreau's *protégé* a favourite. Instead of obtaining a favour he was exiled. They selected from his half-brigade all who were trained and equipped, in order to send them on the expedition to Santo Domingo, and the few ragged conscripts who remained were placed under his command to be conducted to Corsica, and afterwards to Elba. Seeing that all solicitations in his behalf rather aggravated his disgrace, he wrote to his wife, begging her to return home.

The family remained united until the close of the year XIII., going to and fro between the islands, sometimes at Porto-Ferrajo, sometimes at Bastia. All these changes

of residence were extremely fatiguing to the children, especially to Victor, who was always languid, and who, in consequence, was unusually sad for a child of his years. He was sometimes discovered in a corner, weeping silently without any reason. His father, having received orders to embark his battalion for Genoa, and to advance by forced marches upon the Adige, to join the Army of Italy, felt how impossible it would be for this poor little sufferer to accompany him. He therefore settled his wife and the three young children at Paris. Their mother found shelter for them in the Rue de Clichy, No. 24.

The earliest recollections of Victor Hugo revert to this period. He recollects that in this house there was a courtyard; that in the courtyard there was a well; near the well a trough; and overhanging the trough, a willow. He remembers, also, that his mother sent him to school in the Rue du Mont Blanc; that, as he was so little, they took more care of him than of the other children; that they carried him in the morning to the bedroom of Mademoiselle Rose, the schoolmaster's daughter; that Mademoiselle Rose, generally still in bed, sat him on the bed by her side, and that when she got up he looked at her putting on her stockings.

Another souvenir. When the classes were called up, the instruction that fell to his share consisted in sitting him before a window, from which he watched the building of the hotel of Cardinal Fesch. One day, while a squared block of stone was being hoisted by a windlass, and a workman was sitting on the stone, the rope broke, and the workman was crushed.

Another event, which made as deep an impression upon him as this, was a torrent of rain, so violent that the Rue de Clichy and the Rue St. Lazare were converted into rivers, and he was not fetched home till nine o'clock at night.

He still retains the recollection of a performance given on the occasion of the *fête* of the schoolmaster. The schoolroom was divided into two compartments by a curtain. They acted *Geneviève de Brabant.* Mademoiselle Rose took the part of Geneviève, and, as he was the smallest in the school, they made him act the child. He was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and in a sheepskin, from which dangled an iron claw. He understood nothing of the drama, which struck him as being a long one. To make the time pass more quickly he amused himself during the performance by thrusting his claw into Mademoiselle Rose's legs. It resulted that at the most pathetic moment in the whole piece the spectators were startled by hearing Geneviève de Brabant thus apostrophize her son:—"Will you leave me alone, you little wretch?"

V.

FRA DIAVOLO.

At the battle of Caldiero, the French lines were giving way, and the order had already been given to re-cross the Adige. Hugo obstinately defended the village of Caldiero, and there sustained for three hours the attack of the enemy, in such a manner that Masséna said to him, "Well, my friend, you will be made colonel and officer of the Legion of Honour." The Adige was not re-crossed, and Hugo was mentioned three times in the Marshal's report. But the report of Masséna had no more effect than the recommendation of Joseph Buonaparte.

It must be admitted that the *chef de bataillon* did not do much to assist his protectors. On the occasion of Moreau's conspiracy, all the corps had offered congratulations to the First Consul, which were naturally enough seasoned by insulting remarks upon his adversary. Hugo, to whom one of these addresses had been offered for signature, had answered, that he never signed anything against his benefactor. The consequences of this refusal had been clearly pointed out to him, but his gratitude was

not to be weakened. The First Consul had known it, and the Emperor remembered it.

Moreau's *protégé* received a decisive proof of the imprudence of gratitude. His regiment having been one of those which had conquered the kingdom of Naples, was one from which the new King chose his guard. This new King, too, was Joseph Buonaparte, so that Hugo had a double reason for being included in the promotions. He made the request, and was refused. The Captain-general answered him, that *the King was not the master.* This time he understood the rebuff, and determined to quit the military profession.

The announcement of his resignation induced the Minister to reflect. Joseph Buonaparte also complained, demanding what kind of a king he was, if he was not even allowed to select his guards. He was still not permitted to employ his *protégé*, the reason being that the Emperor had once refused, and that if he had now given way, people might have thought that emperors could make mistakes. But the King was permitted to employ him in his army. Hugo, therefore, received from Count Mathieu Dumas, the King's Minister of War, a very pressing invitation to enter the Neapolitan Army. "The King has special views concerning you, and desires to give you immediately convincing proofs of his confidence and esteem."

The first proof of confidence and esteem given by the King, was an order to take Fra Diavolo.

One of the results of the forcible occupation of the Kingdom of Naples, had been the bringing together in

the mountains bands of intrepid men, half patriots, half brigands. The principal chief of these bands was Michel Pezza, who was called Fra Diavolo, owing to his almost supernatural skill in escaping pursuit. The adventures of Fra Diavolo have left a legendary reputation, which has inspired operas and novels. Among these, the *Jean Sbogar*, by Charles Nodier, may be mentioned.

A robber on the high road, but also a defender of his native soil; a man combining justice with assassination;—Michel Pezza was, in fact, one of those figures concerning whom history hesitates to speak, preferring to leave him to the domain of the novelist. At the time we are now alluding to, Fra Diavolo was the representative of the type which is met with in all countries under foreign yoke. He was the legitimist bandit, struggling against conquest. He was, in Italy, what *L'Empecinado* afterwards became in Spain, what Canaris was in Greece, and Abd-el-Kadir in Africa.

Before interfering with the French, Michel Pezza had attacked only passing travellers. He had been a mere brigand, and a price had been set on his head. But all this had not prevented Ferdinand IV., when he wanted a robber, from creating him Colonel and Duke of Cassano.

It was, then, partly to bring back Ferdinand, but it was certainly much more to get rid of the foreigner, that Fra Diavolo occupied the passes, fought in the plains, surprised the cantonments, carried off the convoys, and then vanished among the mountains. They began by surrounding him. General Duhesme closed against him

the States of the Church. General Goulet occupied the Val de Sora, and General Valentine the Arrondissement of Gaëta. When he was thus shut up among the Appennines between three generals, they placed 850 men at Hugo's disposal, and the game was started. It was a troublesome and bloody battue. Fra Diavolo had 1500 men, but the difficulty did not arise from the difference of numbers, the point was not to fight him, but to find him. The mountains were better known to him than to his pursuers, he had his secret paths: they saw him, they touched him, they took hold of him, and suddenly he vanished. Nature helped him. Every day there fell torrents of rain, or if it did not rain, the mist was so thick that one could not see a step in advance. It was necessary from the first to leave the guns behind, nor could the dragoons be brought into use. They were not available in these steep ascents and narrow paths.

After six days of tiresome marching and countermarching, there had not been a single engagement, but at last the robber was hemmed in so closely by the troops that they were on the point of catching him. However, the spies once more came in to say that he had again escaped. In what way? One of them had seen him at five o'clock in the morning on the right bank of the Biferno. Another had seen him at the same hour in the Abruzzi. A third had found him going towards La Pouille; while somebody else had discovered him entering the Kingdom of Naples. The fact was that, to baffle pursuit, his partizans had divided themselves into several detachments, the chief of each giving himself out

as Fra Diavolo. Which was the true one? Not knowing after whom to run, they pursued all, drove them all in the same direction, and succeeded in massing them in the valley of Boiano. There Fra Diavolo, brought to bay, was obliged to fight. The battle was obstinate. It rained, because it always rained, and it rained so hard that the muskets became full of water, and could not be fired. They gave up the idea of such a thing, and it was a frightful hand-to-hand contest with cold steel. The butt-ends of the muskets and the bayonets did such work that there only remained to Fra Diavolo 500 of his 1500 men. Thus broken, he attempted to throw himself into Benevento by the Valley of Tamaro. He could only reach it by crossing the Bridge of Vinchiatura. This post ought to have been held by the National Guard, but the National Guard had not put itself out of the way, not supposing it possible that an army could even think of escaping during such bad weather. On the other hand, the French column, weakened and exhausted, soaked through and with naked feet, was obliged to stop some hours at Boiano to recruit, and also to get shod. The hours thus occupied, thanks to the carelessness of the National Guards, sufficed to give Fra Diavolo another chance.

The chase recommenced. At Morcona there had been a storm such as the inhabitants did not remember to have ever seen. The electric discharge more than once killed several soldiers. It rained so furiously that although the troops were on a slope the water rose to midleg. As if the storm were not sufficiently violent, it

was accompanied by an earthquake, and the troops were obliged to halt once more, and borrow dry wearing apparel of the inhabitants. As soon as the storm had a little subsided they started again, but all this rain had swollen the Calora fifteen or sixteen feet; Fra Diavolo had been able to cross it before it had begun to rise, and this gave him twenty-four hours' start. These twenty-four hours, however, it was possible to regain by taking the route of the Fourches Caudines, and climbing Le Vergine, which certainly nobody but the goats had ever done before. The escalade seemed a very simple matter to Hugo, but the soldiers were not quite of the same opinion. They said that they could not go any further, and that they must have rest. The officers might if they pleased give the order to march, but nobody was inclined to obey. This was serious in all respects. It meant discipline gone, and Fra Diavolo saved. With the start that he had already gained, the smallest delay gave him time to embark for Capri, which was still occupied by the English. It was known that vessels were already on the coast sent by the governor, who was no other than Hudson Lowe, of St. Helena notoriety. One may picture to oneself his gloomy countenance, astonished at having assisted at the escape of a brigand.

Hugo would have nothing to do with insubordination. Generous and full of compassion as we have known him, and capable of almost womanly tenderness, he was inflexible when commanding. Besides being of sanguine temperament, and in the full vigour of his years, he was passionate.

He went straight up to the mutineers, determined to run his sword through the first who refused to obey. On seeing this some were afraid, and others ashamed, and it required only a few words from him to set the column in motion. He had not enough men to allow of a division of his forces, so that he took all his men with him, and commenced the rugged ascent. The slope was so steep and so slippery that it was only possible to get on by clinging to the branches of the shrubs. A thick mist misled the guides. Suddenly the fog lifted like a curtain, and displayed a magnificent view of the Gulf of Naples. The beautiful has always so much effect upon men that these jaded troops soon recovered their spirits. They descended cheerfully, but Hugo silenced all expressions of admiration, because they were approaching Atella, where he hoped to surprise Fra Diavolo. In point of fact, a sharp firing of musketry announced that the enemy was there.

Fra Diavolo escaped once more, but with only thirty of his men. The fine country around Naples is covered with trees, which helped his flight; but suddenly he found himself in the presence of a regiment of light cavalry, reconnoitring on the high road to La Pouille. Caught between this regiment and the other troops on his track there seemed no hope left for him. The advanced guard of the regiment, however, met only a score of National Guards, exceedingly triumphant, who were dragging along and insulting a miserable wretch, whose hands were tied behind his back. They were asked who the fellow was. They shouted out that they had got

hold of Fra Diavolo, whom they were carrying as a prisoner into Naples. The cavalry wished to take him and carry him in themselves, but the National Guards noisily insisted on their right to the captive, saying that there was a reward offered, and that they would not give the man up without 6000 ducats. The cavalry thought this natural enough, and allowed them to pass.

They marched past the regiment, blackguarding and striking their bandit. As soon as they had passed the rear-guard, they took advantage of a cross-road which led to the coast. Suddenly the last ranks of the rear-guard of the troops just passed received a discharge of musketry from behind; they faced round and saw the National Guard running off, joking with their prisoner, who no longer had his hands tied. The whole affair was a ruse, invented by Fra Diavolo. It was impossible for the cavalry to carry the pursuit into the forest; they were satisfied with pointing out to the column of infantry the direction the enemy had taken. Hugo caught up the brigands in the neighbourhood of Castellamare, killed nearly all the men, and wounded Fra Diavolo himself. The few men left could be of no other service than to denounce him, and he dismissed them; but he was surrounded on all sides. The 6000 ducats reward offered for his capture let loose upon him bands of peasants; and he was met at Campagna by the real National Guards, who did not, indeed, take him prisoner, but who wounded him again.

It was October, and the nights were very cold. One night, when snow was falling, he arrived at a shepherd's

hut in the mountains, enfeebled and bleeding from his two wounds. He looked through a crack, and saw the shepherd warming himself at some expiring embers. The shepherd was alone. He entered, and asked for food and rest. The shepherd showed him some potatoes roasting in the ashes, and some straw in a corner. Fra Diavolo laid down his arms, ate some food, and stretched himself on the straw, which seemed to him a luxurious bed after the nights that he had lately passed. He was woke up suddenly by two armed men, who were kneeling upon him, and rummaging his pockets. Two others were doing the same to the shepherd. When these four men, who were brigands from Cilento, had emptied the pockets, they turned the hut inside out, and seized the arms. Neglecting the shepherd, who was old, they carried off Fra Diavolo; and the poor wretch, not following them fast enough, because one of his wounds was in the foot, they struck him. He did not dare to say who he was, for fear of tempting them by the 6000 ducats. At last, finding that he did not get on, and that it was near break of day, they beat him again, and left him half dead in the snow.

He did not know where he was, but got up and dragged himself along as well as he could. At length he saw a feeble light in the distance, towards which he crawled rather than walked. Presently he saw a few houses. It was Baronisi; and when he entered the village an apothecary was opening his shop. Perceiving a man, torn and wounded, and supporting himself against a milestone to avoid falling, the apothecary asked what he

was doing there, standing in the snow and darkness? The wounded man replied that he had come from Calabria, and was going to Naples, and that he was waiting for some of his companions, who had remained behind. The apothecary, who noticed that he did not speak with the Calabrian accent, looked at him closely, and invited him to wait in his kitchen, where he might warm himself. He made him sit before a good fire, and went to fetch a bottle of brandy.

While Fra Diavolo was drinking and expressing his thanks, the apothecary's servant entered with some of the National Guard, whom she had been to fetch, and who demanded of the stranger his papers. As he said they had been stolen from him, they arrested him, and conducted him to Salerno.

He still trusted that his name was not known; but a sapper of Hugo's corps recognized him. This man was a Neapolitan, and, having been in the service of Ferdinand IV., he had often seen the Colonel-Duke of Cassano. It so happened that he entered the room of the Commandant of Salerno at the moment when they were interrogating the prisoner.

"Hallo!" he cried, "Fra Diavolo!" The surprise was very great. Fra Diavolo attempted to deny his identity, but the sapper had too often saluted him to admit of a doubt.

Hugo, whose mission was terminated, marched to Naples, to give account of his expedition to the King. As a reward for his success, he requested the King to treat Fra Diavolo as a prisoner of war, and to try the Duke of

Cassano—not Michel Pezza. But either the King would not himself grant this favour, or the King himself could not obtain it from the Emperor. It was too much the interest of the new royal house to discountenance the old to let slip any opportunity of treating its defenders as bandits. Michel Pezza was condemned to death as an assassin.

Hugo went to see him in prison. He was not at a loss to recognize him, having watched him pretty closely during the fight at Boiano. Fra Diavolo was a little man, and his most remarkable features were his lively and penetrating eyes. He did not know his adversary by sight, but when his name was mentioned, he looked at him earnestly, remarking "that if the French had been commanded by any other of their officers, he should never have been taken."

VI.

JOURNEY INTO ITALY.

THE excitement of the struggle had prevented Hugo from feeling fatigue, and he only remembered at Naples that he had been for thirty-one days without sleeping in a bed. He also then discovered that he had been wounded at Boiano. A violent fever confined him to his room, but he had taken Fra Diavolo far too cleverly to be allowed to lie by. La Pouille also had its bands, although their patriotism was a mere pretext, and this was a real case of brigandage. The man who had succeeded in destroying Fra Diavolo had little trouble in crushing these wretches. The pursuit was a mere promenade, and while on the road, the French column had time to admire the landscape, and notice the customs of the people.

The Commandant was struck with the sepulchres of Sant' Agata de Gotî. Down a double flight of steps the visitor descends between two rows of upright mummies all fully dressed. Through a long subterranean court, three rows of corpses are continued, and the inhabitants of the place come, from time to time, to pay a visit to their defunct relations and friends.

An earthquake which took place at Pomarico was the cause of a curious adventure. It was night, and in Italian villages the people generally sleep stark naked. The advancing French column saw rushing towards them a crowd of women and young girls, whom the dread of the earthquake had driven from their houses as well as beds, without giving them time to consider the state in which they were. There was brilliant moonlight, and the soldiers were modest enough to lend their cloaks to these frightened daughters of Eve.

This was not the only occasion on which the French army contributed to preserve decency among the Italian women. In the Basilicate, the monastery of Banzo forbade its vassals to build. All of them were closely packed in houses already belonging to the convent. One of these houses alone contained upwards of seven hundred inhabitants, of all ages and both sexes, huddled together pell-mell; twenty families in the same room; the whole family, father, mother, and grown-up sons and daughters, all sleeping in the same bed. Hugo reported to the King, and it was made incumbent on the monks to have some regard to decency in their arrangements.

The last brigands being killed or dispersed, the column returned. The King was not ungrateful towards the commander of the expedition, for he gave him a regiment and a province. He nominated him Colonel of the Royal Corsican Regiment and Governor of Avellino.

The new Governor's first thought was to write to his wife to come and join him. He had been more than two years separated from her and his children, but now that

Italy was pacified, he was able to become once again a husband and a father.

The mother started at the close of October, 1807. Master Victor Hugo, who was not quite five years old, remembers nothing more of his journey through France than a tremendous rain, which, at the instant of departure, broke the windows of the diligence. The passage over the Mont Cenis was to him nothing more than a journey in a sledge, accompanied by his mother, while his elder brothers Abel and Eugène, rode mules. Our hero was intensely interested in the slices of horn which occupied the place of glass in the windows of the sledge, and he also particularly remembers, as one of the events of this transit, the obstinacy of his brother Eugène, who, having been provided with woollen stockings on account of the snow, would insist on taking them off as often as they were put on his little legs.

Another of his reminiscences consists of a deep impression made upon him by the grey roofs of Susa, and of a dinner in the Appennines. The mountain air had intensified the appetites of the children, who could not wait till they reached the regular places for changing horses. No provisions, however, had been taken by the party, and there was no chance of finding an inn. A goatherd, whom they met, offered the shelter of his hut, but there was nothing in it but an eagle he had just killed.

"Let us eat the eagle!" shouted the little ones.

The goatherd actually cooked the thighs of the bird for them, and they eagerly devoured this food.

A flood had occurred in the country round Parma, and the town, seen from a distance, appeared to rise out of a lake. The peasants, in order that they might not wet their shoes and stockings, carried them suspended round the neck, and walked barefoot.

Victor said to Eugène, "Oh, look at those funny people! they had rather wear out their feet than their shoes!"

When in Italy, the diligence was once more available. Imprisoned in the *intérieur*, the children whiled away the time by making little crosses of the straws under their feet, and sticking them on the glasses. While amusing themselves in this way, they noticed, from time to time, the corpses of bandits hanging on the trees by the roadside, to intimidate other robbers. The three children did not trouble themselves about the objection which they raised to the punishment of death by sticking up the cross of Christ before all these gibbets.

This line of phantoms attracted the attention of little Victor, and frightened him. But his great fear was that the carriage would be upset. He continued alarmed during the whole journey. At the slightest oscillation, when going over the smallest stone, he thought they would break down. They told him that carriages never upset in Italy, but, notwithstanding this, he remembers that, at some place or other, a carriage, whilst trying to pass the diligence, got its wheels locked, and was turned over almost upon the children. A cardinal, shut up inside, shook his fists furiously from the door. This amused Abel and Eugène amazingly, but the little Victor scolded them severely.

He was enchanted, however, with the "silver-spangled" Adriatic. The arrival at Rome was a cause of great joy to the children. They began by being dazzled by the Bridge of St. Angelo and its statues. It was a great festival; the streets were filled with a compact crowd, all on their way to kiss the great toe of the statue of St. Peter. The three brothers wished to go. This statue, in pontifical costume, crowned with a tiara, filled them with admiration. They knelt down and performed the usual salutation, but noticed that this great toe had become so worn by the lips of worshippers, that it was now no larger than the little toe.

Naples glistening in the sunlight and bounded by the azure sea, suggested to them the idea of a white dress bordered with a blue fringe.

Madame Hugo rested for some days at Naples. She had had more suffering than enjoyment on her journey; for while she cared little for the beauties of nature, two things had seriously affected her. These were the uncertainty of meeting with accommodation, and the certainty of finding fleas. The children saw but little of the town itself, because their mother, who had no curiosity, remained in her room all day waiting till the sun had gone down to give them a drive along the coast.

At length they reached Avellino. Their father, all impatience and delight, had donned his best regimentals to do them honour. After the cordial greetings had subsided, they set off on a tour of inspection over the house. It was a marble palace, but full of cracks caused partly by the hand of time, and partly by earthquakes.

But the climate was too warm to render an hermetically sealed abode necessary. There was ample room for play, and that was all that was requisite. Lizards hid in the thicknesses of the walls. Beyond the confines of the palace, a deep ravine, planted with nut-trees, enchanted the children. From the first day of their arrival, they spent all their time there, either rolling down the slope or climbing the trees.

The place suited them, and the style of life also. There was no more schooling; every day was a holiday. But this perpetual holiday had only lasted a few months, when the King of Naples became King of Spain. On arriving at Madrid, Joseph immediately wrote to the Governor of Avellino, that he did not object to his remaining in Italy, but that he would prefer seeing him in Spain. The Governor owed everything to Joseph, who, shortly before his recent elevation to the throne, had made him Knight Commander of his Order and Marshal of his Palace; he did not, therefore, hesitate to follow him. But it was easy to foresee that Spain would not, at first, resign itself to the strange King any more than Italy had done. There would occur difficulties and struggles to which one could not expose a wife and children; and, besides, the education of children does not go on during all these movements. It was, therefore, decided that the three brothers should return to Paris, and should remain there with their mother, until Spain was sufficiently quiet to receive them. They quitted with regret their sunny and independent life, and the beautiful marble palace which they were about to exchange for a schoolroom.

There was one who was more sad than the children. It was the poor father of the family. The prattle of the rosy lips was silenced. There was no one now to climb up on his knees, to gaze wonderingly upon the gold lace of his uniform, and to bury little hands in his epaulettes. His heart was full to overflowing with tender regret for his children, and he wrote thus to his mother, who was living in Burgundy:—

"Abel is a charming boy; he is tall, refined, and more sedate than is usual at his age. He is getting on well. He and his two brothers are blessed with excellent tempers.

"It was you who received Eugène into the world. A handsomer child could not be seen. He is as fiery as gunpowder; he is, I think, less inclined to study than his brothers, but he has not a single bad quality.

"Victor, the youngest, exhibits a great inclination for study. He is as steady as his eldest brother, and very thoughtful. He speaks little, and always to the purpose. His remarks have often struck me. He has a very sweet face.

"All three are excellent children. They all love each other dearly, and the two eldest are extremely fond of their little brother. I am heart-broken to have them no longer with me, but there are here no means of educating them, and they must go to Paris."

VII.

THE FEUILLANTINES.

Returned to Paris for the education of her children, Madame Hugo took up her abode in the Quartier des Études. Whilst looking out in the vicinity of the church of Saint Jacques du Haut Pas, she happened to see a house to which there was a garden attached. I have before observed, that she was indifferent to the beauties of nature on a large scale; but, although she cared little for mountains, she was very fond of a garden. Perceiving this garden, she hardly looked at the house, but immediately took possession and brought her family. She was no sooner settled there than she found out that, although there were trees for the birds, there were no rooms for the children. Even when Abel was sent to school at the Lycée, there was not even room left for the two others. It was necessary to look elsewhere.

One day she returned radiant. She had found what she wanted.

She spoke so warmly of her discovery, that it was necessary to go and see it. Next morning, Eugène and Victor went with her for this purpose. It was not far

off. They entered the Impasse des Feuillantines. At No. 12, a gate opened, they crossed a courtyard, and entered the apartments on the ground floor. This was the discovery. Their mother wished to draw their attention to the dining-room and drawing-room, large and lofty, with high windows, admitting abundance of light and the song of birds. But she could not keep them in the house: they had seen the garden.

It was not a garden, it was a park, a wood, a complete territory. Every minute they made fresh discoveries. "Look at what I've found!" "You have seen nothing compared to this!" "Come this way, this way!" There was an avenue of chestnut-trees, where a swing could be erected. There was a dry pit or well, which was the very thing for playing at war, and from whence an attack might be made. The abundance of flowers was a thing to dream about; but above all, there were out-of-the-way places, where there had been no cultivation for a long while, and where grass, shrubs, trees, and all other forms of vegetation, combined to make what, to a child's imagination, was a complete virgin forest. There was so much fruit, that they did not take the trouble to pick up what fell. It was the grape season, and the proprietor allowed the children to plunder the hanging branches, till they returned home intoxicated with the spoil.

The proprietor was a person named Lalande, who had purchased the Convent of the Feuillantines, when it had been taken from the nuns at the time of the Revolution. He occupied a part, and let the remainder.

The rejoicings recommenced on the day that Abel was

free. His two brothers introduced him to this paradise, which he was only able to enjoy one day in the week. The day of days was that on which they all moved in. Several days before had been occupied in packing up the leaden soldiers and the guns, in making into parcels the marbles and the tops, in putting pictures into portfolios, so as not to forget them, that they might not have to come back for any single thing. At last, they set off; they arrived, they were at home in this delightful spot; they went to bed, and they woke up again next morning to unutterable joy.

For a few days the two brothers were allowed to be their own masters. They had nothing to do but take possession of their new world, to make a profound study of all the nooks and wooded corners, to learn the geography of their garden. But they had not come to Paris to learn this kind of geography, and their mother was soon anxious to begin their instruction.

Neither of them, especially Victor, was old enough for the college. They were sent first to a school in the Rue St. Jacques, where a worthy man, and his equally worthy wife, taught reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, to the children of the working classes. Father and Mother Larivière, as the scholars called them, merited this title by the style of their teaching. It was entirely *en famille*. The wife thought nothing of interrupting the class to bring her husband his breakfast, and relieved him of his duties, by superintending the class herself, whatever task might be going on, until he had finished his meal.

Larivière, however, was an educated man, and might

have filled a higher position than that of schoolmaster. When it became necessary, he was quite able to teach the two brothers Latin and Greek. He had been formerly a priest of the Oratory, but the Revolution had frightened him; and as he would certainly have been guillotined if he had not married, he preferred giving his hand rather than losing his head. In his hurry, he did not go far for a wife, but took his maidservant, who was the first person he could find. When they began to teach Victor, it appeared that he already knew how to read. He had taught himself merely by looking at the letters. Writing soon followed, and spelling also; and La Mère Larivière has often boasted of a chapter in the Gospel, which she had dictated to him during his first week of education, and in which he had only made a single mistake, spelling *beuf* with an *e*. The school did not interfere with the garden. It only occupied the two brothers a part of the day, and left them free to enjoy themselves in the avenues in the evening and morning. Winter came in due time. It was less amusing than summer, but still had its resources in snowballing. Then spring came again, with its buttercups, for which the children entertained a respectful admiration, and of which they took almost as much care as of the ladybirds. But, after all, the greatest charm of the garden arose from things that had no material existence. They peopled it with the objects of their childish imaginations, and were as indefatigable as older people in creating fairy-land around them. The extent of interest the dry well had for them it would be altogether impossible to describe.

Above all, there was the salamander. The author of *Les Misérables* well remembers the account of this fabulous monster, who, they were told, has scales under the belly, but is not a lizard; who has pustules on the back, but is not a toad; and who inhabits the nooks of old lime-kilns and dried-up wells. He is black, hairy, and slimy, crawling, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly. He makes no noise, and is so terrible that nobody has ever seen him.

Scarcely had they returned from school, when Victor would exclaim to Eugène, "Let us go and find the salamander!" and, quickly throwing their books aside, without stopping to kiss their mother, they hastened to jump into the dry well, put aside the briers, remove the bricks, and rummage in the holes, exclaiming, "I've got him! Here he is!" They would be actually disappointed when, after an hour's hard search, they had not found this animal, although they knew it did not exist.

On Sundays, Abel had a holiday, and made one in their pleasures. But their satisfaction was only complete when Madame Foucher brought her children.

The arrangement, suggested so many years before at the Hôtel de Ville, now bid fair to verify itself. After the birth of two boys, the elder of whom had not lived, the wife of the Registrar of the Council of War gave birth to a daughter. There was no fear of this girl wanting a husband, since, instead of one son, Colonel Hugo had three.

Frequently, on a summer's evening, Madame Foucher came to call on her friend at the Feuillantines. She would bring with her her son, Victor, and her daughter, Adèle.

The latter was now old enough to walk by her side, and could amuse herself, and add her little iota of noise to the uproar of the boys.

The swing Victor had thought of the day he first saw his future home, was placed in the very spot his correct eye had assigned to it. The children rivalled each other both in using and abusing it. No one understood the latter better than Victor. Having once taken possession of it, he could not be made to come down. Standing on the seat, and excited by the wish to show what he could do, he made every exertion to throw himself as high as possible, and disappeared completely amongst the foliage of the trees, which were agitated as if by the wind. Sometimes, however, the boys condescended to offer the little girl a seat, and she allowed herself to be hoisted up, trembling, yet gratified, and earnestly entreating not to be swung so high as last time.

The swing had its rival in an old broken wheelbarrow. Mademoiselle Adèle was sometimes placed in it, and her eyes would be bandaged. Then the boys would wheel her about the walks, and she had to guess where she was, and the happiness and laughter were complete when she was mistaken and had lost herself in the garden. Sometimes she guessed right; but then they examined the bandage over her eyes, and perceived that she had cheated. In that case, the boys would get angry; it was a stupid affair, and she must begin again. Then they would tie the handkerchief so tight as to leave a dark mark on her skin; they wheeled her to a great distance, and several voices would be heard asking her, "Where are

you now?" She would be mistaken in her guess, and the laughter would recommence.

When these gentlemen had had enough fun with the little girl, they would leave her to herself, and occupy themselves in sterner pursuits. They would pull out of the ground the laths used by the gardener, and wend their way to the rabbit-hutch. This hutch had three steps. They drew lots as to who should climb to the top step, while the others remained below. An assault would then commence. Madame Hugo was not long in discovering that the laths made admirable substitutes for lances. After this discovery on her part, the two armies were reduced to fight with their fists; but this was less amusing, there being no longer any danger of putting each other's eyes out.

Madame Hugo had a good many little tyrannical ways. Thus, she would scold when her little corps returned from the wars with dirty shirts and torn trousers. She had taken great pains to dress her sons in good, stout, brown cloth in winter, and strong linen in summer; but no cloth or linen was ever made that could resist the fury of their games. One day, when one of the three was coming home with his clothes in tatters, she informed them that the next time any one tore his trousers, he should have a pair made for him similar to those worn by dragoons.

On coming home from school the next day, the children met a troop of men on horseback, who glittered in the sun. Victor, who thought them magnificent, asked who they were.

"Some dragoons," said the nurse.

An hour elapsed, and Madame Hugo not hearing Victor running about and shouting as usual, went to look for him. She discovered him crouching behind a wall, busily occupied in enlarging a rent that had been made in his trousers, and solemnly converting this article of dress into rags.

"What are you doing there?" said his mother, angrily.

The child looked up at her quietly, and answered, "I want to have a pair of trousers like the dragoons."

VIII.

THE ARREST OF LAHORIE.

TOWARDS the middle of 1809, the little company was increased by a recruit; but this was not a child.

One day, Eugène and Victor were called into the parlour, and introduced by their mother to a man of middle height, marked with the small-pox, having black hair and whiskers, whose face was pleasant and kind, and who, she told them, was a relation.

This relation dined with them that day; the next day they saw him again, and again the day after, and every day successively. An acquaintance was soon struck up, and in less than twenty-four hours they and he had become fast friends. Although a man, he was a *bon enfant;* he understood their games, and he could play at some which were difficult to them. Victor, for whom he had a special liking, he would hold in the air at arm's length, throw him up to a considerable height, and catch him as he fell. All this to the great alarm of mama, but to the intense delight of the child.

As soon as the two brothers returned from school, the

new friend would run to meet them, and closing the Tacitus or Polybius that he had till then been reading while he paced the avenue, would give himself up to them. It was now their dinner time. In summer, their dining-room was the garden steps, the table was the landing, and the seats were the steps. Their tall friend carved, and helped them; and however much in a hurry they might be to run off to play, they often stopped long after dinner was over, while he related some amusing story. In the evening, he looked over their exercise books, examined them, and approved or corrected them. It was true, indeed, that this was not quite so amusing as listening to stories, but still they liked it. The following year, when the children began Latin, he explained Tacitus to Victor, who was then only eight years old.

He did not live in the house, but in the garden, where he had done the best he could for himself in the ruins of the chapel. At the bottom of the garden, behind the walls, there was a half-neglected building, divided into two compartments, in one of which there was still a fragment of an altar, while the other had been a sacristy. At present the former was used to deposit spades, rakes, and watering-pots. The sacristy, in a somewhat better state than the other, had been cleared of the garden tools once kept there, and, after being swept and washed out, had been provided with a bed, a table, a washhand-stand, and two chairs. Here the relation found all he required.

One thing that soon attracted the attention of the children was, that whenever they happened to go out walking, or played at councils of war, with their friend

Victor Foucher, their other and older friend always had something to do which made it impossible that he should join them. He never went out of the garden; never even appearing in the courtyard. He did not care to see anybody. Madame Hugo lived a very retired life, and hardly received anyone but the Foucher family; but if, by accident, any other visitor called, the relation disappeared at the first sound of the door bell, and shut himself up in his sacristy. The children could not reconcile these unsociable ways with his perfect familiarity with them, and the readiness with which he entered into their amusements. When they asked him why he thus escaped from visitors, he would say that he hated the world, and only cared for books, gardens, and children.

The "relation" was General Lahorie, and the history of his thus hiding himself in the Feuillantines was as follows:—Madame Hugo was acquainted with General Bellavesne, and one day, when dining at his house with General Fririon, the two generals happened to speak of their mutual friend Lahorie, whose position was then rather dangerous.

Lahorie had been connected with Moreau's conspiracy, and, indeed, up to a certain point, he may be said to have originated it, having been the cause and object of the first misunderstanding between Moreau and Bonaparte. Victor Hugo's father had been present on the occasion which led to Moreau's discontent. It occurred with the Army of the Rhine. The order had been given to all the divisions to take up a position on the Iser on a certain day, and all had obeyed except General Leclerc, who, finding Frey-

singen too strongly occupied, had thought it prudent not to run the risk of attacking it. Leclerc had sent his adjutant-general to give notice to Moreau, but, at the first words, Lahorie, who was chief of Moreau's staff, had interrupted the adjutant, saying that the division was wrong not to execute the order given, and that Freysingen must be taken that night. Moreau supported Lahorie, and the adjutant returned to Leclerc, who attacked and took the place. But, annoyed at having been openly blamed by a mere chief of the staff, he had come the next day to Moreau to request leave of absence. Moreau had refused; but Leclerc, who was brother-in-law of the First Consul, obtained the leave by means of his wife, and, going to Paris, he so successfully exerted himself, that after the peace of Lunéville, the only one of the promotions of the campaign not ratified by the First Consul was that of Lahorie, whom Moreau had made a general of division on the battle-field of Hohenlinden.

On his return, Moreau did not fail to exclaim against this refusal to acknowledge his appointment. He complained energetically to the Minister of War, and appealed to the First Consul himself, but could obtain no redress. It was even reported to him that the First Consul had said that Lahorie should never become a general of division. Moreau considered it a personal matter, and from that time took part against Buonaparte. When the quarrel had become an open one, Lahorie naturally took the part of Moreau, both out of gratitude and spite.

They failed, however. Moreau had quitted France. Lahorie, condemned to death for contumacy, had been

concealed for some years, sometimes at the house of one friend, sometimes at another's; but the police were on his track, and, sooner or later, his retreats were discovered. Once he had been obliged, though ill and sick of a fever, to be carried away on a litter. Forced to change his hiding-place from time to time, he had exhausted all his friends, and at this moment he did not know to whom to address himself. The houses of General Fririon and General Bellavesne were too much exposed, and they discussed as to where their friend might find safe shelter.

"At my house," said Madame Hugo.

She had two reasons for offering him hospitality; he was an outlaw and a friend; he had been very kind to her husband in the Army of the Rhine; he was godfather to one of her children. She thought of her own house hidden in an *impasse*, and of the chapel buried amongst the foliage, and she offered them for his use. The two generals agreed that it was in fact the best possible hiding-place. Next morning, Madame Hugo told the proprietor and the servants that she expected that very day a relation from the provinces, an odd fellow, a kind of bear, who came to Paris in order that he might know nobody; and the same evening the sacristy was inhabited. During eighteen months, Lahorie lived at the Feuillantines unknown, unseen, and quiet. He waited patiently for the moment when time, which obliterates everything, should restore him to liberty. This period could not be very distant. The Emperor, everywhere victorious, and at the summit of his power, was now on the point of marrying

an arch-duchess, and had something else to do than to revenge an old quarrel of the First Consul.

In fact, one morning General Bellavesne ran to his friend in great joy. He had dined the evening before with the Minister of Police. After dinner, the Minister took him apart, and said to him,—

"You know where Lahorie is. He has been in hiding for a long while. It was all very natural at first, and he was quite right to keep away from trial, for the Government was not settled enough then, and could not allow of any opposition. But now the Empire is powerful; it is dominant in France and Europe; it is adopted by the old monarchies; and why should we have any fear? His Majesty is happy, and would not injure anybody. Tell Lahorie that he has nothing to dread, and may make his appearance if he likes."

The General answered that he had not the least idea where Lahorie was hidden, nor even whether he was in hiding, but he thought he was in England.

"He is not in England," replied the Minister; "he is in Paris. I know it; and you know it, too. I don't ask you where he is. Do you think I could not know in an hour's time, if I chose? If I address you, it is only out of friendship for him, who must be annoyed by all this useless trouble. Tell him what I have said to you, and let him do as he likes."

General Bellavesne repeated this conversation to Madame Hugo, whose first exclamation was, that it was a trap, and that they must not even speak to Lahorie

about it, because the *ennui* resulting from his long captivity might make him credulous. But the General said that Lahorie was not a child who was not even to be consulted upon his own affairs, and insisted on seeing him. When Lahorie had heard Bellavesne's account he was a good deal inclined to believe that all was right; but Madame Hugo advised him so earnestly not to give himself up that he delayed till his friend had returned to the Minister of Police, and satisfied himself that he was in earnest.

Bellavesne returned the following week, and, alone with the Minister, he endeavoured to lead the conversation to the subject of the prisoner. The great man said, of his own accord, "Do you know whom I have been looking for all the week? Lahorie. I thought he'd have come out directly, and that his first visit would have been to me. I have looked for him every day since our conversation. Well, is not he coming out, then? And have you advised him not to come out? What babies you are, to be afraid! You fancy the Emperor troubles himself about Lahorie. What on earth do you think Lahorie could do to him? As for me, I take an interest in Lahorie, because we have been comrades—we have fought, in the same ranks; and you know, Bellavesne, one does not forget things like that. I put myself in his position, and feel what a burden life must be to him under such circumstances. It is neither pleasant nor respectable. It is not the thing for a soldier to be playing at hide-and-seek in this way, and to live

in a hole, like a fox! He wants air—the old trooper! Come, tell him that he has nothing to fear, and that I expect to see him!"

When General Bellavesne had communicated this new invitation, Lahorie said nothing. Bellavesne asked him what he thought of doing. He answered that he would see about it. Madame Hugo exclaimed, and begged him not to be so foolish as to believe the word of a police-magistrate. He did not reply.

The next morning, at breakfast-time, the servant, whose business it was to announce the meal to Lahorie, went as usual to knock at the door of the sacristy. Receiving no answer, the servant thought that he was in the garden, but he looked in vain for him there, and returned to tell Madame Hugo that he did not know where to find him. Madame Hugo, seized with a sudden suspicion, went herself to knock at the door. There being no answer, she listened; and there being neither sound nor movement, she entered, and found the room empty.

She returned to the house, and as she went in, she heard the sound of a cabriolet stopping at the gate of the courtyard. She looked out of window, and saw Lahorie springing from the carriage. He ran to her quite radiant, and grasped both her hands affectionately. "Congratulate me," he cried, "I am free! I may go and come, and live! I am once more a man!"

He told her that he could contain himself no longer; that although her hospitality had made his prison so pleasant a one, still it was not the less a prison; and that he had been to the Minister. The attendants had

asked his name. Of course, he had not given it, and they had made some difficulty about introducing him; but he had persevered, saying that he had an important matter to communicate. On seeing him, the Minister had thrown his arms round his neck; had made him sit down; had reminded him of their old campaigns together; had scolded him for remaining so long shut up; had repeated to him that he was not in the slightest danger; that the past was forgotten; that he might show himself everywhere; and, when he got up to go away, after a visit of three-quarters of an hour, had shaken him warmly by the hand, saying, "We shall soon meet again!"

They sat down to table, and Lahorie breakfasted heartily. As he was finishing, the cook entered with a frightened countenance. She had just seen some suspicious-looking men crossing the court and advancing towards the house. At that moment the bell rang.

The General rose from the table and opened the door himself.

"General Lahorie?" said one of the men.

"I am the General."

"I arrest you!"

They hardly gave him time to bid adieu to Madame Hugo, but dragged him off, and cast him into prison.

IX.

A MEETING WITH NAPOLEON.

PERSONALLY, King Joseph was not disliked in Spain; but he was a foreigner, and that was reason enough for the Spaniards to object to him. Being himself a prudent and moderate man, and appreciating the impossibility of overcoming the resistance offered to him, he was quite ready to renounce this tottering throne; but his brother would not permit of his doing so. Thus Spain offered the spectacle, unique in history, of a nation governed in spite of itself, by a king who was retained in power in spite of himself.

Irritated because the people did not rally round his brother with sufficient readiness, Napoleon had threatened the Spaniards to come and manage them himself. "If all efforts are useless, and you do not respond to the confidence I have placed in you, there will be nothing for it but to place my brother on another throne; but, in that case, I shall place the crown of Spain on my own head." This threat had produced such an effect that 27,000 heads of families in Madrid alone immediately signed the

oath of fidelity on the registers prepared for the purpose. But this forced loyalty had not prevented the Spaniards from rising on the first occasion that offered, and when Colonel Hugo reached Burgos, they expected there the same night King Joseph, who had already left Madrid in consequence of the capitulation of Baylen.

Napoleon came to his brother's assistance, and two French armies were employed to keep in subjection a people guilty of desiring to retain its nationality. Joseph, who had made Vittoria his head-quarters, prepared his palace to receive the Emperor, but the Emperor wrote word that he meant to lodge outside the town. The King endeavoured to find a fit residence, but there was none, and, up to four o'clock on the afternoon of the day the Emperor arrived, nothing was met with. Under these circumstances, the King sent Colonel Hugo, his aide-de-camp, to his brother with a letter. This letter he had instructed the Colonel to read, in order that, should he not meet the Emperor till after night had fallen, he might inform him of its contents.

Provided with this letter, and with some verbal explanations, the Colonel left, and, towards a quarter past five o'clock, he met a general officer, who was quite alone, and of whom he asked where the Emperor was. This officer, who was General Bertrand, replied that he would find him at an angle of the road. He very soon came upon a small group of horsemen without escort, in the middle of whom he recognized the Emperor, by his likeness to Joseph; for, although he had been in the wars since 1788, he had never before seen him. There were

so many armies at that period, and they were fighting in so many places, that it was possible to have served twenty years, and yet not have seen the Emperor.

The Colonel delivered the letter. But, at half-past five, being winter time, it was already too dark to be able to read. The Colonel offered to repeat the contents.

"You have read it, then?" abruptly demanded the Emperor.

The Colonel replied that the King, anticipating that it would be dusk, had allowed him to read it.

"You are in his confidence. Who are you?"

"The former colonel of the Royal Corsicans."

"What does the letter contain?"

The Colonel told him, and added that the accommodation provided at the Palace at Vittoria was altogether according to the taste of the Emperor.

"How do you know my taste?"

The Colonel replied that he did but repeat the King's words, and asked if the Emperor had any answer to give him.

"I shall see the King to-night."

"Will your Majesty permit me to return and announce your arrival?" said the Colonel, a little annoyed at this somewhat too imperial abruptness.

"Go."

He set spurs to his horse, and, rejoining General Bertrand, rode by his side as far as Salinas, and then went ahead. Within a league of Vittoria, he met the King, who was going to meet his brother. He made his report,

and continued on his way, having had enough of the Emperor.

The following morning, he felt curious to see him by daylight, and placed himself in the large *salon*, among the field officers of the Young Guard; but the short and dry manner in which the Emperor questioned them soon made him regret his curiosity. The Colonel wore the uniform of the Royal Corsicans, and this attracted the Emperor's attention. He did not speak, but the glance was such as to induce the Colonel to leave the apartment, and he was glad enough to find himself out of the place.

X.

AVILA.

NAPOLEON appeared before Madrid the 2nd of December, 1808, attacked the city on the 3rd, took the Retiro on the 4th, and from that spot commanded the town. He brought his artillery into position; and King Joseph, touched with compassion for the people, sent Colonel Hugo to entreat the Emperor to spare the town. But Napoleon was inflexible. Four times did the King send the Colonel with some similar message; but the Emperor would not yield, and the bombardment would unquestionably have commenced if Madrid had not opened her gates.

Napoleon had ordered the formation of a mixed regiment, to be called the "Royal Foreigners," a regiment which consisted of Spaniards, Swiss, and Walloons, with whom were now joined, as no longer deserving to be called Frenchmen, the French who had been defeated at Baylen. This broken and disgraced regiment had not much temptation for the colonels; but Colonel Hugo was persuaded by King Joseph to accept the command

of it; the King, by way of grateful acknowledgment for this service, appointing him also major-domo of the Palace. But scarcely was the regiment formed when Napoleon, wanting men to serve against Austria, and trusting that the soldiers of Baylen had been sufficiently punished for their misfortune, withdrew them from the mixed regiment, so that the Colonel found himself with the command only of an insufficient body of men, and that composed of suspected elements.

The Spaniards were constantly deserting. In an engagement against 800 volunteers of Avila, the first battalion, commanded by Louis Hugo, brother of the Colonel, passed over almost entire to the enemy at the beginning of the action, and fired on the remainder. In the hope of putting an end to desertion, a system of terror was adopted. Avila having been occupied, deserters found among the prisoners were tried by a special court-martial, and immediately executed by a detachment of the companies to which they had formerly belonged, and buried in the barracks on the spot where the troops defiled every day.

To fill up the vacancies made by the desertion of the Spaniards and the punishment of the French, the Colonel recruited in the best way he could. The Royal Foreigners soon became a mixture of all nations; Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, Russians, Danes, Egyptians, and even English were found in its ranks. These men, belonging to nations at war with one another, were always quarrelling among themselves. To such men war was not worth having without plunder; they stole from

one another, and the knapsacks that had been best furnished over night were sure to be empty the next morning. Imprisonment, picket duties, forbearance, were of no avail. The Colonel, who, as I have said, had his occasional ebullitions of temper, passed an order of the day, that any soldier convicted of robbing a comrade should be thrown out of window. For a while these thefts ceased. But, at the end of three weeks, a Swiss sergeant was taken in the very act. The Colonel, whose heat of passion was now over, felt himself in a difficulty; for, though his anger was gone, the order of the day remained. To remit the law was to re-establish this kind of rascality. The Colonel ordered two non-commissioned officers of athletic strength to hold the thief suspended out of the window, but to wait for his order to let go their hold. The Swiss was seized accordingly, and became horribly pale when there was nothing but empty space between himself at the height of two stories and the ground. The Colonel was in the courtyard, and, after a minute, said, "Pull him up again." But, perceiving that some of the standers-by were smiling, and that a captain said, "How about the order of the day?" he replied good-humouredly, "Well, what of it? I said that the thief should be thrown out of the window; but I did not add that I would not be there to receive him."

The equipment of the Royal Foreigners was on a par with its human material. The muskets were those rejected from the arsenals, or picked up on the field of battle and hurriedly repaired, and the men had no proper clothing or equipments; all which was an in-

tolerable state of things among these high mountains, and during winter. The insurgents even were better provided, as the Colonel well knew, from having carried off a complete set of clothing which had just been finished for the volunteers of Cuellar. With this and some supplies from the Government he covered what he could of his troop.

It was with this makeshift of a regiment that the Colonel had to pacify and hold the province of Avila, of which he was Governor. He was charged with all the district from the Escurial as far as Barco d'Avila, that is to say, a radius of thirty leagues. So long a line was necessarily very open to attack. Guerillas, who now became very numerous, surprised isolated soldiers and intercepted couriers. The Empecinado appeared in the province, dragging after him the officers and traders whom he had carried off from the Valladolid road; the Colonel sent after him, however, and re-took a part of his prisoners. A stronger band, leaving Santo Domingo de las Posadas, fell upon a convoy of troops, which was being brought to the Colonel, dispersed the recruits, who threw down their arms and fled, and killed all the officers and sub-officers, among whom was the Sub-lieutenant Martin, brother in-law to the Colonel.

His brother Louis, who was at Mengamuñoz with a weak detachment, was surrounded there at night by 1500 infantry and a body of 100 cavalry; in the morning he made a sortie from the village, charged and routed the enemy, killed the commander, and regained his position.

Besides being regularly attacked, an attempt was made to undermine the loyalty of the regiment and bribe them to treasonable conduct. At Barco d'Avila, two sergeants of carabineers denounced their host, an old monk of a convent of Salamanca, who had wished to corrupt them. This monk was so stout that they were obliged to choose among the mules which could carry him. He confessed, and was condemned to death. At the moment of being hung, he said that he merited his fate for having formerly, at the convent, killed, cut up in pieces, and thrown down the drains, a young girl whom he had violated. They hung him to a tree; but his weight broke the ropes, and his life was taken by a musket-shot.

The Colonel had been six months the Governor of the province of Avila, when he received a letter from the King warning him that ten thousand men were marching against him by the Puerto de Pico. He replied to the King that it was not ten thousand men, but seventy thousand. In fact, he had just heard that the Anglo-Portuguese army was advancing on Madrid, and that its vanguard, commanded by the Duc d' Albuquerque, was already at Oropesa. The Major-general of the King's armies, remembering the isolation of Avila on the mountain, soon sent to the Colonel permission to fall back on Segovia; but the Colonel, who knew the importance of Avila for communicating with Valladolid and Burgos, replied that he would rather allow himself to die where he was. He shut himself up and held out, and the two French armies were able to communicate with one another from Talavera to the left bank of the Tormès.

After the retreat of Wellington, the King recognized the service which the Colonel had rendered by his firmness, and conferred on him the title of field-marshal, presenting him with a million of reals (£10,000), and making him Inspector-general of all the regiments already formed or about to be formed. Soon afterwards the young General was made a commander of the Royal Order of Spain.

Affairs now became better for the French. Marshal Soult gained the battle of Ocaña; General Kellerman had the advantage on the Tormès; and Ballesteros was obliged to retire under the cannon of Ciudad Rodrigo. The province of Avila was now only troubled by the guerillas, who, for the most part, were discouraged by the defeat of the allies, and the denunciations of the peasantry. Many of them submitted, and the contest became less fierce. Until then, every "insurgent" had been considered a bandit, and, if taken, had been shot; and the guerillas, by way of reprisal, also shot their prisoners. The Governor of Avila had many times offered to spare his captives if the guerillas would spare theirs. A guerilla band had again just replied to his offer by shooting two of his servants, who had been surprised at one of the gates of the town, and a convalescent patient whose doctor had recommended a walk. Another band was preparing to shoot some Frenchmen at Blasco Sancho, when the inhabitants interfered, and, with the curé at their head, rose and declared that they should not kill their prisoners, for that General Hugo would spare the Spaniards if they spared the French, and that, in shooting their prisoners, the guerillas were really slaying

their own comrades. The captain demurred, but his men were struck with the truth and refused to fire. Some time afterwards, a captain of the partisans, named Garrido, having been taken, was much astonished when the French, instead of shooting him, dressed a wound which he had received. His band, who learned how he had been treated, and that his wound had been cured, wrote a letter of thanks to the Governor, with a promise to follow his example in future. This became known, and the slaughtering of prisoners ceased in Old Castile, so that the warfare was carried on with as much humanity as war permits.

The manner in which the Governor of Avila had preserved, and legislated for, his province, induced Marshal Soult, Major-general of the armies of the King, to give him two other provinces, so that he now had control over a considerable territory, comprising Avila, Segovia, and Soria. He had to guard all the right bank of the Tagus to the frontiers of Portugal. He, therefore, quitted Avila, and established his head-quarters at Ségovia, the central spot of his command.

XI.

CONCHA, THE MONK.

Some time previously, a captain of the Royal Foreigners had brought with him, from an expedition on Medina del Campo, a monk, whom he had found in the dungeon of his convent, where his brethren had confined him under the pretence that he was raving mad, but in reality on account of his resistance to their tyranny, and protestations against their abuses. This monk, who was a young man, named Concha, had been so grateful to his liberators, that he offered himself to the French, body and soul. His nationality and his gown opened to him all Spanish doors; he was able to pass as a hostage from the convent, to inspire confidence in the disaffected, to obtain a knowledge of their movements, and to know and repeat everything. The Governor had employed him in his office to carry on the Spanish correspondence with the civil authorities, and had waited for an opportunity of making him still more useful.

This occasion presented itself soon after the battle of Talavera. The King had sent a despatch to the Governor

of Avila, with directions to forward it immediately to Marshal Soult. A letter from the King urged the importance of securing the safe arrival of this by every imaginable means, and finished with these words:—"If it should not reach him, I shall perhaps be obliged a second time to quit Madrid, and I cannot foresee the consequences of such an event." At this moment the country was infested with enemies, and the commission was by no means easy of execution. The Governor had caused copies of the despatch to be taken on silk, and had sent them by his spies, but not one had arrived at its intended destination. No messenger now would make the attempt on any terms, but at last the Governor thought of the monk, who was quite ready for the undertaking. The original despatch for Marshal Jourdan was sewn up in the saddle of one of the Governor's mules, and Concha trotted quietly into the enemy's lines.

He travelled without impediment all that night and the next morning. But he was obliged to stop at an inn to dine, and to feed his mule. While one was at the rack, and the other at table, the country people began questioning Concha as to where he was going. The crowd increased by degrees, and was swelled by a detachment of Spanish troops that had come into the open country, and who were yet more inquisitive than the peasantry. Concha replied the best way he could, finished his dinner in a leisurely manner, paid his bill, and proceeded to fetch his mule from the stable. While arranging the girths he perceived that the place in the saddle where the despatch had been hidden, had just been ripped open.

He took care not to appear to have noticed anything. But he observed that the detachment of soldiers left the inn at the same time as himself, and took the same road. The Captain told him that the country was not safe for a solitary traveller, that he might meet the French, and that if he liked, the detachment should escort him a little way. The Monk, still pretending to be without suspicion, thanked him warmly, and eagerly accepted this friendly offer, saying that fortunately they were going to the same place. The Captain appeared astonished, and said that he was going to his general. "So am I," replied the Monk. Concha now took the Captain aside, and confided to him a great secret. He had, he said, in the saddle of his mule, a despatch which the French, whose prisoner he was, had made him promise to carry to the Commander-in-Chief of a great army, now marching on the rear of the Anglo-Spaniards. He had promised to do this, he said, for the sake of obtaining his liberty, but he had not, for a moment, intended to perform his promise. It was not to the French general that he was going to take the despatch, but to the Spanish general, and since they were going there themselves, they could escort him.

"*Ma foi!* that is just what we were doing," replied the Captain, who, in his turn, made a confidence. He told him that his disappearance from Avila overnight had occasioned surprise, that one of the inhabitants, a Spaniard at heart, had sent word of it to the Alcalde of Saint Bonaventura, and the Alcalde of Saint Bonaventura to General Cuesta, that the detachment of troops had been sent solely for him, and that while they had engaged him

in the dining-room of the inn, the saddle of his mule had been examined, the despatch found, and that he had done well to speak, for they had taken him for a traitor, and were going to shoot him."

The Monk pretended to be thunderstruck at learning that his saddle had been opened. But he hoped, now that all had been explained, that they would give him back the despatch. They did so, in fact, and when they approached the outposts, he thanked the Captain, and told him that he had no need of further direction. But the Captain, without being otherwise suspicious, told him that he had to give account of his mission, and that he dared not lose sight of him. Concha, therefore, was obliged to repeat his tale to General Cuesta, who only half believed it, but who complimented him on his patriotism, and, to protect him against French scouts, sent him under a safe escort to the Junto of Seville.

The Governor of Avila had heard nothing more of his monk, when, one evening, the noise of a cavalcade, mixed with the murmur of a crowd and the cries of children, such as one hears when there is some curious sight in the street, drew him to the window. He saw approach and stop at the door of the house which he occupied, a guerilla band, whose chief, with jacket embroidered in silk and gold, the sabre of a hussar at his side, and looking fierce from a large pair of moustaches, proved to be the Monk Concha.

This beard and this equipment prevented the Governor at first from recognizing him; but he recollected the voice, as Concha, dismounting, saluted him, and asking

for a private audience, said he had matters of the highest importance to communicate. As soon as they were alone, the monk proceeded to give an account of himself.

He had not been able to return sooner, because the Junto had at first detained him at Seville, and afterwards in the Island of Leon, where they had gone for safety at the approach of the Imperial army. The patriotism with which he was credited on account of having delivered up the despatch, had admitted him to a knowledge of all the plots and intrigues against France. There was then a rumour that the Emperor was returning to Spain. A furious Spaniard had proposed to put twenty-four barrels of powder in the deep rocks which border the road from Mondragon to Vergara, narrowed at this spot by the waters of the Deva. It was easily to be done, for the guerillas, very numerous on the road from Biscay, would not permit the French garrisons to examine the country carefully. The powder was to be sent by way of one of the little seaports not occupied by the French. This plan, arranged by Concha himself, who had thrown himself into the affair so as to understand it thoroughly, had been proposed to the Cortes, examined by a secret committee, and approved, and the Monk and his accomplice had been sent to Mondragon by different roads. He himself had crossed Andalusia and Estremadura, but when he entered Old Castile, instead of continuing the road, he had turned towards Zapardiel, and was now come to tell everything to his benefactor.

There was not a moment to be lost; they believed the Emperor to be already on his way; it was impossible

to consult the King, who was then in Andalusia; the Governor wrote to him the facts, and wrote them also to General Béliard, who commanded New Castile, but the first thing he did was to send to the Emperor himself his brother Louis, then Colonel of the Royal Foreigners, and the Monk.

Colonel Louis Hugo and the Monk Concha arrived at the Pyrenees without having met the Emperor; they pushed on, stage after stage, to Paris, and, although it was ten o'clock at night, went immediately to the Tuilleries. The Emperor, to whom General Capporelli, the aide-de-camp on duty, communicated that there was an important despatch awaiting him, only received the despatch, and, after having read it, demanded to know, in a severe manner, why the Governor of Avila had allowed himself to send direct to the Emperor a communication which ought only to have reached the Tuilleries through the King of Spain? They had not saved his life with sufficient respect. Louis Hugo gave his brother's reasons, and the aide-de-camp brought him the order to go the next day with the Monk to the Minister of the Police. They went, and the Monk gave all the information which was wanted.

That night the Monk was at Vincennes, and Colonel Louis Hugo was informed that he "might" return immediately to Spain.

The two brothers were able to understand the Emperor's bad reception, and the arrest of the Monk. The Emperor wished to believe, and to have it believed, that Spain was attached to his dynasty; the Monk had ridden post

haste to prove to him that he was hated to the death. This was why he would not receive the Monk. But that was not enough: he wished to prevent him from talking; and there are no better means for this than the bars of a prison. Thus poor Concha, who had no doubt expected a reward, found himself at Vincennes.

XII.

THE UNCLE APPEARS.

Colonel Louis Hugo did not leave Paris without going to the Feuillantines. Besides the pleasure of seeing his sister-in-law and his nephews, he had, whilst bearing a commission from the General to the Emperor, a message also from the husband to his wife.

He wished to persuade Madame Hugo to rejoin the General in Spain. After three years of separation the husband was longing to see his wife again, and the father his children. But there was another reason.

King Joseph desired that those whose fortunes he had made should fix themselves near him without any after-thoughts of returning to France; so that he might always have firm friends in this only half-conquered kingdom, and be able to show the Spaniards that the French were fully determined to remain and that all resistance was useless. The million of reals given to General Hugo, as well as to other generals, was for the purpose of buying land in the country. General Hugo not having immediately found an estate to suit him, the King had sent for

him, and very affectionately, but with some sadness, had reproached him with keeping his money to spend in France, and of purposing to leave him. To which the General replied that, the very next day, he would look out for and purchase the first estate in the market, and that he would also send for his family.

It was imperative, therefore, that Madame Hugo should make preparations to go to Spain. She would there occupy a very high position as the wife of the governor of three provinces.

As for the education of her children, there would be the College of Madrid. The only drawback was the danger of travelling through a country in a state of insurrection, as everybody said; but there were frequently escorts from France to Spain. She could not, however, set out till the spring, and this would give her time to make her arrangements, and would also give time for the country to become more quiet.

To finish the history of the million of reals, I will here mention that this million, in *cédules hypothécaires*, never found any suitable land for which it could be exchanged. General Hugo kept the documents till the battle of Vittoria, when they were stolen from him; and this was, indeed, the only proof he ever had of their value. Before that, however, in order that he might not be suspected of lukewarmness towards the King, he had purchased from his own resources whatever land he could. These purchases, which had absorbed his private means, were confiscated at the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, so that this million of reals,

which ought to have enriched the Hugo family, proved its ruin.

One autumn morning, then, the children, while at breakfast, saw enter with a lively, joyous manner, with clothes embroidered all over, and with a great shining sword dragging by his side, a tall man, of a fine figure, who resembled their father, and who came from the land of sunshine. The shining sword, the idea of Spain which was associated with it, the manly good-nature of his countenance, and the interest which then belonged to everything military, made the presence of this uncle appear like a dazzling vision. Victor Hugo, relating this entrance of his uncle into the dining-room at Feuillantines, once remarked, "He had on us the effect of the Archangel Michael appearing on a beam of light."

Who knows to what degree these impressions of the child may work towards forming the ideas of the man?

Perhaps one could not understand fully the peculiar militant character of Victor Hugo's literary and political life, if one did not know that all the members of his family, father and uncles, had been so entirely military. But I must add a few words concerning this uncle Louis.

Louis Hugo had been called into Spain by his brother, who wished to let him profit by his advancement, and who had also drawn there another brother, Francis. Their elder brother was able to push them forward fast; and Louis was already a colonel. I am not relating his

life; and his character will be best judged of by letting him speak for himself. Many years afterwards—when he was a general—I heard him describe an episode in the battle of Eylau. His recital struck one of his listeners, who wrote it down, word for word, the same evening, and who has been good enough to furnish me with it.

XIII.

THE STORY OF GENERAL LOUIS HUGO.

I WAS a captain of the 55th Grenadiers. We had been fighting all day. Eylau had been taken and retaken; and at night we bivouacked near the cemetery. My fellow-officers were in the habit of finding quarters in the houses, but I remained with my company. I took possession of the first bundle of straw that came to hand; and I had often been asleep three or four hours before my comrades had found shelter.

In the middle of the night an order came to remove the company into the cemetery. Neither the colonel nor the lieutenant-colonel being on the spot, I took the command, and placed my men. Everything was then covered with snow, and the thermometer was twelve degrees below zero (10° Fah.).

On waking, I noticed that I had been sleeping on the frozen carcase of a Russian. I merely said to myself, "Dear me! it's a Russian!" At six o'clock, the firing

commenced, and we were driven to the right of the cemetery. General Saint Hilaire, commanding the division, passed before me, and said to me,—

"Hugo, have you a mouthful of brandy?"

"No, General."

"I wish you had. I should have liked to share it with you."

"I should have been most happy, General."

It is necessary to state that we had tasted nothing for three days. One of my grenadiers, named Desnœuds, turning towards me, said,—

"Captain, I have some."

"No? You don't mean it?"

"Yes, Captain, I have. Here: open my knapsack. I kept a drop in case of need."

I opened his knapsack, and found a bottle of French brandy, which he had actually had the strength of mind to keep ever since we were at Magdeburg, without once opening, notwithstanding all the hardships we had been undergoing. I drank a good mouthful, and, before putting the bottle back into the knapsack, I asked him if he would let the General have some, too.

"By all means," he answered; "but they'll all want my brandy, and there will be none left for myself." I then took a tin cup which he carried attached to his sword, and, having filled it, I carried it to the General, who was on a little mound of earth a few steps off.

"Who has given you that?" said he to me.

"General, it is a grenadier of my company."

"Here are twenty francs for him;" and he handed me a

louis, which I took to the grenadier, and which he refused to accept; saying to me, "Captain, it is quite satisfaction enough for me to have obliged the General. I don't want any other reward."

While all this was going on, we were under the fire of sixty guns, showering grapeshot upon us. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Desnæuds was hit in the leg; he fell out of the ranks, sat himself down a few steps off, and, while the balls were falling thickly around, took off his knapsack, drew from it some lint, a compress, and some bandages, dressed his wound, put on his gaiter, and returned to his place.

"Desnæuds, be off with you! you are wounded!"

"No, Captain; it is a glorious day, and I must see the end of it."

An hour afterwards he was cut in two by a ball.

This poor grenadier was a fine fellow, and had already made himself talked about. It was he who, at Jena, while we were pursuing a detachment of Prussians, threw himself on their colonel, and, having seized him, cried to his comrades, "I've got my man: let everybody else take theirs!"

About noon, a case of grape burst close to me. I received a bullet in my hat, and was wounded by a missile in the right arm. I turned half round, and heard somebody say, "The Captain's done for!"

"Not yet!" said I; and I grasped the hand of my left arm, to make sure that my right arm was still there. I only saw the great hole in my sleeve. I then said to my sub-lieutenant,—

"Sub-lieutenant, command the company!"

I retired; the enemy's fire lasted till six o'clock in the evening. At night we found that out of the eighty men we had in the morning, there remained but four. I took refuge in a cottage, where I found several comrades wounded like myself. We slept in the same room. During my sleep, I felt a hand raising my arm, and as the least motion caused me intense pain, and I feared to move, I begged one of my companions to kindle a light to see who it was. We only saw three or four French soldiers asleep close to us, or pretending to sleep.

Next day, we perceived that these scoundrels had cleared away everything. They had taken twenty-two louis from my pocket, and my spurs, which were of silver. They would have stolen my watch if they could have lifted my arm, which was lying on my breast.

The next day I sent to the town for a surgeon to dress my wounds. They brought me one, who said,—

"Have you any money?"

"I have not got a penny."

"Have you any brandy?"

"I have nothing to buy any with."

The surgeon went off. I made them take me to the burgomaster, an excellent man, who received me very kindly. He told me that he had already three wounded men at his house, and that there was no more room. His wife, too, had just been confined; but, notwithstanding all this, he offered to do his best to give me a lodging. In point of fact, he put up a screen in his wife's bedroom,

and behind it he made me a bed. He asked me if I had been attended to, and I told him I had not. Whilst this was going on, they came to tell me that my servant was asking for me. I made him come up.

"Have you got any money?" said I to him.

"Not a penny, Captain."

"Well, we are in a pretty condition! Is there anybody of our company here?"

"No; there is nobody but the woman Dechèvre, who is downstairs."

"Tell her to come up."

This Dechèvre was the sutler of the regiment. She entered.

"Have you any brandy?" I asked.

"Yes, Captain, and quite at your service."

"But," I added, "I shall not be able to pay you. I have no money."

"What does that matter, Captain? I have some for you. Here," said she, drawing a stocking from her pocket, "here are 500 francs."

"I cannot even give you a receipt for it," I said; "my arm is broken."

"Oh, is that all, Captain? I can trust you. You will repay me when you can."

I told them to lead me into the next room, where three French officers were stationed, and said to them,—

"Gentlemen, if any one of you should return to the regiment, I beg you will tell the colonel that the woman Dechèvre has lent me twenty-five louis; and beg him to have the kindness to bear it in mind."

I then said to Dechèvre, who had followed me, "Since you have brandy, let me have two pitchers full."

The surgeon, who had been summoned by the burgomaster, arrived. I sat by him near a table, and tendered him my right arm. Whilst he was operating on it, I drank a dram with my left arm with my host.

In the middle of the operation, the surgeon said,—

"I can't go on; my knife is blunt."

"Here," said I, "you will find a four-bladed knife in my valise: take it."

He drew from my arm, after making a deep incision, the missile with which I had been wounded, and shreds of my coat, shirt, and flannel-waistcoat. When he had dressed the wound, I got into bed again. The burgomaster had formed a friendship for me. The firmness I had displayed during the operation had predisposed him in my favour, and henceforth he allowed me to want for nothing. He even ordered a fine coffin for me, painted black, with crossbones at the four corners, and a white death's-head at the top.

It is customary in that part of the country, and in parts of Germany, when there is a person in the house seriously ill, to order the coffin to be made. It is thought lucky. I showed mine to my comrades, and said to them, laughing, "Here are my quarters!"

I heard them whispering, "Poor fellow! he little thinks how true that is!"

I had been at the burgomaster's house eight days, when Prince Murat's arrival was announced. It devolved upon my host to house him. In order to do this, he ought to

have sent me away. He kept me, nevertheless, and told me that nothing on earth should induce him to dismiss me in that state.

Murat arrived, and asked if there were any wounded in the house.

They told him that the captain of the 55th Grenadiers was there, who had received a *biscaien* in the arm.

Murat sent me his own surgeon, and every day a bottle of claret and a fowl.

Soon the Emperor's arrival was announced. My host confided to me that he intended asking him to stand godfather to his daughter (the new-born child was a daughter); and he asked my opinion on the subject.

"Do so," said I; "the Emperor likes that kind of thing."

The burgomaster caused the request to be made, and the Emperor replied that he had not time for it, but that Murat would stand in his stead, and become sponsor to the child; that he would take upon himself the responsibility of the education and dowry of the young girl, if ever she came to France; that should her father, through the chances of war, ever be obliged to seek shelter there, he would remember him; and that he thus intended to reward those who had rendered the French soldiers any services.

Murat stood godfather to the child. The ceremony was performed in the room where I was confined to my bed. Murat was seated at the foot of my couch, and said to me,—

"Captain, we shall remember this occasion."

I never saw Murat again.

The army quitted the town. I wished to follow it, in spite of all my host's remonstrances, who would not allow me to leave him. The Emperor hearing of my wish, sent me one of his carriages. Whilst they were carrying me downstairs, some other wounded men arrived and got into it. When I reached the bottom, there was no longer any carriage there. They put me into a waggon, with three other wounded men, one of whom had his thigh cut open, and another who had his chest pierced by a ball. On quitting me, my host gave me a pillow to rest my arm. We thus followed the army. We remained three days uncared-for and without bread.

During the journey two of my wounded companions died. One of them had a bottle of brandy. He said to me,—

"You think I shan't last much longer?"

"My good fellow, I am afraid not."

"Then I'll have another pull at the bottle."

And he died.

The third day we met some grenadiers. I begged them, through the chinks of the waggon, to have pity on the poor wounded fellows. They heard me, lifted up the covering of the carriage, took us out, and carried us into a house, from whence we saw the whole army defile before us.

We were already regretting its departure without us, when we recognized in the ranks our servants with our horses. We called them. They ran to us, and we got on horseback. In this manner we got over eighty-six

leagues. On arriving at a town, whose name I cannot recollect, I was conducted to a hospital in the garrison.

My wounds were examined, and it was found that mortification had begun. They dared not tell me how the case stood, nor that they would be obliged to amputate my arm. Nobody would consent to perform the operation, for it was necessary to remove it at the shoulder-joint. I sent for a surgeon, who told me to get a syringe and some Peruvian bark, and to syringe my arm with it. I got a turner in the town to make me a wooden syringe.

One of my soldiers brought me 500 francs, the results of a collection made for me. I was, therefore, enabled to buy all the Peruvian bark I required. By dint of injections, I was able to stop mortification.

I remember that the soldier in attendance on me was always remarking, "Captain, we shall get out of this hobble."

Besides, I was never dispirited for a single moment. The worst was over: I rested, and entirely recovered.

XIV.

SEGOVIA.

THE day after their uncle arrived, Eugène and Victor found on their bedroom table some new books. Their mother said to them, "Here are a Spanish grammar and dictionary. You had better set to work at once, for you must learn Spanish in three months."

In six weeks they spoke it fluently, only hesitating as to the pronunciation.

At the commencement of the year 1811, they began to turn their thoughts seriously towards their departure. Abel was taken from the Lycée and the trunks from the lumber-room.

Whilst mother and sons were preparing to leave Paris, their father was establishing himself at Segovia. The guerilla bands, roughly handled in the province of Avila, had thrown themselves into the province of Segovia; and their attacks were so frequent and so bold, that even the soldiers themselves quartered in the town of Segovia did not venture out alone during the day, and at night they dared not leave the house. It was impossible for a

single horseman to take his horse to drink in the Eresma. Several were obliged to go in company and armed.

The Governor began by shutting up the place, and securing the communications from town to town by posting reserves to support the escort. A guerilla band, who thought to surprise a troop of light horse, were surprised in their turn by a reserve, and lost a hundred men. Another band was annihilated, and its chief, Pinilla, was made prisoner.

General Hugo endeavoured to combine these energetic measures of defence with mildness in the administration of the government. He reduced the taxes to what was strictly necessary, but neither he nor even the King, could always do as they pleased, as he was taught by an incident which will show how Napoleon understood the royalty of his brothers.

The province of Avila had just paid its contributions, when Colonel Maurin, who commanded under the General, gave notice that Marshal Ney had ordered a levy on his own account of 6,000,000 of reals, and I am afraid to say what enormous quantity of corn. The Colonel had not dared to resist a Marshal of France, and commenced the levy, but before giving it up consulted the Governor. General Hugo, rather surprised that another person should command in his government, told the Colonel to give up the corn, of which the French army might have immediate need, but to refuse the money. He wrote to the Marshal a letter, respectful but firm, which was conveyed by a deputation from Avila, and which obtained this answer: that if he did not obey

immediately, he would bring him to his senses with 30,000 men. The Governor obeyed, and sent to ask the King what it meant. The King said he knew nothing about it, and that Marshal Ney had no right to act in such a manner; but Marshal Ney showed the King's aide-de-camp an express order of the Emperor, in which he had given to him the province of Avila, without even sending notice to the King of Spain. It became necessary, therefore, that both the General and the King should obey the Marshal.

The guerillas gradually abandoned the province of Segovia, as they had before quitted the province of Avila; and the Governor soon had not enough scope for the activity of his nature. It so happened that his predecessor at Segovia, Count de Tilly, who had had possession of Burgos, and who had not been able to establish his authority here, returned to Segovia, disappointed and sorry to have left it. General Hugo proposed to give it back to him. The Count was greatly touched by this proposal, but the consent of the King was necessary. The General suggested that they should go together to ask for it. The King happened to have written to him very lately, telling him that he wished to see him. They went to Madrid, where the General found the King, well disposed towards him as usual. By a strange coincidence, when he informed the King that he came to beg of him to take back Segovia, the King told him that it was to ask it back of him that he had sent for him. He had something more important for him to do.

The province of Guadalaxara was a prey to the largest

of the guerilla bands, that of the Empecinado, which, up to that time, had resisted all the attacks of the French. The King requested the General to exchange the government of Segovia for that of Guadalaxara, not believing that anybody could destroy the Empecinado but he who had succeeded against Fra Diavolo.

The General willingly accepted this exchange of provinces, which gave him an opportunity of more effectually serving his country. The King thanked him, and after dinner told him, that if he was not satisfied with the first million of reals, he would give him another. The General brought the Count de Tilly to Segovia, reinstalled him there, and two days afterwards left for Guadalaxara, followed by the gratitude of his successor, and the regrets of the population. He took with him the Westphalian Light Horse, the First Regiment of the Irish Brigade, the Royal Foreigners, and a field battery. The First Regiment of the Line and the First Chasseurs were to follow him immediately.

XV.

EL EMPECINADO.

I WILL not enter into the details of this mountain campaign, which was a repetition of that which the General had already carried on in the Appenines. The system of the Empecinado was the same as that of Fra Diavolo—perpetual skirmishes and sudden disappearance. At the moment he was about to be annihilated he was lost sight of, but was sure to reappear immediately somewhere else.

But there was an essential difference between the two wars. In Italy the inhabitants were opposed to the bands, whereas in Spain they favoured them.

It was Spain herself who rebelled, and would not accept the French yoke. She defended herself man to man and foot to foot. It was impossible to find out whither the Empecinado had managed to escape. The peasantry gave false information when they had been unable to fly before the arrival of the French, but generally the villages were found deserted. Sometimes the army would be a week on the march without falling in

with a single individual. Before taking flight, however, the people would destroy everything they could not carry away. There was neither bread nor meat to be found; and when the biscuit they had with them was consumed, the troops were dying of hunger.

What made the struggle still more desperate was, that it was altogether among the mass of the people. The nobility had shown little or no heroism. They had begun by accepting King Joseph. The Prince of Castel-Franco, the Dukes of l'Infantado, Frias, Parque, Hijar, and Ossuno, the Marquises of Harizas and Santa-Cruz, the Counts of Fernan-Nuñez, Orgas, Santa-Colonna, &c., had sworn fidelity to him at Bayonne, and waited the example of the peasants before they made an effort to become Spaniards again. Ferdinand himself had not attempted to hold his own, but had the weakness to sign his abdication. Amongst the valiant guerilla chiefs who defended their native soil from the conqueror, and who succeeded in dragging it from him, there is not a single noble name to be found. Indeed, it is not easy to find any names at all; for these fine fellows did not fight for glory, and troubled themselves very little about being talked of. Except Mina, a poor citizen of one of the small towns of Navarre, and Molino, an old sergeant of artillery, the most famous were only known by nicknames, such as *El Empecinado* (the spoiler), *El Pastor* (the shepherd), *El Médico* (the doctor), *El Abuelo* (the grandfather), *El Manco* (the sleeve), *Chaleco* (waistcoat), *Calzones* (breeches), &c.

Such people did not rise to recover the places and

dignities they had lost in losing Ferdinand VII.; neither, on the other hand, could they, like its dukes and counts, be put down and quieted by retaining them in their posts or promising new ones. They wanted nothing but their country. Neither promise nor defeat affected them. After being defeated at Sotoca, and driven out of Siguenza, the Empecinado still had the audacity to send to the General a summons to evacuate the place.

A curious point with regard to this letter of the Empecinado is, that while recognizing the bravery and the fine personal qualities of the Governor of Guadalaxara, it invites him to change sides and fight for the independence of Spain, saying that it would be more worthy of a soldier such as he was, to fight for the liberty of a people than to gratify the ambition of a tyrant. At the same time, the Supreme Junta addressed a proclamation to the French soldiers, advising them to throw off the yoke of Napoleon and become deserters from his army.

The despotism exercised by Napoleon was one of the chief arguments for resistance. If even the Spaniards had not desired to remain Spaniards, they would not have been much tempted to become French when they saw how heavily the Imperial Government weighed upon France, while, at the same time, the army pretended to be the representatives of independence and liberty.

It was an odd freak of fortune that General Hugo should have to oppose the two most determined defenders of their nationality in Italy and Spain. He was too intelligent not to have a vague sensation that Fra Diavolo and the Empecinado had justice on their side. He

perceived this more clearly at a later period, when age and cool blood allowed him to reflect calmly on his early violences. In the "*Mémoires*" that he has published he speaks with admiration of those peasants who, to starve their conquerors, sacrificed their whole property, and went off, old and young, in the depth of winter and without food, to the mountains. He describes as "sublime" the devotion of the Junta of New Castile, which he pursued from village to village, and which, surrounded, threatened, and attacked, having as its seat of government some deserted chapel, some shed in the brushwood, or some hole in a rock, yet decreed under such circumstances the independence of Spain.

But, at the time we are speaking of, he thought of nothing but his flag. It is the terrible power of the military spirit to subject honour, conscience, duty, and truth to the waving of this rag, which is carried wherever the caprice of an irresistible master may choose to direct. The soldier looks at and follows it, no matter where—in an unjust war, in civil war, against independence abroad, and against liberty at home. It must be admitted that in 1810 the principle of nationalities had not been enunciated with the clearness that has been obtained by experience in our days, and that subsequently the invasions of France in Europe were so far excusable that she herself had been attacked by Europe. All these children of the Revolution, who had seen strangers interfering in their own country to prevent them from exercising their right to govern themselves as they thought fit, fancied that they were perfectly justified in treating

others as they had been treated. They were the more inclined to act in this way because those who had attacked them did so for the purpose of throwing them back into their former state, while they, on the other hand, advocated the modern opinions, and, notwithstanding the Empire, were always the Revolution. But liberty is not to be taught by oppression, and making them hate it is but a poor way to enforce progress on a people. There are Pyrenees everywhere, and the result will always be the same so long as the conquest of brute force is insisted on instead of the more peaceful conquest of ideas.

General Hugo once more, therefore, and without scruple, undertook this war of hedges and ravines, to which he was so much accustomed, and which he had already successfully carried on in Italy and La Vendée. Besides the troops who had accompanied and those who followed him, he had found at Guadalaxara the 75th Regiment of the Line and a strong detachment of the 64th. All this was not too much in a country where the enemy consisted of the whole population. Even the towns occupied by the French were under the control of the Junta, and secretly sent money and men; so that the whole province of Guadalaxara paid taxes twice over — once to the Governor, and again to the Empecinado.

When the Empecinado was beaten, there was no difference. His bands dispersed themselves all about in the woods, where they could not be found. It was useless to interrogate the few peasants who might be met; they had never seen anything. There was but one thing to be done—namely, to employ a ruse. The cockade of King

Joseph's troops was red, like that of the Spaniards, and the embroidery of the French officers who served in Spain also resembled that of the Spanish officers. The French stars were easily recognizable, but in a campaign the epaulettes are always more than half hidden by the great-coat. Even the accent could not be depended on, because the Spanish army included a number of foreign regiments, among whom were Swiss, Walloons, &c. It was thus easy enough for a French officer to pass for an officer of the Junta. One day Hugo himself personated General Villacampa to a shepherd, from whom he then got information as to an encampment of the Empecinado. But it was necessary to be very rapid to surprise him. Hugo's men arrived, fasting, after a forced march in the sun or rain, to find an enemy, fresh, well-fed, entrenched among rocks, posted on an inaccessible ridge, and perfectly well informed of all his movements, without the trouble of employing any ruse whatever.

I have said that the towns occupied by the French payed double contributions. It is true that they did all in their power to avoid paying more than one; namely, that to the Junta. The evening of the day of his taking possession of Siguenza, General Hugo demanded of the canons what had become of the silver plate belonging to the cathedral. As a matter of course, they knew nothing about it. "Well," said the General, "I will tell you." He took them to the cathedral, with the sub-prefect, the civil authorities, the principal officers, both of his own regiment and of the garrison, and several masons with picks, to whom he pointed out a wall built of squared stones.

This wall being thrown down laid open a winding stair, and in this place a few blows of the pick exposed a number of chests full of cups, crosses, and all kinds of valuables. The canons had constructed this hiding-place to conceal their treasures from the operation of the law, which required all the silver plate in the kingdom to be taken to the mint at Madrid. The General had found it out by accidentally getting hold of a fragment of paper lost by the treasurer in his precipitous flight.

The General succeeded in establishing a regular government and comparative security within his province. He overcame the Empecinado — till then invincible — in several encounters, especially at Cifuentes, and treated him so roughly, that the partisan became suspected by the Junta, and was almost accused of treason. King Joseph, delighted at the success of his general, came to see him at Guadalaxara, and asked if there was anything he could do for him. The General named several officers who had merited decorations.

"They shall receive them," said the King. "What next?"

"Oh," replied the General, "there are several others who have behaved very well; but I cannot at this moment remember their names."

"Well," replied His Majesty, "you will learn their names by to-morrow. It is true I shall have left, but I will leave you fifteen brevets in blank. And what next?"

"What next? Really, sire, I am not aware of anybody besides."

"And yourself?"

"Oh, for me, I am already overloaded with favours. What can your Majesty add to what I already possess?"

"A title. Would you like to be a marquis?"

The General smiled.

"Sire," said he, "there are no marquises since Molière's time."

"In France it is so," replied the King, "but they still remain in Spain. Well, if you won't be marquis, be a count. Choose whether you will be Count of Cifuentes or of Siguenza."

The name of Molière turned the conversation to literary subjects, and the King talked for a long time about the Spanish authors whose works he had studied. He himself had done something in literature, and in his youth had written a little tale entitled *Moïna*.

At the time we are now referring to (1810) Joseph thought his power consolidated. The various European powers were represented at Madrid. The English had quitted Cadiz after the capitulation of Almeida, and the Spaniards were left to themselves. But this was enough. The proclamation of Ferdinand VII. by the Cortes assembled in the Island of Leon so strengthened the confidence of the guerillas that some of the Empecinado's cavalry ventured to show themselves even in the promenade of Guadalaxara. It was necessary to occupy and fortify the bridge of Auñon, which the Empecinado made use of while in possession of the outskirts of Cuença to cross the stream, make a raid, and return

rapidly. The General laid the foundation of a block-house on the right bank of the Tagus, and placed his men so as to cover those who were endangered. While this was going on, a curious thing happened.

The work, carried on by forced labour, advanced slowly, and the peasants who served as masons did not exert themselves in the construction of a place which was to check the guerillas. The General had to go to Brihuega on public business and for his inspection general, and he left the command at Auñon in the hands of his brother Louis. One morning, at break of day, while at Brihuega, he was writing in his cabinet, when he thought he heard a sharp fire of musketry. He went out and asked the sentinels near his quarters if they had heard anything; all replied that they had not. Thinking he must have been deceived, he re-entered his office and continued his writing. Almost immediately the noise recommenced, and was both sharper and more distinct. It appeared to come from Auñon. The General returned, and said to the sentinels that this time they must have heard the noise; but still he only obtained the same negative reply. Major Shelley, of the Royal Irish, and some officers of his regiment who were sent for, also declared that they had heard nothing. An aide-de-camp was sent to the plateau to question the guard of the fortress; but the sounds had not been heard by anybody.

Notwithstanding this, the General, uneasy about his brother, ordered the troops to horse, and went off at a

gallop. By the time they had got half-way, a heavy cannonade was heard, proving that the General's sharp ears had not deceived him.

From Brihuega to Auñon, there are but six and a half leagues as the crow flies, but the distance is quadrupled by the windings of the road, the hills, and the difficulties of the paths. When the General arrived, the unfinished redoubt of the bridge, attacked by the combined forces of General Villacampa and the Empecinado, had already been carried, the entrenchments of Auñon had been forced, the streets of the village and the fields around were covered with dead, Colonel Louis Hugo was wounded, and the rest of the little garrison on the point of being annihilated. The arrival of the light horse changed the aspect of affairs, the village was preserved, the bridge retaken, and the enemy repulsed and pursued.

While trying to explain to himself in what way it could have happened that he alone had heard at Brihuega the sound of the musketry at Auñon, the General thought that it might have arisen from the shape of the mountain dividing the currents of wind, or of an echo reverberating precisely to the point at which his tent happened to be placed. It added to the oddness of the affair, that General Blondeau, who was nearer Auñon than he was, had heard nothing. Whatever the explanation may be, it was, at any rate, a very singular coincidence that the echo should have warned no one but him of the danger of his brother.

Another thing that struck the General was the exist-

ence of a king of a village; rivalling the King of Yvetôt. This royal personage, whose kingdom was situated in the wooded hills above Tonclaguna, and who was an hereditary prince, reigning by right of primogeniture, was a charcoal-burner, and his subjects consisted entirely of charcoal-burners and wood-cutters. Under the reign of Charles III. of Spain, this king of the charcoal-burners had experienced that feeling of satiety arising from the excess of power and the fatigue of bearing the weight of empire. Like Charles V., he had abdicated in favour of his ally the King of Spain, the treaty of cession having being made before a notary. But the patriotism of the village had not recognized Joseph, and in the absence of a legitimate King of Spain, the successor of the Charles the Fifth of charcoal-burners had taken up once more the cares of empire.

The continual alarms, and the necessity of fighting at all points, caused the General to lead a rough life, which at length affected his health. From one of his wounds, which had badly healed, splinters came away, and produced much suffering. The surgeons ordered repose, if he cared to live, and he was obliged to demand a substitute. They delayed it as long as possible, and at last sent one of his comrades, General Guyé, Marquis of Rio Milano, and Hugo returned to refit at Madrid. But he was not left idle long. The day after his arrival, Marshal Jourdan selected him as chief of his staff, and almost immediately gave him the command of Madrid. These employments, with that of inspector-general, which he had retained, pretty well occupied his leisure.

XVI.

AN IDYLL AT BAYONNE.

I HAVE already mentioned that at the commencement of the year 1811, Madame Hugo and her children began making preparations for their journey into Spain. From that moment the children thought of nothing but their departure, and awaited the day with impatience. The garden lost much of its attractions, and the swing was unfastened. The poor wheelbarrow was pushed under the shed, to be drawn out from thence no more; for now no one thought of it as a vehicle, for they looked forward to real diligences, stages, and postillions. The house was quite upset; they were continually opening the drawers and the closets, and turning everything upside-down, to see that nothing was forgotten; and they were for ever bringing to light from dusty corners of the lumber-room a pile of indispensable things which were in reality perfectly useless.

In the early spring Madame Hugo was informed that there would be a convoy from Bayonne, of which she might take advantage. She took immediate steps,

therefore, to secure a carriage. A diligence was suggested. At that time the diligences had only one closed compartment for travellers, namely the interior—the *rotonde* was filled with luggage, and the *coupé* was merely a narrow cabriolet, holding two persons, and exposed to the wind and weather. The *intérieur* had six places. This was just what Madame Hugo required, for, besides her three sons, she took with her a lady's-maid and a manservant. The cabriolet would do to hold such stray parcels as were too many for the *rotonde*.

I find in her travelling memorandum-book the following note, mentioning the cost of this conveyance.

"Messrs. Ternaux gave me in Paris a bill of exchange on Messrs. Chéraux, of Bayonne, for 12,000 francs, to pay my expenses on my journey to Spain, where I am going to join my husband. I take with me my three children and two servants. I am now at Bayonne; I have not yet made up my accounts of my inn expenses, but I have just paid the driver who brought me here 900 francs for the hire of his carriage."

Madame Hugo had stood out as well as she could against filling her trunks with the indispensable articles which the children attempted to stuff into them, but most of them reappeared, I know not from whence, the moment they were seated in the diligence, and they swelled, even to bursting, the pockets under the windows.

At the first stage Eugène and Victor got out. Seeing the cabriolet, they began to think they should be much more at their ease seated in it, and could better enjoy the country, the horses, the postillion, and the cracks of

the whip. They begged to be allowed to seat themselves there, and promised not to injure the parcels. Such of the luggage as there was still space for in the *rotonde*, was removed thither, and the children were at liberty to gaze about and enjoy themselves till they reached Blois, when the approach of night and fatigue combined to close their eyelids, just as they were reaching the row of poplars which are passed on entering the town. At this period horses were scarce, because of the war. The army monopolized all that were in pretty good condition; the remainder, left for the public conveyances, could neither travel fast nor long at a time. Diligences hardly ever journeyed at night. They therefore slept at Blois, and Victor, who was asleep when he entered, was only half awake when he went out again. He thus crossed, without even seeing it, the town that his father was to inhabit after the Restoration.

At Poictiers, two travellers, seeing a diligence, asked if there was room in it. When they were told there was not, they showed much annoyance, especially as there were eight seats and only six persons. One was a merchant at Murcia, and would have missed an important business transaction if he had not started. Madame Hugo took pity on them, and offered them the cabriolet, from which the two brothers were recalled; but these young gentlemen begged that, in their stead, two parcels might be placed in the *intérieur*, and, by dint of squeezing together, the cabriolet contrived to hold four. The new comers expressed their gratitude by loading the children with cakes and dainties.

At Angoulême Victor noticed some old towers. He already had so strong a feeling for architecture, that the impression made on his memory by them was distinct enough to allow him to draw them with tolerable accuracy in after years, although he had not again seen them.

The party traversed the Dordogne in a ferry-boat for want of a bridge. It was night, and very windy: the river was almost as much disturbed as the sea. The horses and carriage were embarked, the travellers being seated inside; but the horses, alarmed at the darkness and at the waves, reared in the boat, and it was necessary to tie them, for fear they should throw themselves into the water. Victor Hugo remembers that he was much frightened by witnessing the excitement of the horses.

His reminiscences of Bordeaux consist in a breakfast off giant sardines, bread nicer than cake, and sheep's butter, all of which was handed to them by pretty girls clothed in red.

On arriving at Bordeaux, Madame Hugo heard that the escort which she expected the next day would not arrive for a month. It was of no use complaining. She immediately set out in search of a house, and found one both roomy and commanding a fine prospect, and she hired it for a month.

She had scarcely been twenty-four hours in it before some one called on her, and a man entered, half mountebank, half beggar. He was covered with trinkets, and saluted her with a low bow. She managed to understand, though puzzled by his very peculiar *patois*, that this was the manager of a theatre, who came to ask her

to hire a box during her sojourn. Not knowing how to refuse, and not knowing either how she should employ her time in a town where she was acquainted with no one, Madame Hugo consented to do as she was requested.

The manager's joy, though great, was surpassed by that of the children. A month's playgoing! Every day! Not one evening missed! The month consisted of thirty-one days! They saw no end to their enjoyments. They had not, till then, seen much of the theatre. Their mother went very seldom, and they never went without her. When Madame Hugo wished to see any particular piece, she made arrangements with the family of the Fouchers, and they went together; but this seldom happened more than once a year. It was an important affair, and generally they took all the youngsters with them, selecting, for their sakes, the Carnival season. The last piece they had seen performed was *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, and the three brothers had lived on the recollection of it for the rest of the year.

That very evening there was a performance. Dinner was voted a bore, and they arrived at the theatre before the lamps were lighted. As soon as they could see anything, they fell in love with their box, hung with red calico, with yellow rosettes.

They did not find the time hang upon their hands before the curtain was drawn up, for the theatre itself, and the gradual entrance of the spectators, amply sufficed to please them. Shortly after this the orchestra performed an overture, with which they were enchanted; and on the drawing-up of the curtain the scenery was

disclosed. The piece acted was one of Pixérécourt's dramas. It was entitled *The Ruins of Babylon.* It was very fine. There was a good genius, dressed magnificently as a troubadour, whose appearances were awaited with much anxiety, but even his apricot-coloured doublet, and the interminable feather in his cap, were all forgotten when it came to the scene with the trap-door. The victim of the tyrant, in order to escape death, naturally took refuge in a vault. She would, of course, have died there from hunger and thirst had it not been for the good genius, who came from time to time to bring her food, and to enjoy a dish of chat.

Once, when they had forgotten themselves while enjoying the charms of a long conversation, the troubadour-genius became suddenly aware of the approach of the tyrant. In the twinkling of an eye he thrust back his *protégée* into the hole with a terrible knock on the head, jumped upon the trap, and left the tyrant staring with stupid amazement at the disappearance of his victim.

Happily, next day the same piece was to be acted. A second representation was not enough to enable them to appreciate all its beauties; but this time the three brothers lost not one word of the dialogue, and came home having learnt the five acts by heart.

The third day again *The Ruins of Babylon* was to be performed. This was rather unnecessary. They knew it now sufficiently well, and would have liked something else quite as much. Still, they listened with respect, and applauded in the trap-door scene.

The fourth day, the playbill being unaltered, they began to perceive that the lady who performed the part of *amoureuse* spoke through her nose. The fifth day they owned that the piece was rather drawn out. On the sixth they missed even the trap-door scene, because they had fallen asleep before the close of the first act; and when the seventh day came, they made their mother promise to take them no more to the theatre.

But they found something else to amuse themselves with. Among other things, they would buy birds. They even spent all their money on them, and came home every day with cages full of greenfinches and goldfinches. When they had learnt their Spanish lessons, and were set free from their "Cormon" and their "Sobrino," they took to the "Arabian Nights," their favourite book, and re-read a story, or daubed over some of the pictures. But it was neither the "Arabian Nights," nor goldfinches, nor the troubadour's trap, that Victor remembered when he left Bayonne.

The house in which Madame Hugo resided belonged to a widow who occupied one story of it. This widow had a daughter.

Victor was nine years old: the widow's daughter was ten. But ten years to a girl is as fifteen to a boy. She protected and cared for him.

When there was musket practice going on, Abel and Eugène, who stood on their dignity, to use their mother's expression, did not fail to go and see the manœuvres from the ramparts. Victor preferred remaining with the little girl.

She would say to him, "Come with me: I will read to you to prevent your feeling dull."

She would lead him into a corner where there was a flight of steps. They both sat down on them, and she, began reading him some very interesting stories, not one word of which could he hear, because he was busy looking at her.

Her skin, which was pale and transparent, had the delicate white tint of the camellia. He could look at her to his heart's content, so long as her eyes were fixed on the book, but when she, in return, lifted up her head, he became quite crimson..

Sometimes she found out that he was not attending; then she would get angry, and say to him, "You are not listening. You must pay attention, or I shall leave off reading." He would declare that he had listened attentively, in order that she might again look down on her book; but if she chanced to ask him which part pleased him most, he knew not what to reply.

Once she looked up as he was steadily gazing at the rise and fall of her neckerchief disturbed by her breathing. He was so confused that, without speaking a word, he went to the door, and began to play with the bolt, twisting the handle to such an extent that he grazed his fingers.

Relating the account of these *tête-à-têtes* with the first person of the female sex who had made him feel confused and awkward, M. Hugo remarked that every one might perhaps remember in his past life some childish *amour* of this kind, which bore the same relation to love that the

light of dawn bears to the full blaze of day. He called it the first cry of the awakening heart.

Thirty-three years later (in 1844) he again passed through Bayonne, and his first visit was to the house that he had lived in for a time in 1811. Was it the recollection of his mother, or that of the little reader, that attracted him there? The appearance of the house was the same, and it looked very little older. He found the balcony, the door, the window of his room; but he did not revisit the steps, for the house was shut up. Neither did he see again his little reader. He entered the adjoining houses, and inquired if she still lived there, or what had become of her. No one knew her. He sketched the house, and began wandering through the town, hoping vaguely to meet her; but he saw no face resembling hers, and he never again heard any mention of her whom he had loved when nine years old.

XVII.

THE CONVOY.

THE month drawing to a close, and the convoy about to arrive, it was necessary to think of departure. A fresh removal had to be undertaken, and a new struggle to be encountered in reference to a whole cargo of things newly acquired by the three brothers at Bayonne. Madame Hugo strenuously resisted the taking charge of five or six cages full of birds; and the children, not being able to carry their winged prisoners with them, set them at liberty.

Instead of the diligence which had conveyed Madame Hugo to Bayonne, an enormous old-fashioned coach took its place, such as is now only to be seen in pictures. In this, it was easy to pack all sorts of provisions with the luggage, including a hamper of wine, an enormous sheet-iron box, with a double cover, full of cooked meat, and an iron bed, with a mattress. Madame Hugo had no faith in Spanish beds.

The General had sent one of his aides-de-camp to meet his wife and children.

Count Allouville, in his "Memoirs," alludes in the following terms to a nephew of Mirabeau's, who enjoyed the confidence of the people about the courts of law:— "Riquetti the elder, formerly Comte de Mirabeau, left Paris on foot, and directed his steps towards the road leading to St. Cloud. A kind of postchaise was there awaiting him. In order that no servant should know anything about this mysterious journey, the object of which is doubtless of the highest importance, a captain of dragoons, the nephew of this same Riquetti, officiated as postillion." "It is said," M. Louis Blanc informs us in his excellent "History of the Revolution," "that as Mirabeau was on his way to this interview which he himself had requested, he felt uneasy and hesitated. It was not extraordinary. He knew the story of the Duke de Guise. Leaving, at one of the outer entrances, the carriage in which he had been brought by du Saillant, his nephew, he said to him, after having compared watches, and having delivered to him a letter for the commandant of the Paris National Guard, 'I know not whether they intend acting loyally towards me, or whether they mean to assassinate me; if, therefore, I am not back in an hour's time, set off full gallop, deliver this letter to the person to whom it is addressed, have the alarm-bell sounded, and announce to the people the treachery of the Court.'" Count Allouville adds, "When the hour had elapsed, du Saillant, who was very anxious about his uncle, waited for a quarter of an hour, and then started, but slowly, turning round, looking about, listening, and occasionally stopping. At length he heard himself called.

It was Mirabeau, who, in a breathless state, said to him, 'I was afraid you would have left. I am content: all will be well. Keep the strictest silence about this trip, which is of the deepest importance to the State.'" The aide-de-camp of the General, who was sent to meet Madame Hugo, was this same nephew of Mirabeau's.

At this time, M. du Saillant was fifty years of age, and there could be no impropriety in his chaperoning a young woman. Madame Hugo, who quite expected a captain of dragoons, and a very different sort of person, as a nephew of Mirabeau's, was surprised to see the marquis enter. The aide-de-camp exhibited an excess of courtesy, and a formal politeness, which formed a striking contrast to the roughness of the Empire; but that which attracted the children even more than his amiability, was his great-coat. This was so covered by the dust of the roads, that when he alighted from his horse, they fancied it must have been snowing. Then came his epaulettes. His great-coat, which he wore over his uniform, forced them forwards on to his chest, and there they remained, even when he took off his outer wraps, to appear in the presence of their mother. They soon perceived that all the officers exhibited this peculiarity. The great-coats threw the epaulettes forward, and, after a time, they remained bent, and thus were never to be met with in the right place, on the shoulder.

The Marquis du Saillant, with great politeness, placed himself entirely at the disposal of Madame Hugo, whose carriage he intended to escort on horseback; but this carriage, which Madame Hugo nicknamed her "great

basket," was large enough to contain one other individual. The Marquis got into it with the family. He took up the less room, because there was a cabriolet attached to the carriage, which Eugène and Victor speedily monopolized.

It was not exactly at Bayonne that the convoy was taken; it was at Irun. Madame Hugo waited for it there three days longer. Irun, with its mountains, its rich vegetation, and its covered balconies, strongly resembles a Swiss canton, transplanted into Spain. The northern coast of the Basque provinces possesses, indeed, something of soft and smiling grandeur, and even reminds one of Switzerland on a small scale; the mountains are almost coquettish, and the precipices pretty. The Basque population form a contrast to the rest of the inhabitants of the Peninsula in the matter of cleanliness. The peasantry are proud of their linen. They wear good shirts, with wide sleeves, made of very coarse, but, at the same time, of very white material. These are frequently washed, so that the meadows round Irun are always covered with a brilliant display of articles of dress, which drape the country before they adorn the inhabitants.

Madame Hugo, who was not fond of travelling, and who was by this time very weary of her long journey, began to like it a little better when she saw the fine scenery, and the great cleanliness of the people. She fancied that Spain was all like this; and she remarked to the aide-de-camp that she began to think she should like the place well enough. The Marquis left her in the enjoyment of this illusion.

Madame Hugo was not the only person who profited

by the convoy. Spain was at that period in such a state of excitement, that nobody ventured to travel through it alone. The north, especially, through which people coming from France must enter, was infested by bands of guerillas, who were far from displaying in Biscay that moderation which General Hugo had obtained from them in Old Castile. There were reports of frightful atrocities, and savage acts, sparing neither sex nor age, committed by the bands of Mina and of Pastor. The insurgents were not contented with killing women and children, but they tortured them besides; they even tore out their entrails, and burned them alive. Fear and hatred, no doubt, vividly coloured the real truth; but there is no doubt that it really was a ferocious struggle on both sides.

It may easily be imagined that those who were obliged to travel in Spain were ready to take advantage of any opportunities of a safe-conduct. Every time, therefore, that a convoy set off, people came from all parts of France to ask permission to accompany it, and to be protected by it. When the treasure which Madame Hugo accompanied reached Irun, they found a number of carriages in attendance. Victor reckoned more than 300; and, indeed, they were so numerous as to be in the way. The escort, whose first and most imperative duty it was to protect the treasure, was not sufficient for so long a file. Such a train of carriages, also, would have dragged slowly along the road, and been subject to attack in the passes and steep places; for it was a main point to travel rapidly, and neither leave time for the peasantry to

give information, nor for the guerillas to arrange an ambush. The officers of the escort refused to take charge of so many, and sent away two-thirds of the carriages.

All this was the more trying, because a month before a convoy had been pillaged and massacred at Salinas. This massacre, which was then distinctly attributed to the extreme length of the line, had made an impression not easily forgotten. Fourteen years afterwards, General Le Jeune painted it so well that it attracted universal attention in the saloons, in the year 1825; and it may be supposed what a subject it would be for conversation shortly after the affair. It was with this prospect in view that the children were called on to construct their visionary pictures of Spain.

The escort consisted of 1,500 infantry, 500 cavalry, and four guns. Two guns were in the front, and the two others in the rear, of the treasure. The great object of all the travellers was to keep as close as possible to the treasure, so as to partake of the protection sure to be accorded to it; and also, to enjoy the vicinity of those two useful guns, ever ready to open their mouths to defend those who were near them. Everybody tried to take precedence of his neighbour. The march commenced by an immense concourse of men and women, all quarrelling with each other, and a levy of abusive coachmen, of carriages always getting the wheels locked, and of horses for ever biting each other.

Madame Hugo, as the wife of the governor of a province, who was also one of the great dignitaries at the Court of Madrid, claimed the first place; but when her mayoral

endeavoured to assert this right, he was met by the corresponding dignitary of the Duchess of Villa Hermosa, whose rank precluded any one's passing before her. Oaths and blows of the whip not settling this disputed question, the Duchess with her quarterings, and the Countess with her epaulettes, appealed to the Duke of Cotadilla, the commander of the escort. As a slight excuse for this conflict of precedence, it should be observed that under cover of a trifling dispute, in which vanity was apparently the ruling motive, each of the two competitors was really, as it were, fighting for her life and that of her family. The Duke of Cotadilla, like a true gentleman, gave the post of honour to the foreigner; and the huge vehicle containing the General's lady took the foremost place.

This outrageous conveyance, carrying a houseful of furniture, and drawn with the utmost difficulty by six mules, caused much grumbling amongst the multitude: it was accused of taking up too much room, and giving a great deal too much trouble. Besides this, it was quite sufficient that it should have conquered in the dispute. Favours always appear unjust to those who are not the recipients of them.

The tumult was appeased, things were put straight, and the Duke of Cotadilla gave the signal for departure.

It was a real joy to the three boys to hang from the windows and to watch from one end to the other this long file, which, notwithstanding the reduction that had been made, was fully long enough still. Except their own vehicle, and that of the Duchess of Villa Hermosa

all the carriages were of modern build. Green was the colour of the Empire, and most of them were painted of this tint. Their wheels also were gilt, for gilt wheels belonged, in like manner, to the Imperial dynasty. People were courtiers even in their stable arrangements.

On each side of the carriages marched the troops, well-appointed and well-accoutred, as they always are on commencing a march, all having neat cartridge-boxes and shining guns. People were pointing out to each other Colonel Lefèvre, who was still a young man and the son of a marshal, and Colonel Montford, who was elegant and fashionable. Amongst the cavaliers a troop of about twenty young men were to be seen, covered with great cloaks, wearing broad-brimmed hats, and with swords at their sides. These fine fellows were merely auditors of the Council of State sent by the Emperor to his brother. In this cavalcade the Duke of Broglie shone conspicuously.

The satisfaction felt at not having been sent back, the excitement of finding a proper place in the procession, and the pleasure of starting, had made every one forget the affair of Salinas; and the numerous convoy, with its gaudy colours, glittering in the sunshine, the horses prancing, and all in high spirits, started with the sense of satisfaction that accompanies the outset of every adventure.

XVIII.

THE JOURNEY.

VICTOR perceiving, at some distance to the right of the road, a spot which shone, to use his own expression, like a large jewel, asked the Marquis du Saillant what it was, and was told that this jewel was the Gulf of Fontarabia.

They first halted at Ernani.

Ernani is a town boasting but one street, but this street is wide and fine, and paved with a kind of stone full of little glittering particles; when the sun shines on it, one seems to be walking on spangles. All the inhabitants of Ernani are nobles, and thus every house displays a handsome coat of arms in the sculptured stone over the doorway. These shields mostly belonging to the fifteenth century; they are of a very good style, and give a most respectable appearance to the town. But these seignorial houses are none the less the property of the peasantry, and their feudal portals are not the less picturesque for rustic balconies of old woodwork. They carry off this rough carpentering with as proud an air as they do their coats of arms, like those Castilian shepherds in whose hands the crook looks like a sceptre.

Victor was enchanted with this town, and he has since given its name to one of its dramas. But Madame Hugo did not share in her son's enthusiasm. The gloomy dulness of the streets destroyed the good impression made by the cheerful scenery of the neighbourhood of Irun, and once more put her out of conceit with the journey. She was again reconciled to it at Tolosa, which is a cultivated spot as green as a garden. This cheerful town delighted her to such an extent, that she even pardoned the little one-arched narrow bridges, which would not allow two carriages to pass each other when crossing them. Victor, on the contrary, did not like Tolosa. There was already one remarkable characteristic of the child, for while he submitted in all things to his mother, and was ready to do all she required of him, he kept his own opinion, and had his likes and dislikes where nature and architecture were concerned. On these subjects his mother had no control over him. He felt, during this first journey, that which he more fully understood when he again revisited Tolosa—namely, that Spain was created for the beautiful and not for the merely pretty; that its perpetual blue sky requires something serious and even gloomy in the towns; and that the mountain is less effective when brilliant with all the colours of the parterre.

Another discussion between mother and son was on the subject of carts. The wheels of the Spanish carts, instead of being spoked like the French, are of solid wood. These heavy masses revolve with difficulty, and draw forth from the axletrees such a painful creaking

noise, that the traveller becomes irritated to exasperation by them. As soon as Madame Hugo heard them coming across the plain, she shut up the carriage, and stopped her ears. Victor, on the other hand, considered that they made a pleasant though loud and strange noise, and compared it with Gargantua drumming on the window-pane.

One day, however, the harsh sound of the Spanish wheels had the effect of dulcet music even on Madame Hugo. They had reached the most formidable part of their journey, the defiles. They had just entered the gloomy gorge of Pancorbo. On one side were the lofty cliffs, on the other precipices. This is the case for some leagues, and the road at intervals becomes so narrow that there hardly remains room even for the passage of a carriage. At this point no mutual assistance can be rendered; and were ten thousand present, still one would be alone. Fifty men in ambush could crush a regiment. It was evening, and the convoy became decidedly moody, thinking about the massacre at Salinas, when suddenly some figures were perceived at the summit of the rocks, standing out against the sky with that largeness of outline produced by the gloom of twilight, and several men were observed who stooped to listen and to spy. A feeling of terror rapidly spread among the travellers; they threw themselves back into their carriages, mothers sheltered their children with their own bodies, the soldiers loaded their guns, and even the auditors of the Council grasped the handles of their swords. At that moment a formidable grinding noise was heard, and a

dozen carts made their appearance coming from the other side of the hill. This alarming band merely consisted of a dozen muleteers, who were carrying some kind of merchandise, and who were keeping together to avoid danger. The noise of the convoy had disquieted them, and they had cautiously approached to see what was coming. The means they had taken to assure themselves had caused as much alarm on the other side.

The travellers joked about the fright they had had, and made strong resolutions to fear nothing for the future. The next halt was at Torquemada. This had once been a town, but General Lasalle had realized its name (*torre quemada,* a burnt tower), by setting fire to it. They housed themselves as well as they could amongst its ruins. At break of day they again joyfully set out, chatting about the peril they had escaped the day before, and of the terrible battle that had very nearly been fought between 2,000 soldiers and twelve muleteers.

Young officers were joking at the windows of such of the carriages as they had found to contain pretty women. The gaiety had not ceased when they had nearly reached Salinas, and when the last of the carriages had entered that fatal defile the idea of which had embittered their start. They were now as cheerful as if about to promenade at Longchamps, when, mixed with the shouts of laughter, the whizzing of balls through the air was really heard. This time no muleteers were there. But human nature is so constituted, that after having suffered from an imaginary danger, we often no longer feel a real one. The guerillas came too late. The party exhausted their

stock of alarm at Pancorbo, and there was none left for Salinas. They continued their jokes; and when two shots positively struck Madame Hugo's carriage, the children remarked that it was very kind of the brigands to give them marbles. The guerillas were not a large company, and the treasure was too well guarded to be in any danger. After a quarter of an hour had been occupied in firing a few volleys, so trifling that the troops did not even condescend to notice them, the enemy departed, and the whole matter was forgotten.

Saladas had been still more completely burnt than Torquemada. Hardly any fragments even of the old wall remained; it was no longer to be called a ruin, it was reduced to cinders. The parties were obliged to spend the night there, and to sleep in the open air. The children thought there was no occasion to go to bed at all, and that it was far more amusing to play at hide-and-seek in the rubbish. That Spanish night, indeed, was as brilliant as a French day, and they began to run, to play at hide-and-seek, and to climb the piles of stones that the falling of the houses had produced. But Victor, who, though the youngest, always wished to outvie the others, ventured to climb a somewhat shaky heap. He fell down so heavily that he was stunned. His brothers picked him up, and brought him, greatly frightened, to his mother. His forehead was covered with blood. On seeing him thus, his mother was at first terribly alarmed; but, luckily, a surgeon, for whom they sent, was able to comfort her about him. The child re-opened his eyes. A leaf of purslain was applied to his wound, and the next day all that re-

mained of the fall was a little scar, that Victor Hugo is still marked with.

He was not lucky in his childish games. Once, in Italy, a dog that he was fondling bit his finger. Another time, at school, one of his companions wounded him in the knee.

When a town was reached which had not been reduced to ashes by the French, its inhabitants were bound, after having lodged and fed the convoy, to furnish it with provisions until the next halting-place. Madame Hugo had been astounded, the first time, at the quantity of eatables she had received: a quarter of beef, a whole sheep, eighty pounds of bread, &c., in addition to a keg of brandy. The reason was, that she received the rations due to her husband, as holding, in his own hand, four principal appointments. He was at the same time a general, a governor, an inspector, and a chief officer in the King's household. It is true that a man has not necessarily four mouths because he holds four situations, but then armies are not very particular when they have to deal with a conquered people. Madame Hugo did not know at first what to do with all this food, but she soon found an opportunity of making it useful.

As the convoy could only proceed at foot pace, the halting-places were far between. At Irun they had furnished themselves with provisions for three days, but some of the troops, having the opportunity of making a hearty meal, had not been able to resist temptation, and had, in twenty-four hours, consumed their three days' allowance. The next day they had regretted their folly,

and looked covetously on their companions' shares, who, with more forethought, had divided their provisions into three portions. These men, unwilling to see their comrades die of hunger, had shared their allowance with them; so that, on the evening of the third day, no food was left for any one. Madame Hugo's carriage was guarded by some Dutch grenadiers, who were going to fight the Spaniards; for Napoleon used to employ the people of one country in fighting against those of another. Being clothed in red woollen cloaks and enormous hairy caps, these men, accustomed as they were to the climate of the North, suffered considerably from the overpowering sun of Spain. They used to say that they would rather fight a battle than undertake this journey. Their exhaustion was all the greater from their being obliged to fast. The two little brothers, who, from their posts in the cabriolet, overheard them regretting their devoured rations, told their mother of it, and that day the grenadiers ate two-thirds of the General's meat, and drank all his brandy.

This distribution of superfluous rations brought its own reward to the inhabitants of the carriage. Mondragon is situated on the summit of a rock. The ascent is so steep that the six mules were insufficient to drag the heavy vehicle, and it was necessary to add four oxen to the number. The steep ascent was complicated by a sudden turn, on one side of which was a gulf. I know not if Victor's fall amongst the stones of Saladas was the cause that the three brothers had become more prudent, but I am obliged to confess that they were thoroughly frightened at this precipice, and wished to ascend and

descend the hill on foot. Their mother, however, who was no coward, replied that they should not get down till they had turned into girls, and desired the mayoral to quicken the pace of the oxen. The turning was passed, and the carriage arrived safe and sound at the summit of the rock. But not so the next day, when they came down again. Mondragon has but one opening, and it is necessary to leave it by the same road as that by which it is entered. When the children again reached the terrible spot, they no longer dared to show fear, but the road had the same effect on them as if they had been plunged into a bath. The slope was such that they lost sight of the mules; the unusual weight of the carriage fell upon the animals, and overpowered them, and they, in return, stiffened themselves, in order to resist it. On turning round, the pressure was too strong, and the two foremost mules slipped over the precipice, dragging everything after them. It would have been all over with them but for a mile-stone, which stopped one of the wheels; but this mile-stone was shaken by the shock, and gave way. Mother and children hung over the precipice, and gave themselves up for lost. But the grenadiers were there. Some of them threw themselves down the steep at the peril of their lives, and although there was no footing but the brushwood, which naturally gave way under their weight, they helped to support the mile-stone with their shoulders and chests; others, at the same time, raised the mules, and the family were saved.

Madame Hugo was none the more inclined to enjoy travelling, when she pondered over the depths of the

abyss into which they would have rolled without the prompt assistance of the grenadiers, nor when she thought on those nights she had been obliged to pass in the open air, and on her children, who had cut their temples on the stones. Then again, though they had laughed at the gunshots recently fired around them, these attacks did not, on mature reflection, appear in so very ludicrous a light. Even that food, so easily devoured by the grenadiers, and which was quite the right thing for soldiers on the march, did not suit her womanly appetite. She could fall back upon the eatables she had brought with her, it is true; but hams and potted meats do not afford very nourishing food. At some halting-place on the road, she rather looked forward to eating some salad. Her lady's-maid procured it, and brought her an oil-flask, in order that she might dress it. Madame Hugo took the precaution of tasting the oil. She immediately made a grimace at it, and to Victor's great disappointment, told them to take away that physic as fast as they could.

Our hero, however, while his mother was tasting the quality of the oil, was earnestly contemplating the flask. It was a large vessel, of the date of Louis XV., covered with silvered roses. His mother was amused at this admiration of an old thing, the contemporary of her coach. It was, however, necessary to find a substitute for the oil, for green food is scarce enough in Spain to make it prudent not to throw away the chance of a salad when the opportunity presents itself.

Not having oil, she took it into her head to use butter. She sent off her lady's-maid to get some; but when the

latter asked for butter, nobody understood her. At length, after a lively and energetic pantomime had helped out the little Spanish she could muster, a woman was found who understood what was wanted, and replied, "Ah, you are asking for cow-grease!" And she gave her something that she called butter. The dressing was pronounced very indifferent, but still eatable, except, indeed, by Victor, who regretted the oil-flask.

The want of oil and wine were two of Madame Hugo's grievances in Spain. It is not the fault either of the olives or grapes that the Spaniards have not better wine and oil; but they carry them about in goat-skins, coated with pitch, and these skins, of course, give flavour as well as smell to the contents. The olives are crushed in venerable presses, badly contrived, impregnated for the last five hundred years with old oil, which flavours the new, and turns it rancid.

One day, notwithstanding, Madame Hugo ate a dish of green food that was really properly dressed. A French *traiteur*, who had settled in Spain, caused her this agreeable surprise, and she dined as she would have done in Paris. She was delighted with the cleanliness and elegance of the table. Damasked linen, napkins folded in the shape of a triangle, polished plate, nothing was wanting. The food was first-rate, and there was, to crown all, a plate of spinach, which enchanted our traveller. She warmly congratulated the *traiteur*, and told him that it was the first time she had really dined since she had left France. The man thanked her, and presented her with his bill, which amounted to 400 francs.

The delicious spinach alone cost eighty. Madame Hugo no longer thanked the *traiteur*, but exclaimed against the enormously high price. He replied, that it was as rare for him to have to cook a dinner, as for her to eat one; that he had been expecting her six months, during which time he had been at all kinds of expenses, and loss of provisions, and that the dinner cost him more than it did her.

The heat and dust were unbearable to her. They became still worse when the convoy reached the vast barren and naked table-land of Old Castille, and when she saw extended before her eyes a desert, eighty leagues in length, which it was necessary to traverse at a foot's pace. She thought it would never come to an end. There were neither trees nor hedges, hardly even were there a few blades of thin short grass. The few that there were, were of a rusty-brown colour, and looked as if about to be set on fire by the sun. At long intervals, they would come to houses with windows as narrow as those of a dungeon. Sometimes they would notice a silent and motionless peasant standing at his door-sill. He would not stir, and scarcely raised his head to look at the convoy. The eyes of these peasants were generally concealed under the hanging rims of their caps, and the only thing about them that looked like animation was their pipes. At mid-day, the heat of the sun would become so overpowering that the convoy could scarcely bear it. It was then necessary to halt. The travellers would sit under the shelter of their carriages, but the soldiers, who had no such convenience, were glad to find a

ditch, where a little shade might be expected. As to the horsemen, they lay down under the horses and went to sleep, and these excellent animals were careful not to hazard the least movement which might have injured their masters, and every now and then turned their heads to see that they were properly shading them.

Spain, therefore, had but few attractions for Madame Hugo, and the Spaniards had still less. It is true, that they did not put themselves out of the way to please the French. I have already mentioned, that when towns were reached, the convoy was quartered on the inhabitants, but this was only when inhabitants were to be found. Their reception was as disagreeable as a defeat, and as cold as ill-feeling could make it. The general style of the stopping-places was a strong massive house, resembling a gaol, with a low, stubborn-looking door, made of very thick oak, bound with iron, studded with prison-like nails, and with strong bolts on the inside. If one knocked, there was nobody to be found. If the knock was repeated, the result was the same. On a third application, one fancied that the inmates of the house were all deaf. At last, after hammering at the door the tenth, and very often for the twentieth time, a grating would be partly opened, and a stern-looking maid-servant would appear, with pinched lips, and a frozen aspect. This servant was speechless, but would allow you to talk as much as you pleased, would disappear without an answer, and shortly after reappear, and hold the door ajar. Certainly, it was not hospitality that opened its doors, but rather hatred. You would be shown into rooms only furnished with the

most strictly necessary articles. Not one convenient or ornamental object was to be seen. Ease was banished, luxury forbidden. Even the furniture itself was hostile. The chairs were uncomfortable, and the walls seemed to exclaim, "Be off!" The servant would introduce you to the rooms, to the kitchen, and to the provisions; then take herself off, and be seen no more. The owners were never visible. They had understood that they would be expected to entertain the French; they had prepared rooms and food for them, and they considered that they had then done all that was required. At the first sound of the knocker, they would retire with their children and servants into the most distant room in the house, shut themselves up there, and would wait imprisoned in their own house, till the departure of their unwelcome guests. No voice or step was ever heard. Even the little children fiercely held their tongues. It resembled the silence and annihilation of the tomb. The house was as the house of death. M. Victor Hugo, who has given me all these particulars, and whose conversation I repeat as literally as possible, adds that nothing could be more melancholy than this kind of reception.

On one occasion a Spaniard managed to show still greater hostility. He was an alcalde. His very door had a sterner look than usual. A servant, with a threatening aspect, conducted our whole travelling *ménage* into a large shed without an atom of furniture, and whose flooring was the bare earth. As it was night, this great hall was lighted by a fir torch, placed on a bracket against the wall. The mother slept in the bed she had

brought from France. The children's couches consisted of sheepskins, spread on the ground. The man-servant had left, and Madame Hugo having need of something, sent her lady's-maid in search of the master of the house, or his servant. The maid found no one. The house was deserted. Before leaving it, however, the alcalde had put seals on every door.

It was impossible to tell the French more distinctly that they were looked on as robbers.

Madame Hugo was once received in a widely different manner. At the first stroke of the knocker, the door was opened, and, in lieu of a servant, the master himself welcomed her. He placed himself and his children at the disposition of the General's lady, and gave up to her his large furnished house. It was a cheerful, fresh-looking habitation. Marble and water were to be found in every part, and it was comfortable to superfluity. Everything was delivered up to the mother and her children, the drawing-room, the garden, the servants, and the very proprietors. Madame Hugo felt herself even more at home than she had been at the Feuillantines. The family spent several days in that town, and this perfect hospitality never varied for a single moment. Madame Hugo had noticed in her bedroom a silver vase, which she wished to possess. Her host was so polite that, on quitting him, she ventured to inquire if he would kindly allow her to carry it away. The Spaniard took it, and put it amongst her packages. She thanked him, and inquired its price. He seemed much astonished, and made no reply. She repeated her question, and told him that she fully intended paying for the

vase. The Spaniard answered that he did not understand what she meant. She observed that it was very courteous of him, but that she had not come to his house in order to rob him, and declined taking the vase, unless he would allow her to pay him for it. He smiled bitterly, and replied that he plainly saw that there had been a misunderstanding between them the last three days; that, nevertheless, he had done his best to prove to the General's lady that she was really in her own house, and not merely his guest. He remarked that everything belonged to the French, even Spain and the Spaniards, and that, as his country was in a state of slavery, he had endeavoured to behave as a slave should, but that he was not a seller of vases; and he was surprised that the French should feel so many scruples as to carrying off a mere cup, when they had shown so few in pillaging whole towns.

Another kind of hosts which rendered Spain but little pleasant in Madame Hugo's eyes, were the fleas, bugs, and other vermin. The party were annoyed by these all the time their journey lasted. Even places, otherwise uninhabited, had plenty of these small folk. Amongst the ruins of Salinas, where little or nothing remained, fleas remained in abundance. The conflagration, instead of destroying, seemed to have multiplied them, and this called forth from Madame Hugo a remark, that in Spain the fleas were even to be found in the fire. The number of bugs was no less respectable. They attacked the Parisian lady with such energy as to prove themselves thoroughly patriotic, and hardly allowed her an hour's sleep. Madame Hugo had a special aversion to these

repulsive and stinking insects. An idea struck her, which she carried into practice. She had her own bed placed just in the middle of the room, and ordered each of the four legs to be placed in a bucket of water. As she thus avoided contact with both walls and floor, she no longer dreaded the bugs, who certainly were not likely to swim across to her, and she fell asleep in perfect security, enchanted with her invention of her turning her bed into an island. An hour after she awoke, devoured by bugs. These odious insects, not having been able to get at her from the floor, had arrived *viâ* the ceiling; they had let themselves drop down perpendicularly upon the unfortunate islander. Madame Hugo resolved for the future to avoid ceilings. Spanish houses have courtyards paved with marble, where it is quite possible to sleep on a fine summer's night; she desired that her bed should be made in the open air. It was all in vain: a flight of bugs awoke her with a start.

As to the children, they resigned themselves to this inevitable association. They slept inside the houses, and in the usual beds. One may well believe that the wooden couches, and mattrasses stuffed with maize, were well peopled, in a country where even the fire bred fleas, and the marble brought forth bugs. The skins of the three brothers were found, when they awoke in the morning, to be completely starred over with little black spots, running about in every direction. They slept, nevertheless, as soundly as possible.

They did not share their mother's opinion as to the journey, for they found much amusement in it. In fact,

so long as it lasted, curious novelties succeeded each other without end.

One of their great pleasures had been the meeting a lame regiment. From time to time those soldiers were mustered who had suffered the most during the wars, and being no longer of any use, they were sent back to their homes. To a reflective mind, this was the saddest of sights; but, to the children, nothing could be more amusing. It was a hall of miracles—one of Callot's beggar groups. They included every kind of infirmity dressed in every variety of costume. There were men from all the different army corps of all nations in Europe. Horsemen, who had lost their horses, went along at a foot pace; foot soldiers, who had lost their legs, rode awkwardly enough on asses or mules; the blind allowed themselves to be led by the lame. The oddest thing of all was that these poor devils, whose ragged uniforms no longer boasted epaulettes, carried in their place some animal that they were bringing home; very often it was a monkey; but some retained both epaulettes, and added a parrot to the monkey.

The convoy greeted, with boisterous shouts of laughter, this remnant of an army that had entered Spain with eagles, and was now leaving it with parrots. The maimed soldiers took no offence at these bursts of merriment, and even joined in them. But one of them said to the grenadiers, "See what you'll all come to!" Another added, "Always supposing that you come back at all!" The gaiety of the escort was somewhat cooled by this retort, and one of the grenadiers glanced at a man who

had but one eye left and no nose at all, as much as to say, "There's a piece of luck!"

At Burgos the first pleasure the children had was the sight of the Cathedral. The moment they saw it, though it was yet far off, they were fascinated by the rich complication of its architecture, the pinnacles being thickly grouped together, like the ears of corn in a wheatsheaf. No sooner were they within the walls of the town than they insisted on visiting the building. The interior is not so richly decorated as the exterior, which suggests the idea of stones grouping themselves out of a mere luxury of pleasure. Its beauty is somewhat serious and almost austere. It suggests majesty as contradistinguished from joy. The three brothers, especially Victor, admired equally both these aspects of the Cathedral; they were never weary of looking at the glass windows, at the pictures, and at the pillars. Once, when Victor was looking up earnestly at something or other, a door in the wall opened, and a strange figure, oddly dressed, and having a deformed, bloated appearance, suddenly came out, made the sign of the cross, knocked thrice, and disappeared.

Victor, amazed, gazed a long while on the closed door.

"*Señorito mio,*" said the man who offers the holy water, who was their cicerone on this occasion, "*es papa masca.*" (My little gentleman, it is the flycatcher.)

The flycatcher was the mechanical figure belonging to a clock. The three blows which had been struck were meant to announce that it was three o'clock.

The giver of holy water explained to the children why the figure was called the flycatcher, but Victor did not even hear the story he was relating to them, so much taken up was he with this imposing Cathedral, in which this odd caricature was mixed up strangely with the stone statues, and told the faithful the hour of the day by means of a kind of Punch.

The Cathedral, however, was none the less grand and solemn for all this. The recollection of this crotchet of Holy Church has, more than once since then, crossed the memory of the author of the "Préface de Cromwell," and helped him to understand the possibility of combining the grotesque with the tragic without at all diminishing the seriousness of the drama.

The Marquis du Saillant offered to conduct Madame Hugo to the tomb of the Cid, which is situated at half an hour's distance from Burgos. The children jumped at the proposal, and their mother consented also. Only a fragment of this tomb, indeed, was then left. Time had commenced the ruin, and the French were doing their best to finish it. The soldiers had discovered that the sepulchre of this great soldier was fitted for a target. Every day their shots were carrying away portions of it, and the tomb was rapidly disappearing. This profanation, and others of a similar kind, were among the causes of the marked hostility of the Spaniards towards France. The occupation, it must be admitted, was sufficiently unintelligent; neither old traditions nor monuments were respected, and the Spaniards were insulted even in the history of their country and in their style of art. Their

public buildings were bombarded without consideration, and in the most needless manner. The taste of the Empire was at variance with these old Gothic or Moorish constructions, and they were destroyed by its generals on the slightest pretext.

One sight, equal to that of the flycatcher in the eyes of the children, was the appearance of an umbrella. The second day that they spent in Burgos it rained—real, genuine rain. So little had this been anticipated in Spain, that no one had brought an umbrella. It was impossible, however, to disbelieve the fact, and they were obliged to own that they were drenched to the skin. Our four travellers, therefore, set out in quest of an umbrella, but they ransacked the town in vain: such a thing was unknown at Burgos. After a long search, they came to a certain "Place Louis XIII.," very similar to the Place Royale at Paris. As in the Place Royale, under its low arcades there were shops to be found, and they entered these shops. They had nearly exhausted them all when an old shopkeeper told them that he had that which they required. He led them into a shed, tumbled together a pile of old clothes, and concluded by unearthing from a perfect mountain of odds and ends, a prodigious and monumental object, so huge that he was only able to open it in the yard. It was, indeed, a monster umbrella, a real tent. The whalebone was so substantial that it would have borne the shock even if the cataracts of heaven had been let loose. Madame Hugo observed that it was doubtless Noah's umbrella, and civilly declined to become the purchaser. She waited under the

arcades till the shower had ceased, utterly disgusted with Spain. Victor, however, remarked that it was the highest possible compliment to the Spanish climate to be able to say that umbrellas in that country were only required in the event of a second deluge.

Another treat was at hand. At Valladolid they went, for the first time, to a Spanish theatre, and the children there were introduced to a performance even finer than *The Ruins of Babylon*. There was actually a person killed with the thrust of a dagger, and who shed real blood. The stage was covered with it.

One thing happened which was less amusing to the Duke of Cotadilla than to them. It was as follows:—

When the convoy had sufficiently rested at Valladolid, it re-formed in the vast square called the Four Convents, which at that time ought to have been called the Square of the Four Barracks. The whole party then issued from the town, crossed, without accident, the rugged defile of Coca, and re-entered the plains. It was there joined by a detachment of cavalry, which preceded Queen Julia, who was also on her way to Madrid. The Duke of Cotadilla, hearing that the Queen was about to pass, wished to pay her proper respect, and desired all the escort to put on clean linen and their best garments.

There was not a single house, not one rock, not a tree, not a turn in the road, which could be used as a dressing-room. The ladies had due notice given as to what was about to be done, and drew down their blinds. The little Hugos, being boys, remained in the cabriolet and witnessed the scene.

The soldiers made haste to place their guns in piles, and to take off their knapsacks, watch-coats, trousers, and shirts. But they were by no means in such a hurry to put their clothes on again. It was a comfort to them to be freed from this load of covering under the overpowering heat, and they prolonged as long as they well could this state of ease and coolness. They prolonged it, indeed, so long that Queen Julia, who was not supposed to be so near at hand, arrived unexpectedly, and was obliged to cross through the midst of a couple of thousand men in the act of changing their shirts.

The Duke of Cotadilla was deeply annoyed that the honour he had wished to show the Queen should have been expressed so strangely. People tried to comfort him by telling him the Queen would only remember his good intentions, but it was long ere he recovered from the effects of his unlucky piece of gallantry.

Segovia has remained as a dream in the imagination of Victor Hugo. Houses, rich with deep machicolations and pointed turrets; palaces of jasper and porphyry; all the glories and delicate fretwork of Gothic and Arabian architecture; and, crowning the whole, and overlooking the town like an enormous tiara of stone, the Alcazar.

I have already remarked that Segovia had been restored to the Count de Tilly by General Hugo. I need not dwell upon the welcome the Governor gave to the wife of the man to whom he owed his government. Every day he would come for her in his carriage, whose easy springs and rapid pace was by no means displeasing

to our traveller after her dry and dusty basket. He took her to see all the lions, beginning with the Alcazar.

The Alcazar is built on a height. The Count's carriage reached the foot of a tower, and the children were preparing to get out, but the Governor told them not to move. A door opened. The carriage entered the tower, and continued steadily ascending in the inside. The tower has a carriage road inside, similar to that of the Château d'Amboise. The children, who had never seen anything of this kind before, were quite astounded at this coach which could go upstairs.

They had a greater pleasure still to come. After having shown them all sorts of rooms, the finest of which appeared to them to be the gallery containing the portraits of the Moorish and Christian kings, Count de Tilly led the way into the mint. Here there were piled up such heaps of gold and silver that their eyes were dazzled by them. That which interested them the most was the man who placed the pieces of money under the coining-machine to obtain the impress of the die. He put the blank pieces of metal under the die and drew them out with his fingers, and a single moment's carelessness would have crushed them. The Count took three pieces of the gold that had just been stamped in their presence, and gave one to each of the children in remembrance of their visit.

On leaving the Alcazar they went to dine with the Governor. They had a splendid meal, with an abundance of French wines, and Victor became quite tipsy.

All the kind attentions of the Count de Tilly did not

prevent Madame Hugo from quitting Segovia as soon as possible. She was anxious to arrive at Madrid, and to reach the end of this everlasting road. A reason of some importance added to her impatience. Her carriage, weakened by age and hard work, was beginning to have had enough of these ascents and descents. On leaving Segovia she perceived that the wheels were out of order. She spoke about it to the mayoral, who said it was a mere nothing. It appeared to her, nevertheless, that the crack that she had observed in the nave of one of the wheels, grew larger from hour to hour, but the mayoral always replied that there was nothing to fear. The confidence her mayoral felt on the subject did not in the least comfort her, for the cracking of the nave of a wheel is always a disagreeable thing in travelling, but in this case was actually perilous. The convoy could not wait for the wheel to be repaired; the carriage must therefore remain behind, and the guerillas would be sure to attack them. Perhaps the silence of the driver on the subject only proceeded from knowledge of the danger. He was a Spaniard, and consequently a hater of the French. There had been instances of Spanish coachmen who had given up French people after having undertaken to convey them safely. Moreover, this man knew whom he was driving; he was aware that Madame Hugo occupied the foremost place in the file; he knew that the Governor of Segovia daily came to fetch her; and even if he entertained no feelings of hatred towards her, the wife and children of one of the most vigorous adversaries of the guerilla bands would be purchased by the guerillas for

any sum he might choose to demand. Whilst pondering on all this in the carriage, the nave of the wheel burst.

They at once began hunting for a piece of rope to repair the accident as well as they could. There was none to be found in the coach. The servant set out to beg for a piece amongst the inmates of the carriages following in the rear. Nobody had any, or would give any away, for Madame Hugo had never been forgiven for having been allowed precedence over everybody. She knew not what to do. The climax of her misfortunes was that the Duchess of Villa Hermosa gave notice that she was unable to wait the pleasure of the French lady, and told her mayoral to hasten onwards, and get as near as he could to the treasure. Every carriage followed in her rear, happy to get into a better place, and caring but little about abandoning to their fates a woman and her children. The poor mother soon saw all the carriages pass before hers, and disappear in the distance.

The mayoral was hard at work repairing the splits in the wood, but he made no progress. The servant did his best, but the nave was utterly destroyed. Madame Hugo was considering whether she would not do better to abandon her conveyance, and rejoin the convoy on foot, with her children; but, at this time, the convoy was at too great a distance, and she was not likely to catch it up. She hurried the mayoral, who was as calm and collected as possible. Night was advancing, and this was, of course, a fresh source of terror. She suddenly heard the galloping of horses, and trembled on perceiving that a troop was approaching.

When the horsemen drew near, she recognized the Marquis du Saillant and Colonel Montfort.

The Marquis was not with her when the nave broke. On going in search of her, a few minutes afterwards, he had been horror-struck at the disappearance of her carriage. The grenadiers had told the reason. He had instantly begged some men from Colonel Montfort, who had insisted on coming himself. A gunner had brought all the requisite rope, and the wheel was soon stronger than ever.

It was now necessary to use the utmost speed, in order to regain the convoy, which all this time was making rapid strides in advance. The mayoral only wished to journey at a foot's pace, prophesying, that if they drove fast, the wheel would not hold together, and assuring them that the carriage was very shaky. Colonel Montfort told him that he knew of a way to cure it. He drew a pistol from the holsters of his saddle, and, facing the mayoral, swore that he would blow his brains out if he did not instantly put his mules to the gallop. This energetic measure immediately had the desired effect, and the carriage got on well enough till it reached the convoy.

In travelling towards Madrid, from the Pyrenees, there are frequent blasts of northerly wind, which are so cold as to change the temperature from that of Senegal to that of Siberia. The ground is always white, if not with snow, at least with dust. These white, flat moors are dotted here and there with houses, painted black and surrounded with fir-trees, which the children likened to tombs on a winding-sheet.

Soon they perceived the sombre-looking Escurial, well placed to command this vast cemetery, and presently they approached the sculptured lion of Charles the Fifth, overlooking and watching over Madrid.

The Duke of Cotadilla felt that the troops could not possibly enter the capital of Spain disfigured as they were by so long and painful a journey, for it is hardly necessary to observe, that when they found themselves too late to do honour to the Queen, they put off till another day the change they were about to make in their dusty trousers and equipments.

This time, the Duke took better care, and waited till night had fallen; but at the last halting-place he ordered a general cleansing and a complete transformation. The next morning's sun dawned, therefore, on a completely new convoy. The horses and carriages had also been polished up. Everything was brilliant in the extreme—soldiers, drivers, travellers, harness, muskets, guns. Already they were in sight of Madrid, when a little wind arose, then increased, then became a hurricane, a waterspout, and, after five minutes had elapsed, the convoy looked as if it had been dragged through the mire.

Just before entering Madrid, the Duke of Cotadilla came up politely to Madame Hugo to bid her adieu, and assure her of his regret at no longer having the satisfaction of offering his protection. She thanked him for all his kind attentions; and when he had disappeared, considering that she had been quite long enough a prisoner, she told her mayoral to quit the line, and get on as well

as he could. The mayoral did not require twice telling; but the Duke returned at full speed, and earnestly begged of her not to lose sight of the convoy before arriving at the town itself. Until it was reached, there was still danger to be feared, for a sudden attack was as much to be dreaded at the outskirts of Madrid as in the open country.

The entrance to Madrid enchanted everybody. An avenue of trees, and the houses, painted green, pink, and lilac, all looked brighter and more beautiful in their eyes, because of the pleasure they enjoyed at having finished their journey. After all the steep ascents, the water-spouts, the broad flats and sterile plains, and, not less in contrast, after passing the Escurial, this rich green and these bright colours were delightful, and it appeared as if the whole party were setting foot on a country enjoying perpetual spring.

On reaching the end of the avenue of trees, the carriage passed through the Strada del Alcalde, then through the Strada de la Reyna, and entered the courtyard of the Masserano Palace, which occupied an angle of the two streets.

XIX.

THE MASSERANO PALACE.

GENERAL HUGO was not in Madrid at this time. He had been obliged to absent himself for some days, owing to the imperative necessities of his duties as inspector; but Madame Hugo found a letter from him awaiting her arrival, promising a speedy return.

Prince Masserano's surveyor, dressed in black, and wearing a sword at his side, came out to receive the traveller, and informed "Madame la Comtesse" that he would lead the way to her apartments.

He took her through a long passage, up a noble staircase, the balustrade of which was terminated by a stone lion. Facing this heraldic lion was the entrance to the kitchen, a fact that no attempt whatever was made to conceal, for the word "COCINAS" was written over the door. The sculptured lion was not too proud to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with the rabbits on the spit, and the armorial bearings were not ashamed of the saucepans.

On the principal story, Madame and her children were agreeably surprised by the splendour of the apartments. They were as follows:—

First, there was an outrageously large antechamber, and then a dining-room, decorated with original drawings by Raphael and Giulio Romano. The drawing-room was hung with red damask. There was a boudoir, hung with pale-blue damask, and lighted from both streets, with a large terrace or balcony, and a fireplace. There was one bed-room, blue also, but of which the damask was woven with silver thread; another bedroom, hung with watered brocade, the ground yellow, and worked with red. There was a vast gallery, which served as the reception-hall, and in this were hung the ancestral portraits of the Prince. The whole bore the stamp of unbounded wealth and an unexceptionable taste.

Nothing met the eye but gilding, sculpture, Bohemian glass, Venetian lustres, and vases from China and Japan. Above all, in the gallery there were two China vases of dimensions absolutely gigantic. M. Victor Hugo has informed me that he has never since met with any so remarkable.

The cheerful aspect of the palace was enhanced by the style of the houses in the streets opposite to it; these were all of carved stone, and painted in those delicate colours which were then all the fashion at Madrid.

The children were wonder-struck, and their mother owned that Spain might, after all, prove a habitable country.

She was always coming back to refresh her eyes with a sight of that enchanting boudoir, with sky-blue hangings, which was so well situated at the angle of two streets, thus admitting a double look-out, and so pleasantly

embellished by its terrace. During a minute examination of it, she happened to raise a curtain to see where the door led to. Her eyes were immediately attracted by a little band of white paper sealed with red wax. Even this palace had its sealed rooms.

The charm was dispelled: through the garb of the prince she discovered the alcalde. In this magnificent palace, brilliant with gold and sunshine, she was treated as she had been in the gloomy, empty barn. It seemed to suggest the same curse and the same insults, even in the heart of Madrid. And this was against her, the wife of the Governor of Madrid, whilst the French were actually occupying the city, and in the very presence of the King.

It is true that it was the watchword of resistance. Napoleon himself bore no other name in Spain but that of *Napo-ladron* (Napo, the thief).

Madame Hugo, who was beginning to feel a little more at home under her husband's government, sent for the surveyor, and asked him the meaning of all this. The surveyor replied that the Prince had fancied that the General's lady would find room; that sufficient room had been allotted to her; that the General himself, before quitting Madrid, had come to inspect the apartments, and had said they would be all that was required; but that if the General's lady had not enough space, and wished to have the seals broken open, the French were, of course, at liberty to do as they liked.

Madame Hugo replied that she had more room than she needed, and told her sons never on any account

whatever to touch the seals; but she again felt irritated at this unconquerable Spain, whose frontiers, destroyed at the Pyrenees, were renewed in each house, and who, after having resisted and defended herself from town to town, now fought from house to house.

She chose the blue room for herself, and the children occupied the yellow room.

From his bed Victor's eyes would rest on a Virgin whose heart was pierced by seven arrows, the symbol of the seven griefs. It is still fresh in his memory, which is as accurate for the things he has seen as for those he has heard.

Madame Hugo found even in Madrid those other masters of Spanish houses, with whom she had made acquaintance in the provinces. Neither fleas nor bugs had copied the example of the Prince and Princess; they had not quitted the palace. The beautiful damask was full of them. Madame Hugo, who had begun by sleeping in the Princess's bed, repented this step before morning, and returned to her iron bed and her plan of buckets of water, but the fleas sprang from the ground, and the bugs dropped from the ceiling as usual. She deserted her magnificent apartment, and selected, in the upper story, which was allotted to the servants, a room where there were no hangings, no curtains, and no draperies. It made no difference: this beautiful palace was everywhere swarming with vermin. She felt that it was impossible to overcome them, and, tired of the fight, she returned to the Princess's room, and at length became accustomed to her bed-fellows.

Eight days after their installation, the children, whilst playing on the terrace, perceived several horsemen issuing from the Strada de la Reyna. Their extraordinary head-gear bore some resemblance to that which an ostrich's egg would present if roughly marked like a melon. These cavaliers, who were Westphalians, stopped at the entrance to the palace, and, after some colloquy with the surveyor, rode into the yard. It was an express sent by the General, with a letter, to say that he was on his way home.

The roads were so insecure that sixty men were required to carry a letter!

The first thing to be done was to house the Westphalians, who formed part of the Governor's guard. There was no trouble in accommodating the men. The Prince himself had had his guards, and had taken them with him, and consequently they had vacated a building belonging to the palace. But the Prince's was a guard of infantry, and the stables had not been built for sixty horses. Several stables, therefore, had to be prepared from rooms on the ground floor, and their marble flags were soon covered with dung and filth.

The three brothers helped in this installment, for children delight in nothing so much as in horses and soldiers. Other things were in store for them in addition to this. Together with his letter their father had sent 10,000 francs in gold coin, and this they spread out on a table and fancied themselves once more in the Alcazar at Seville. The Westphalians had also brought the General's trunks, and he had begged his wife to open them and to air his clothes. The children, on the pretext

of wishing to help their mother, looked in succession at the handsome uniforms, the embroidery, the thick epaulettes, the cocked hats with feathers. When their mother's back was turned, they would try on all these fine things, in order to ascertain whether they did not look very well in them. Madame Hugo, coming from the drawing-room into their room, found little Victor quite alarming his brothers by the fierce aspect he assumed whilst staggering under the weight of his father's sword.

After these clothes came the oranges. Their father had sent two enormous boxes of them, telling the children they were at their disposal. This made them wait a little more patiently. At length, one day some other Westphalians turned round the corner of the street, and they thought their father was come. Not so. It was only another letter. The guerilla bands would not let the General go, and he no longer knew when he should arrive. There was no need this time to make new stables for the fresh comers. They not only did not remain themselves, but they carried the first batch away with them. The whole together were none too many, considering the immense consumption of men required in those days.

Everything set off again, even to the handsome uniforms and the huge sword.

In lieu of their father, the children saw their uncles, Louis and Francis, who were frequently obliged to visit Madrid.

Madame Hugo had deferred her presentation at Court until her husband's arrival. It would not have been

right, however, to postpone it indefinitely, and it was necessary to make the sacrifice. Above all, it was necessary to prepare the Court robes. The children were enchanted with the beautiful things brought daily to the house. They could never have enough of all those flaming silks, spangled satins, and Spanish lace, so softly massive. The first time their mother went to Court they considered her so beautiful that they dared no longer say "thee" and "thou" to her. Their mother's training robes and their father's embroidered coats formed together an amount of happiness too great to be borne at once.

Madame Hugo made many acquaintances at Court, amongst others that of General Lucotte, who, as well as her husband, was a chief officer of the household and a titled person. The Emperor began to think that his brother was rather prodigal of titles. Joseph, who wished to inspire devotion towards himself, was very liberal in rewarding services, and did not think anything of giving away Castilian titles, which are titles of grandees. Napoleon got angry. Generally he did not like anything done without consulting him; nothing was regarded as important unless done under the shadow of his wing: his bulletins ignored everything that was not the immediate result of his appearance on the scene, and for him the world extended no further than the point of his sword. If it happened that any actions were committed that were thought deserving of honours under the command of anyone but himself, the very idea struck him as impertinent and absurd. He therefore forbade the King to create

any one a grandee of Spain; so there was an end of these promotions. As to those whom he had already raised to the dignity, they were neither one thing nor the other—they had the name without the privileges. As an example of this half dignity, it may be mentioned that these new grandees uncovered in the presence of the King, which is not the case with the real old Spanish nobles of the same grade.

General Lucotte had a pretty wife, who was all the rage, and much courted. Madame Lucotte was one of those women in whom a graceful air and frivolous manners take the place of beauty and intelligence, and whom everybody likes. Those who are themselves superficial like them because they partake of the same nature. Serious people like them because they afford a kind of repose. But so far as our three small heroes are concerned, her greatest charm was the fact of her having children. It was not General Lucotte's children—Léon and Edma—who were still in long-clothes—who were thus appreciated, but a daughter and son, Armand and Honorine, who were the offspring of a previous marriage, and were old enough to play. There was also another bigger boy, called Amato, whom General Lucotte had adopted. The little band was soon increased by another little girl, the daughter of the Marquis of Villa Hermosa. The whole party would repair to the courtyard, where there was a fountain with a *jet d'eau* and cascades; they would run about after each other, fight battles, and make peace; but the climax of enjoyment consisted in throwing water from the fountain at each other's faces.

Sometimes, in these courtyards belonging to Spanish houses, the great exertions made to attain coolness result in producing only damp. The flagstones in the courtyard of the Masserano Palace were already green with mould, and the additional sprinkling given by this party of children did not contribute to dry them. Besides this, the place was gloomily shaded by four walls which enclosed it. They soon, therefore, got to dislike it, and preferred the picture-gallery, which was a charming place for games at hide-and-seek, because of the hangings, the pedestals, the busts, and, above all, the two colossal Chinese vases, into the inside of which little Pepita was several times hoisted.

Victor had taken a fancy to this gallery. He was sometimes to be found there alone, seated in a corner, gazing silently at all those people who represented ages gone by. Their haughty bearing, the magnificence of the frames, the display of high art and family pride, tinctured with a strong nationality; all these put together stirred up the imagination of the future author of *Hernani*, and silently planted the seed whence sprang the well-known scene of Don Ruy Gomez.

After the usual siesta, and when the great heat of the day was passed, Madame Hugo would order to be got ready the large carriage, in the Pyrenean style, which formed part of the furniture of the palace. She would then set off for a drive on the Prado. In the evening she spent a good deal of her time on the terrace. It was at this time that the famous comet of 1811 made its appearance, whose prognostications were interpreted by the

Empire and by Spain each in its own way and to its own advantage. Napoleon, who was then at the zenith of his power, the husband of an archduchess, Emperor of all Europe, and father of the King of Rome, looked on the comet as a sort of superb rocket, emanating from celestial fireworks in honour of the birth of the Prince Imperial. The Spaniards presaged by it the fall of the Empire, which would disappear with the meteor. The comet brought recruits to the guerilla bands; priests would invoke it from their stalls: they saw in it, and explained it to the peasantry as, the Virgin leading Ferdinand VII. home again by the hand. The children, ignorant of these quarrels amongst men, loved the comet for its own sake. As soon as night came on, they were on the terrace, and each strove to be the first to see it. It was a most portentous phenomenon, and occupied nearly a third of the sky. In the atmosphere of Spain it appeared to possess a supernatural brilliancy. It seemed almost to live, and was compared among other things to a gigantic bird of paradise, with a carbuncle for its head.

XX.

THE COLLEGE OF THE NOBLES.

THE father of the family at last arrived. It was a joyful occasion, but soon turned into sorrow for Eugène and Victor. Their journey had lasted three months, and they had already been six weeks at Madrid, leading the free life of birds, jumping about and singing, from the early morning till the time came when they were to be buried under the eiderdown quilt in their pretty yellow chamber. Their studies, however, had not advanced, and the General thought it was high time to put an end to this long holiday.

As to Abel, his studies were by this time at an end. It was not the rule of the Empire to leave youths sitting for ever on the school benches, but rather to push them forward in life. Abel remained at home to be enrolled amongst the King's pages, when he should be twelve years old. He only wanted a few months of this, and it was not worth while to put him back to college for so short a time.

Boys were only pages during the space of two years.

At fourteen they might choose between the army and the church. The great difference between the officers and the canons at their *début* was, that the former courted the women dressed in uniform, the latter robed in their cassocks. Besides this, however, the abbé had the advantage of being always free. He was allowed to let his hair grow, and to doff the violet camail. He was also at liberty, if he pleased, although this was rather hard, to relinquish his salary of ten or twelve thousand francs and get married.

Situations of pages were in great request. One thing was deserving of notice; namely, that except Abel, they were all Spaniards. The King had tried in this way to bind the principal families of the kingdom to him. There were even several amongst them whose fathers had not given in their adhesion to the existing dynasty, and who were fighting for the Junta. This was a source of disquiet to Joseph's friends, for the sons of these fathers, when it was their turn to wait on him, were in the habit of accompanying the King in his solitary walks to the Casa del Campo, and also to the hunt, where it was their duty to load his rifle.

It happened, then, that the Monday after their father returned home Eugène and Victor stepped into the Prince's carriage, which appeared less gorgeous to them than usual that day. Their mother stepped in too; the carriage drove off to the Strada Ortoleza, skirted some lofty grey walls, and stopped before a massive closed door.

This was the door of the College of the Nobles.

A man with a serious countenance came out to meet Madame Hugo. This man, who was the majordomo of the college, led the mother and children along some white-washed and ruined corridors, which seemed interminable. Nobody was to be seen; one could only distinguish one's own footsteps and the echo of one's own voice in these gloomy passages. Only a faint gleam of daylight broke through several narrow openings at the top of the wall.

This gallery, which bore little resemblance to the well-lighted passages in the Masserano Palace, looked on a courtyard, in which the majordomo showed Madame Hugo a door, on which was written "*Seminario.*" He informed her that he could not accompany her any further, as he was a layman, and was not permitted to enter into the consecrated buildings. He rang at the door-bell, bowed, and departed.

A monk presented himself, clothed in a large black gown, with a white collar and a *sombrero*. He was about fifty years of age, with a nose like a raven's beak and sunken eyes. But what most attracted attention was his leanness and pallor. His body and face were immovable, his muscles had lost all their elasticity, and seemed to have become ossified. It appeared astonishing that this yellow figure could advance a single step.

The monks' college was managed by nobles. Don Bazilio (this was the singular-looking monk's name), showed Madame Hugo and his two new boarders all over the house. Everything was on an enormous scale except the playgrounds, which were enclosed between high walls and were as damp as cellars. Although it was mid-day,

summer, and in Spain, light only entered at one corner. The refectories, being on the ground-floor, were very dull, receiving all their light from those courtyards which had none too much for themselves. The dormitories which were higher up, and where, therefore, the sun was able to penetrate, were considered less gloomy by the children, perhaps, because that was the spot where their senses would be buried in oblivion.

The poor children were very heavy-hearted at leaving their palace for this prison, and their mother did not feel very easy about the appearance of the monk. The two boys bore up as long as they could; but when their mother was gone, and Don Basilio had led them into the play-ground, telling them that their studies would only commence on the morrow, and that they might have the rest of that day for play, grief got the mastery for a time, and they burst into tears.

At supper they were not hungry. One circumstance which did not tend to enliven the gloomy appearance of the refectory, was the small number of pupils. There were then only twenty-four. All the others had been taken away out of opposition to Joseph. One may well imagine how much this small number enhanced the gloom and solitariness of these vast buildings, adapted to hold five hundred boys.

The dormitory was none the better for being seen at night. In lieu of sunshine, there were some smoky lamps which lighted up but indifferently the only inhabited corner, and whose light was soon lost in the distance. This was the dormitory of the younger children. Out of

five hundred beds, there were not ten in use. At the head of each bed hung a figure of Christ and a crucifix. Unlike the silken chamber where the three brothers were accustomed to fall asleep in the midst of a lively chatter, and where the awakening was but a continuance of the fairy scenes their dreams had shown them, this was a gloomy room, a kind of desert, where the two little boys, veiled by the darkness, felt that the looks of a hundred and fifty crucified images were fixed on them.

The next morning, at five o'clock, they were awakened by three blows on the wooden frame of their beds. They opened their eyes, and saw a humpbacked man, with a red face and matted hair, clothed in a red woollen waistcoat, a pair of blue plush breeches, yellow stockings, and shoes of the colour of Russian leather. This rainbow made them laugh, and they were almost consoled.

The awakener was the laughing-stock of the pupils. When they were vexed with him, they called him *Corcova* (humpy). When he had done his duty properly, and they wished to show him kindness, they called him *Corcovita* (little humpy). The poor man would laugh, perhaps because he had become accustomed to his deformity, or perhaps because he still suffered from it, and was afraid of losing his situation. Eugène and Victor soon took a part in these jokes, and when thanking their valet-de-chambre, would, with the thoughtless cruelty of childhood, call him by his nickname. Victor has often since expressed regret at this thoughtlessness, and Corcovita was not altogether absent from his mind when he described *Triboulet* and *Quasimodo*.

What most pleased the two brothers was a large room contiguous to the dormitory, where there were large stone basins with a tap, and where water could be had in abundance. When the pupils had completed their ablutions, they attended mass. The pupils assisted in the service, each in turn. I have mentioned already that of the high-royalist Catholicism of her family Madame Hugo had only retained the political part; and now, though as much inclined to royalism as ever in spite of her husband, she was also as much devoted as ever to the doctrines of Voltaire in spite of her father. She kept to her own way of thinking, which was a mixture of religion and philosophy. She wished her sons should also have their own views of religion, such as came to them by mixture with the world and from their own reflections: she would rather they were guided by their consciences than by their catechisms. Thus it happened, that when Don Basilio had informed her that they would "*faire servir la messe*," she had objected very strongly. Don Basilio having replied that it was a positive rule for all the Catholic pupils, she had abruptly terminated the discussion by saying that her sons were Protestants.

Eugène and Victor did not, therefore, assist in the mass, but they were present at its celebration; they rose when the others did, but they made no further acknowledgment, and did not make the responses in the prayers. They neither went to confession, nor took the sacrament.

After mass Don Basilio took them into his room to see how far advanced they were in their studies, and to decide as to which class they should enter. They found there

another monk as yellow as Don Basilio, but only resembling him in this one particular. Don Manuel was as paunchy as Don Basilio was lean. The contrast was all the more striking in their expressions and gait. Don Manuel was jovial, fat, smiling, caressing in his manners, vivacious, and, by the side of the cold inflexibility of Don Basilio, he looked like an alderman in company with a ghost.

On the table were Latin books, the same as those in use in the French colleges. As the two brothers were so young, they gave them the book called "L'Epitôme," which they translated fluently. They then tried them with "De Viris," but they needed no dictionary for this; neither did they for "Justin," nor for "Quintus Curtius." The two monks were quite astounded. Don Basilio showed his astonishment by a contraction of the brows; Don Manuel by joyful exclamations, and noisy congratulations. Gradually increasing in difficulty, they got on to "Virgil." Here they showed more attention, and got on less rapidly; but they could even read "Lucretius," though with some difficulty, and only foundered at "Plautus."

Don Basilio, displeased, asked them what they used to construe when they were eight years old; and when Victor answered "Tacitus," he looked at him almost like an enemy.

He knew not in what division he should place them. Don Manuel thought that they ought to be put amongst the big boys. But Don Basilio replied that it would not do to mix ages, and that being little they ought to be put

with the little ones. Don Manuel was his subordinate, and could only obey; and he conducted the two brothers into a cell where five or six children were learning the elements of the Latin grammar. Besides Latin they were taught drawing and music. The Solfeggio had no great attractions for Victor; but he was naturally quick at drawing, and in this study he also astonished his instructors.

Their breakfast consisted of a cup of chocolate. The two children, who had not supped the night before, thought this an excellent breakfast, and only grumbled at the small size of their cups.

Don Basilio and Don Manuel breakfasted with the students, each at a small table, joined on to the large one, and slightly elevated. From these tables they kept order and superintended. Naturally enough, every meal commenced with the *Benedicite*, and by making the sign of the cross in Spanish fashion. This consists in repeating a great many little signs of the cross on every feature of the face. The two brothers were excused making all these crosses in virtue of their being Protestants.

The dinner consisted of the national *olla podrida*, and of a second dish, sometimes of roast mutton, which would have been very tolerable had the Spanish cooks understood the art of roasting. Sometimes they had the remnants of bread, left the day before, seasoned with grease. The peculiarity of the bread was, that it was unleavened. As for the drink, that consisted of the classical *abondance*.*

* Water very slightly discoloured with a few drops of wine.—(Tr.)

After dinner the siesta. Monks, pupils, and servants, all went to sleep together. Eugène and Victor never could get accustomed to lying down in the day-time. This was their leisure time; and, being the only people awake, they did what they pleased; for the whole of the gigantic college was at their disposal.

At three o'clock Corcova would awaken the sleepers; then followed two hours' study, then an hour's recreation, accompanied by a piece of dry bread, then work again till eight. At that hour supper was announced. It often consisted of a salad, dressed with that same kind of oil for which Madame Hugo substituted butter, and which no longer pleased Victor, now that it did not proceed from the beautiful oil-flask in the Louis Quinze style. Sometimes, however, at this meal they partook of *sandras,* which are pinkish melons of a more perfumed and sweeter kind than our own. On such occasions Victor might really be said to make a meal.

Don Basilio was not able to leave the brothers long in the class of juniors. They had finished their exercises when the others were about to begin theirs; and they would remain with their arms idly folded nearly the whole lesson-time. This discouraged their school-fellows, who thus had no chance of ever winning prizes. They were removed a step higher; but the same thing occurred again. Then higher still; but they always drove their class-mates to despair. Don Basilio was obliged to give it up, and placed them with the big ones.

In the course of a single week they had advanced from the seventh class to that in which rhetoric was taught.

The elder boys received these children disdainfully, and began by looking down upon them with all the *hauteur* of fifteen years. But when they heard them construe, from the open book, passages which all their efforts and the help of the dictionary often failed in making them understand, they perceived that these apparent babies were their superiors, and soon admitted them on a footing of equality.

The schoolfellows, however, not only differed from our little friends in age, but in nation. Politics were canvassed in the college between the sons of families, whose parents were mixed up in passing events. The Spaniards did not put themselves out of the way in compliment to the two French boys, but openly longed for the expulsion of Joseph. Eugène and Victor, who were sons of a French general, thought it only natural that the French, having conquered Spain, should keep it; and demanded by what right Ferdinand VII. would reclaim a country that he had publicly given up. The Spaniards might have answered, that for such a transfer to have any effect it was first necessary that a king should have the right to give away a nation; but as they were Royalists, they contented themselves by asserting that the gift had been extorted from the King by fraud and violence; that Napoleon had been guilty of an untruth towards Ferdinand in order to bring him to Bayonne, where he had wrested from him his signature; and that a trick of this kind was not the basis of a legitimate title.

These discussions did not always end in mere words. Eugène quarrelled with a great boy, whose name was

Frasco, Count of Belverana, on account of a young Spaniard who was an object of mystery in the college. This student did not mix with the others, did not eat at their table, had a room to himself, and studied alone. His school-hours were during play-time; and he took his recreation during school-hours. Those who had been impelled by curiosity to escape from the schoolroom, had sometimes had a glimpse of a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, fair and gentle-looking, with whom they had scarcely time to exchange a few words. He was an officer, named Lino, who had fought for Ferdinand, and who had been taken prisoner at the siege of Badajoz. King Joseph, who was very kind, had had pity on his youth, and would not allow him to suffer any imprisonment, save that of a college. The officer had become a school-boy once more. They had contrived so to arrange his daily routine as to prevent his holding any communication with the other pupils, so that he might not be able to make any proselytes.

The name of the young prisoner had been introduced in a conversation which had become very warm. Eugène spoke slightingly of this hero, who was punished like a child, and said that most likely he had been captured whilst trying to pass under the legs of a grenadier. Belverana was enraged at hearing a Spaniard thus spoken of, especially a Spaniard who had fought against the French. He seized a pair of scissors, threw himself upon Eugène, and wounded him in the cheek. The monks hastened to the spot. There was no denying the fact: Belverana still had the scissors in his hand, and

Eugène's face was covered with blood. It appeared a deep wound. Don Basilio was all the more severe towards Belverana, because he probably approved of his conduct in the main, and was afraid of betraying his secret feelings. He expelled him from the college.

An expulsion, under such circumstances, was a bad thing for Belverana, and perhaps for his family too, who, by this quarrel, would be signalized as haters of Joseph. Eugène forgot his wound, spoke to Don Basilio, and said that he had been first to blame; that Belverana was right, being a Spaniard, to stand up for his insulted countryman, and ought not to be punished for it. And as Don Basilio hesitated, not daring to pardon him, he vowed that if his companion left, he would leave too. Don Basilio was still undecided, but Madame Hugo, happening to call just at that time, Eugène asked her to intercede for him, and Belverana remained.

Victor, however, could not forget the affair so easily, and long afterwards he revenged his brother in his own way, by calling one of the least attractive characters in one of his dramas by the name of this lad, Count Belverana.

Another object of his dislike was a great ugly fellow, with crisp hair, hands like claws, ill-made, uncombed, unwashed, hopelessly lazy, and not more given to the use of his inkstand than to that of his basin. He was a surly and a laughable object, and his name was Elespuru. This name will be found as that of the jester in *Cromwell.*

On the other hand, he immediately became, and always

remained, the friend of the eldest son of the Duke of Benavente. He saw him again in Paris in 1825. Ramon of Benavente was at that time a prey to one of those bitter secret griefs which admit of no consolation. To him is addressed the ode, commencing with this strophe :—

Hélas ! j'ai compris ton sourire,
Semblable au ris du condamné,
Quand le mot qui doit le proscrire
A son oreille a résonné !
En pressant ta main convulsive,
J'ai compris ta douleur pensive
Et ton regard morne et profond,
Qui, pareil à l'éclair des nues,
Brille sur des mers inconnues,
Mais ne peut en montrer le fond.

The pupils were in the habit of saying "thee" and "thou" to each other, but they called one another by their titles. When playing, Belverana would say to Benavente, "Marquis, send me the ball."

The masters also called their pupils by their titles, and these monks, whilst preaching to them humility, never failed to remind them of their pedigrees. Don Manuel, on one occasion, when reprimanding Eugène for his bad conduct during prayers, said to him, "Count, you are talking—no dessert to-day."

They never went out, except to take walks together. This gloomy clerical education did not once set the children free during the whole year. On Sundays and Thursdays, Don Manuel or Don Basilio would take them to breathe the fresh air, either in the town or country ; and in this way, the little Hugos saw the environs

of Madrid, which no Frenchman dared explore. Excursions were dangerous, and a very short time since a Frenchman, who had ventured a few hundred yards from the city, had been kipnapped. But the monks had nothing to fear from the guerillas, who knew what their opinions were, and who would not have taken away customers from their friends' college. This hidden fraternization might have given rise to fears that the monks would deliver up the sons of a French general, but they were too much suspected for that. They would have been unable to return to Madrid, and thus it would not only have been the loss of two boarders, but the loss of the whole college. As they had remained there, it was a proof they cared for it, and their interests were bound up in their fidelity.

One of their usual walks was to a cemetery, situated at about a league from the town. This place of interment was not much like ours. The wall itself was the cemetery. It had compartments like a pigeon-house, and the coffins were ranged one over another, each marked with a small plate, which was more or less ornamented according to the rank held by the dead person. On it also was inscribed his name and qualifications. Each family had a shelf in this library of corpses.

On the occasion of bull-fights, they sometimes gave the students a treat, not indeed taking them into the arena itself, but on the Plaza. The show to them merely consisted in seeing the audience enter and come out. They pictured to themselves what the performance might be, from hearing the screams and applause, and Victor

used to say, "It has become a great treat to us even to stand by a wall when something is going on upon the other side." Sometimes they would contrive to creep into the passage, through which was borne away whatever might be disabled, whether man or beast. One day they saw a dying bull, which had just been struck with the little iron hook carrying the fusees that it is the custom to use in bull-fights. On firing these fusees, they burst, and in doing so tear away and scatter about fragments of bleeding flesh. The crowd were yelling with joy. Six mules, gaudily caparisoned, and decorated with bells and streamers, dragged away this martyr.

The principal holiday for the pupils was the festival of San Isidro. This saint, who was the patron of Madrid, was also that of the college. On the day of the *fête* mass was not celebrated in the chapel. There was a church belonging to the college on the other side of the street, and this church, which had been built in the eighteenth century, in the flaming rococo style, was generally closed since there were so few students. It was, however, opened on great feast-days, and then, of course, anybody was allowed to go in. On St. Isidro's feast, then, it was crowded, and had been decorated in honour of all these visitors. From top to bottom flowers and wax candles were the only things to be seen.

After mass, all Madrid turns out to offer their devotions to the statue of the saint. This statue is two leagues from the town, and the pilgrimage takes place between two rows of shops, where chaplets, sacred pictures, play-things, and reed pipes, are offered for sale. That year,

there was, in addition to all this, a delicious kind of white almond paste to be sold, and every sou of pocket-money in the college was spent in the purchase of it. At length they came to a bridge surmounted by a monument representing San Isidro bending over a well, from whence were issuing a group of children, whose heads and shoulders had already appeared above the margin. The saint is depicted as in the act of helping them to come out; he has one child in his arms already. This well is purgatory, and is intended to show that, if hell has fire, purgatory has water. Doubtless, the reason of their placing the well on the bridge was, that there should be no lack of water.

Winter-time came, and the college was worse than ever. Winter is cold at Madrid, and Spaniards do not know how to warm themselves. The funds derived from so few pupils would not have sufficed to pay for the braseros which would be required for such large rooms; and as Don Basilio could not afford to light a sufficient number, he lit none at all, so that the pupils never thawed. Eugène became a prey to chilblains, and Victor to glandular swellings behind the ears. Earache is as bad as toothache, and the poor child had terribly sleepless nights. Every remedy having been fruitlessly tried, a cure then much in favour was resorted to; this was human milk. The majordomo of the college was married, and his wife happened to be in the favourable state for administering this medicine. Victor was taken to her. She had the care of the linen presses, and consequently always had braseros in the room she inhabited. A milder air commenced the cure, and the milk completed it.

The winter of 1811 was rendered severer by famine. The people were dying of cold in the streets, and of hunger in the houses. The pupils were allowanced even in their bread. The famine increased, and the allowances were diminished. Dinner became a mere farce. When they grumbled, Don Manuel would make the sign of the cross on his capacious belly, and would tell them to do the same, saying that it would fatten them. Certain it is that he himself grew no thinner, but rather waxed more portly, although he continued to feed when the pupils did, and seemed to eat no more than they. The collegians attributed this miracle less to the signs of the cross than to certain dinners in which they suspected he was in the habit of indulging in the privacy of his chamber.

The little Hugos did not like this monk. They had soon discovered that his kindness was only hypocrisy. He would compliment and wheedle the pupils face to face, and inform against them to Don Basilio privately, and he would apparently commiserate them when they were suffering the punishment he had been the means of getting inflicted on them. He was foolish enough sometimes to get into a passion. When people get into a passion, they no longer pay attention to what they do, and the mask falls off. The two brothers saw him as he really was, and from henceforth gave Don Basilio the preference, for, though severe, he was straightforward.

Their mother did her best to prevent their feeling the ill effects of the famine. She always came loaded with jam, fruit, pies, &c.; but they had schoolfellows, and the

next day only the recollection of these good things remained.

Their interviews with their mother always astonished the stiff Spaniards. Madame Hugo, though not naturally very demonstrative herself, willingly accepted her children's caresses. The Spaniards considered that these effusions were wanting in gravity and ceremony. Ramon de Benavente, and three young brothers who were with him at college, had not seen their mother for upwards of a year, when one day, while they were at dinner in the enormous refectory, the door opened. A lady, with a haughty expression of countenance, dressed in black satin, embroidered with jet, appeared. Ramon and his brothers, on seeing who it was, got up and gravely approached her. She held her hand out to Ramon, who kissed it, and then the three others performed the same ceremony one after another, according to their ages, and this was all. This lady, however, was their mother.

Etiquette, too, was decorously observed between the brothers. Ramon, the eldest, called his brothers by their Christian names, but they only called him by his title.

The winter was all the duller because the students saw fewer visitors. Friends were unwilling to leave their braseros, so that Eugène and Victor only saw their mother. The General, ever on the march, only paid flying visits to Madrid. Abel was not at liberty. They saw him but once in all their school career, but then he was worth seeing. He wore a page's dress, and wore

it tastefully. The uniform was of a colour called the King's blue, set off at the shoulders by gold and silver tags. He carried an officer's hat under his arm, and a sword at his side. That which put the finishing stroke to the already dazzled eyes of the two little brothers was that Abel was accompanied by Madame Lucotte, who was herself in full dress, and radiant with that double share of beauty that is the result of natural advantages combined with success. Victor, who thought Madame Lucotte superb, trembled with hope and pride, when she said to him, in her silvery voice,—

"Next year it will be your turn. You will be enrolled amongst the pages, and be like Abel."

A year after, Joseph had quitted Spain; there were no longer any pages; and Abel's fine clothes, consigned to the corner of a closet, had been devoured by the moths.

XXI.

THE RETURN.

At the commencement of the year 1812, French affairs became so bad in Spain, that General Hugo thought it would be more prudent to send his wife and the two younger children back to France. As to Abel, he remained with his father; he had not taken the oath of allegiance to the King that he might abandon him in the hour of danger.

Eugène and Victor were as glad to leave Spain as they had been sorry to leave Italy. At Avellino, they had enjoyed the fresh air, and been at liberty, and had constantly had the society of their mother. At Madrid there had been the college, and not even the French college, amongst countrymen and friends, and under professors who are really men, and whose gown covers the man of the world. Instead of this they had seen only the *supérieurs*, who were for ever separated from life, and condemned eternally to their shroud.

Marshal Bellune was going to France, and Madame Hugo profited by his escort. Such was the state of confusion in the public offices, in the last days of Joseph's admi-

nistration, that the clerks did not even know how to spell the name of the Governor of Madrid. I have before my eyes, as I write this, the *feuille de route* delivered to Madame *Hugau*.

The children were impatient to see once more their dear Feuillantines, of which Madame Hugo had retained possession, intrusting the keys and repairs to Madame Larivière. The time occupied in their return seemed long, for it was not shortened by any incidents on the road.

At Burgos, in the place where on their journey to Spain they had been amused by the antediluvian umbrella, they met with an event not quite so amusing. A tumultuous mob were passing before the house where they were lodging. They followed in its rear, and reached a square where they discovered the cause of the tumult. A wooden construction was erected, on which was a post. They asked what it was, and were told that it was a scaffold, and that a man was going to be *garotted*. They took fright at the idea, and escaped as fast as their legs would carry them. When turning out of the square, they met a fraternity of penitents, both black and grey, carrying long black and grey sticks, to the ends of which were fastened lighted lanterns. They wore their cowls over their heads, and in them were two holes for the eyes. This appearance of living eyes without a face accompanying them appeared very horrible to the children. With the friars was a man tied on an ass, seated with his face to the tail. The man appeared stupefied with terror. Some of the monks were

handing him the crucifix, which he kissed without seeing it. The children fled, horror-struck.

It was the first time that Victor had seen a scaffold. On entering Vittoria the carriages drove under a cross, on which were nailed the limbs of a young man, who had been cut in pieces. The limbs had been carefully placed, and a corpse was manufactured from these fragments. It was the body of Mina's brother, which had been taken by the French. The carriage drove close by it, and the children had to throw themselves back out of sight to avoid being sprinkled by the drops of blood.

This ferocious retaliation spoke volumes as to the furious struggle in the Biscayan provinces, and the necessity of being properly accompanied through it. Madame Hugo, who only intended sleeping one night at Vittoria, and leaving the next morning, received that evening the following letter:—

"I am extremely sorry, Countess, to have to inform you that you will have to await in Vittoria a fresh escort to return to France. Mine is not strong enough to enable me to guarantee, through the dangerous mountains of Biscay, the safety of all the equipages which have followed me. I should both compromise them and myself did I allow them to come any further. I advise you, therefore, Madame, to await here a larger force than that which I command before you continue your journey.

"I trust you will believe in the sincerity of my regret, and also in the expression of my respectful devotion.

"MARSHAL DE BELLUNE.

"Vittoria, 17th March, 1812."

Madame Hugo had not to wait long, for at that time people were constantly returning to France. A convoy arrived, and did not refuse to escort her, but she was roughly treated, and matters were very different from those that had marked her journey with the convoy which had protected her when on her way to Madrid. It was felt to be a serious undertaking, and there was no more laughter. The carriages were huddled together, and ceased to be a file, becoming a continuous and unbroken chain. Forced marches were made; it was necessary to obey orders, to load and unload, and put the horses to at all hours of the day and night; women and children could no longer be considered; everything was done under orders; the convoy hardly ever stopped; the people were ill-fed; they did not go to bed. This was really travelling! As a result of this pressure, they had hardly passed the village of St. Jean de Luz, and caught sight of the great plains of France, when, without a word of notice and without any farewells, all the carriages broke through the ranks, glad to escape from such a rough kind of protection; they scattered themselves at once in all directions, regardless of order or direction, running up against the slopes, and sticking in the mire, with all the excitement of a joyful defeat and a triumphal rout.

At the inn at Bordeaux the children did not again fall in with the two pretty servants in red petticoats, but they consoled themselves by devouring so many dried almonds that they have never since been able to bear the sight of them.

Victor not only lost the two pretty girls and his liking for almonds, but he also lost his watch. He was the possessor of a gold watch with a double case, given him by his father. It had been his great source of anxiety all across Spain; he was always feeling his watch-pocket to make sure that it was still there, and the guerillas themselves would have had some difficulty in taking it from him. A common pickpocket robbed him of it at Bordeaux.

One disaster generally follows another. He also lost in a crevice in the diligence the gold coin given him by the Count de Tilly.

At length they once more beheld the Feuillantines. Madame Larivière had taken great care of everything; the garden was newly raked, and the house as neat as if it had never been deserted. Madame Hugo had written to announce the hour of her return. She found a joint on the spit, and the sheets on the beds, and her only exertion consisted in dining and going to bed.

The following Monday, Latin began again. It would have been silly to put back to school two big boys who had just triumphantly mastered rhetoric. They therefore no longer went to M. Larivière's house: he came to theirs. But their chief master was the garden: there their mother allowed them to study the first of all books—that of Nature.

Madame Hugo had liberal ideas on the subject of education. We have already seen that where religion was in question she had been averse to forcing any particular persuasion on her sons, and interfering with their natural

tendencies; and she did not wish to tax their intelligence any more than their consciences. She read a good deal herself, and subscribed by the year to a circulating library. When one really loves reading, whatever book one may take up is generally read to the end. In order to avoid commencing a stupid production, Madame Hugo made her children skim the cream of the books she thought of reading. She would send them to her bookseller, who was a man of the name of Royol, an old fellow who had retained the costume of the time of Louis Quinze in all its purity, a thick serge coat, short breeches, silk stockings, shoes with buckles, and powdered hair. The two brothers would go to the house of this old fellow, rummage in his library, and carry off what they pleased. Armed with two such purveyors, who never failed to satisfy her hunger for books, Madame Hugo got through a frightful number, and had soon come to an end of the stock on the ground-floor of old Royol's house; he had, in addition to this, an *entresol*, but he did not like the children to go there; it was there that he kept works of a freer philosophy, or more questionable morality, than it was proper to expose to everybody. He mentioned this to their mother, who replied, that books had never yet done anybody any harm; so the key of the *entresol* was delivered up to the two brothers.

This *entresol* was all in confusion. There were not sufficient shelves for all the books, and the floor was covered with them. In order not to be obliged to stoop and to get up again every minute, the children would lie down on their bellies, and thus discuss whatever came to

hand. When the interest was all absorbing, they would remain there sometimes for hours at a time. Nothing came amiss to their fresh appetites, whether prose, verse, memoirs, voyages, or science. In this manner, they read Rousseau, Voltaire, and Diderot. They even read "Faublas," and other romances of the same kind; but these were far less interesting to them than Captain Cook's Travels, which was the popular book at that period, and which they had a perfect passion for.

Notwithstanding all this, as far as concerned everything positive and material in life, Madame Hugo was a very firm and almost a severe mother. She exacted a respectful and instantaneous obedience. Having, whilst at home with her father, and always since her marriage, been the head of the house, obliged first to supply her mother's place, and latterly her husband's, she had contracted a kind of manly authority that knew no contradiction.

As the two brothers had grown taller when travelling in Spain, the garden, on their return, appeared to them to have grown smaller. They, however, still found it quite large enough when their mother made them rake it, water it, and dig it. It was of no use not liking the employment: they were obliged to turn gardeners. Perhaps this is the origin of a peculiar liking M. Victor Hugo still has for uncultivated gardens, where everything grows without attention being lavished on the flowers, and where the watering is only done by the rain.

XXII.

JOHN THE BEAR.

During their absence great changes had taken place in the Councils of War.

In the first place, M. Foucher was no longer registrar. He had been appointed first clerk in the recruiting department at the office of the War Minister. He had given up his situation as registrar to his brother-in-law, M. Asseline, on condition that he should still be allowed to inhabit one-half of the house, which was large enough for two families. He therefore lived at the house of the Council of War, but was very seldom to be found there: he used to leave early in the morning, and did not return till evening. It was heavy work at that time having to register recruits, and to sum up the number of men dependent on Government; the days were not long enough for it, and M. Foucher spent his nights at work. He lost his health by so doing. Eugène and Victor sometimes heard him speak of the frightful loss of human life caused by the war, and this in no wise contributed to make them lovers of Napoleon.

The reporter also was no longer the same. The new one's name was Delon. Madame Foucher may be said to have been invaded by Madame Delon, who was a lean Marseillaise, active in her habits, always gossiping, neighbourly by nature, and thoroughly unreserved. When she had no one with whom to chat, her expansive nature would vent itself on her maid, with whom she would quarrel in so shrill a tone that it was heard through the walls, and thus the whole house would become privy to the mysteries of the kitchen. She made up for her exuberance of expression and tiresome manner, by being really good at heart.

The Delons had a son, who had immediately made friends with the little Fouchers, and subsequently with the little Hugos.

Edward Delon was no longer a child. He had just gone to thè Ecole Polytechnique; he was therefore only to be found twice a week in the Rue du Cherche-Midi; but even this was more than was required to make his presence felt. He had all the Southern vivacity of his mother. He was noisy in word and in action; he was never quiet for one minute; he loved all kinds of knocking about, and everything out of the way; he had a real love for danger. The man did not belie the youth. When serving as lieutenant after the Restoration, he was engaged in Berton's conspiracy; condemned to die for contumacy, he escaped by way of Spain, and met his death in Greece with Lord Byron.

At the time to which we are alluding his feats principally consisted in climbing up to the roof of the house,

and in walking along the spouts as far as the Rue d'Assas. As a counterbalance to these lofty flights, he would seat himself in the bucket of the well, and drop down it with all his weight, being highly amused at the possibility of the rope's breaking. Nobody would have thought it worthy of him if, in order to get from the spouts to the well, he had quietly descended the stairs. As a matter of course, he would seat himself astride on the balusters, and slide down the four stories at a galloping pace.

Sundays and Wednesdays were easily distinguished from all other days of the week at the Council of War. All day long there was a noise like thunder on the stairs. Madame Foucher would shut herself up from an early hour in the morning, alarmed for her children and for her furniture. She and her husband were quiet people of regular habits, fond of the regular routine of a life *en famille*. Their peaceful citizen ways took fright at all this turbulence. But no barricades were of any use where Edward was concerned, especially as he had an accomplice on the spot: he would come in, and after taking the handles off the brooms—the bristles being inconvenient to exercise with—he would turn all the chairs legs upwards, and finally carry off Victor Foucher, whom he had converted to the love of spouts and wells.

When they had had enough of the War Office, they went off to the Feuillantines. Victor and Eugène were at first rather shy of this important friend, whose uniform was so imposing; but he soon set them at their ease, by

proving himself far more of a pickle than they were. He carried every game to extremes; the swing was tossed to heights undreamed-of, and the rabbit-hutch found out now for the first time what a serious assault meant.

Edward was never tired, but sometimes the younger ones begged for mercy. Then they would go off to the dry well, sit down, and Delon would tell such interesting stories, that the children found them always only too short. One evening he began relating to them a tale more amusing than any they had yet heard, and which had also the immense advantage of lasting longer. It was the story of John the Bear. It lasted so long that evening came on before it was over, and the narrator, who was obliged to be back at school by a certain hour, had to leave his audience gaping with astonishment, and promised to finish it on his next holiday. He was little aware that he was laying the first stone of that wonderful system that has since become so common—the publication of a story in successive parts of a periodical (the *roman feuilleton*).

But important events had occurred ere he had another holiday. Mallet's conspiracy had miscarried. Mallet, Lahorie, and Guidal, who had ruled Paris for the space of a few hours, having been checked by the firmness of Eulin, the commandant, were all disarmed and thrown into prison. Madame Hugo felt convinced that Lahorie was lost. These three men, who, each from the walls of a different prison, had just brought about a revolution, had too clearly shown the weakness of the Empire to be able to

escape instant condemnation. Besides this, the police and the minister, neither of whom had been able to see or prevent anything, had to revenge themselves for having been thus shown up as imbeciles. Nevertheless, Madame Hugo did not desert Lahorie: she flew to the Council of War, and entreated the reporter to spare her child's godfather. But M. Delon was a hot Buonapartist, and, outraged at the thoughts of the danger the Empire had been in, he received her coldly, and gave her no hope.

On the day of trial the courtyard of the Hôtel de Toulouse was crowded with troops to overflowing. A large body of cavalry, with naked swords, obstructed the Rue du Cherche-Midi. The ministers watched over the accused more carefully than they had done over the Empire. Madame Hugo was at Madame Foucher's house, to be near at hand to hear the first news, and she kept an anxious eye on all the incidents of the trial.

The next day, Eugène and Victor were passing in front of Saint-Jacques du Haut Pas. A fine, penetrating rain, so common in autumn, was then falling. This rain formed a pretext for the children to remain rather long in the street, sheltered under the massive colonnade which supports the front of the church. Whilst they were laughing and playing, a bill caught Victor's eye: on it was written, in large letters, the word *Soulier*. It was the death-warrant of Generals Mallet, Lahorie, and their accomplices, amongst whom was Colonel Soulier. The execution was to take place that day.

None of these names were known to the children. They only knew Lahorie under the feigned name which

he bore when at the Feuillantines; they never imagined that the relation who had lived eighteen months with them was at all mixed up in the affair, and Victor went on laughing and playing at the very moment when they were shooting his godfather.

Madame Hugo never forgave the reporter, and broke off all acquaintance with the Delons. Edward, therefore, never returned to the Feuillantines, and consequently Eugène and Victor have never heard the end of the story of John the Bear.

XXIII.

ABEL'S OMELETTE.

About this time the two brothers very nearly lost their liberty. The principal of a college came to ask about them, and induced their mother to consider seriously as to what would be the consequences of an education unfettered by university discipline. I do not relate the scene which occurred, for it is given at full length in *Les Rayons et les Ombres*. The "principal of some college or other," described in that work with an animosity that six-and-twenty years had failed in softening, was the head master of the Lycée Napoléon. Their mother wavered for a few days, and the children trembled; but too short a time had elapsed since they had been at the College of the Nobles to give the idea of another college much chance, and they had told their mother too much about all they had there endured to make her inclined to bring back the old Madrid days. She left them, therefore, to take care of their garden.

General Hugo allowed his wife his salary as major-domo, which amounted to 1,800 francs; but soon

all salaries began to feel the effects of the troubles in Spain, and Madame Hugo no longer regularly received her pension. To crown all, a store of money she had in reserve was stolen from her; and all this occurred when she was expecting Madame Lucotte, who, owing to the downfall of Spain, was returning to Paris, and to whom she had proffered hospitality. She rented another story, and Madame Lucotte did not discover her poverty.

Eugène and Victor were at that age when everything that one loses can be replaced. They had just lost Edward Delon; they replaced him by Armand Lucotte, and Amato. The old days of the Masserano Palace were recalled at the Feuillantines. Although winter was advancing, the garden still was worth something, but this was its last season. The town authorities wished to lengthen the street, and required the garden; for this purpose Madame Hugo, who had only taken the house because of it, removed.

On the 31st of December, 1813, she came to live at the Rue du Cherche-Midi, almost opposite the Council of War. This new residence was far from having the appearance and space of the Feuillantines; still it was a good-looking house. It was an old hotel of the time of Louis XV.; a *porte cochère* entrance, in the fashion of the day, opened into an arched peristyle, which led to a courtyard, at the end of which was the house. Madame Hugo, as was her habit, selected the ground-floor, which had a garden attached to it. The ground-floor was not roomy enough, and she hired a part of the second story for her children.

The châteleine of the Feuillantines considered this new garden a very paltry one. It consisted of a plot of grass encumbered with low brushwood, and with two or three larger trees, which vainly tried to reach up to the second story. The bare walls were as yet uncovered by creepers.

Madame Lucotte did not separate from her friend, and hired the first story, where her husband soon rejoined her.

General Hugo did not long remain in Spain after his wife's departure. Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo, then Badajoz; and, at the village of Arapyles, met Marshal Marmont. Wellington had, Englishmen and Spaniards together, about 80,000 men. Marmont had only 45,000; besides this, the Marshal, who had been hit by a ball in the right arm, was obliged to quit the field of battle, which occasioned some disorder; General Bonnet, who took the command-in-chief, was wounded himself, and disabled before he had been able to re-establish the line. General Clausel, who replaced General Bonnet, had no better luck, and, being hit in the leg, could only order a retreat, which would have turned out disastrously but for the bold hardihood of General Foy.

Wellington advanced upon Madrid, from whence Joseph ought to have fallen back upon Valencia. General Hugo, in addition to the troops under his command, had to look after more than 20,000 French or Spaniards, who were flying from the capital. These consisted of men, women, and children, some occupying an interminable string of 2,537 carriages, some on horseback, and the rest on mule-

back, or asses. In order to diminish the length of the convoy, he caused the carriages to be placed in two files. The whole affair rather resembled the emigration of a nation, than the retreat of an army. The halting-places bore the appearance of gipsy encampments; there were not sufficient houses for every one—the King and his staff were placed under cover, and all those who had carriages were sheltered by them, but the rest slept in heaps in the streets.

They had not had time to bring anything away with them, and nothing was to be found on the road; all the inhabitants had fled at the approach of the convoy, leaving their houses empty. The worst torment was not hunger, it was thirst. It was the month of August, and they were traversing the table-land of La Mancha, the highest and most parched in Spain. Such was the heat, that people's faces and hands became covered with blisters and chaps. The wheels of the carriages, and the feet of men and beasts, raised a dust that seemed positively corrosive. Though they managed to retain life in that cloud, which was three leagues in length and half a league in breadth, the throats of all the travellers were burnt with this fearful torment, and their tongues parched. At last, there being absolutely no water, the soldiers were seen to stop short, stretch themselves on their backs, wildly shriek with laughter, and die.

In the Kingdom of Murcia vines were discovered, which the inhabitants had left untouched, because the grapes were yet unripe. The convoy rushed at the grapes, and this gave them dysentery. Such wells as had not been

filled up were found to have been made undrinkable by carrion. They quarrelled about this deadly water, and there was a dispute as to who should be allowed to poison himself.

Thus, they reached Toboso. At the sight of Dulcinea's village, and of three mills which seemed to have been purposely placed there to recall the exploits of the brave hidalgo of La Mancha, this convoy, exhausted, poisoned, and tortured as they were by hunger and thirst, began to laugh and clap their hands. This fresh success may be reckoned amongst the proofs of the popularity of Don Quixote, which has made everybody laugh whom it did not force to cry.

The Duchess of Cotadilla, who did not care to stay at Madrid till the troops of the Cortes arrived, because her husband had supported the new dynasty, was confined on the road. The event took place while the dragoons and grenadiers were shooting at each other, by way of settling a quarrel as to who should have a few measures of wine, and the wailings of the child were added to the noise made by the whizzing of balls, which grazed the carriage windows as they passed.

At Albérique, the General reviewed the troops. They had sadly diminished on the road. In addition to dysentery and poison, the Spaniards had deserted to such an extent that there was one regiment consisting only of seven men. They made one entire regiment out of the foreign brigade, and Louis Hugo was appointed Colonel.

They remained but a short time in the Kingdom of

Valencia. Marshal Soult having renewed hostilities, the King rejoined him, and was able to re-enter Madrid. But almost all the Spanish and French families whom the General had brought with him declined returning, and went to France. Joseph's continuance on the throne was no longer believed in.

Soon the King and the Marshal began the pursuit of Wellington. They ended by forcing him to retreat into Portugal, and Joseph was King for one more winter. On entering Madrid, such snow was falling that many women, soldiers, and a number of asses, that had been brought back from the Kingdom of Valencia, perished with the cold.

In the spring, Joseph felt once more that his kingdom was being taken from him. This King, without subjects, then left Madrid to return thither no more. On the 27th of May, 1813, General Hugo, who had remained till the last, finally left it, having again with him a convoy, but this time of only three hundred carriages, in which were the Ministers, the Councillors of State, a part of the Diplomatic Corps, and such French families and Spaniards who had taken the French side as had entertained hopes until the last moment. He rejoined the King between Valladolid and Burgos. This time the Councillors of State had not only swords, but guns. They, and all the others of the men who were strong enough, even the prefects, the diplomatic people and mercantile agents, were dragged from their coaches and placed on horseback, and every one fired his shot at the guerillas, who attacked the retreating forces just at the outskirts of Burgos.

The Anglo-Spanish army arrived, and the French made

all speed to evacuate Burgos, after blowing up the castle. This latter work they executed in such hot haste, and so carelessly, that the fragments killed the people who were passing over the Quays of the Arlanzon, and damaged the spire of the cathedral.

Some days afterwards, the battle of Vittoria was fought, which was the Waterloo of Joseph.

The retreat was disturbed by an irruption of the enemy's huzzars, who made a target of the carriages. Immediately the drivers cut the traces, and fled with the horses. Women and children screamed, and the disorder became inexpressible. Neither rank nor nation were considered. The waggons containing the treasure were pillaged by the English, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and also by the French. The ground was intersected by muddy ditches, in which both fugitives and captors wallowed. A female sutler, who was riding on an ass and was galloping away, got entangled in a quagmire, into which the ass completely sank, and she was following the example, when, in answer to her despairing cries, two French soldiers came up. They saw her: one of them took his gun by the barrel, rested the butt end of it on the woman's breast, and, aided by this firm footing, leaped the ditch; the next man did the same, only he was obliged to press the butt end on her shoulder, because the first man had sunk the breast too deep to be reached. The others made use of her head in the same way. Fortunately, there were but four or five, for the woman had already disappeared, and would not have served again to answer the same purpose.

Marshal Jourdan, not knowing what had become of

the King in this confusion, sent General Hugo in search of him, but it was impossible to get any news. As kings always turn up, the Marshal did not disquiet himself any further, and told the General to rally all he could, in order to bring back some show of order to the retreating party. The General was not so easily satisfied. Having succeeded in keeping back a certain number of men, he soon got together the regiments of Baden and of Frankfort, a battalion of the 27th Light Infantry, and a battalion of Sappers and Miners, whom he led back towards the enemy, and kept him in check. When the night arrived, he found a safe position near a mountain and small stream, and his company being in sad need of rest after such a day's work, he made them pile their guns and lay down their knapsacks. Whilst the soldiers were going off to sleep, he took the officers aside, amongst whom were Baron Kreus and M. de Salignac, principal aide-de-camp to Count Erlon, and quietly suggested that they should go into Vittoria, and either carry off or kill Wellington.

The difficulty was to traverse the English army, but the regiments of Baden and Frankfort had several officers and sub-officers who spoke English: these were to be placed at the front, and on the flank. They were to represent a returning corps who had been in pursuit of the enemy. The English would have no suspicion, not expecting such an amount of audacity, and would allow them to pass. Once passed, they would answer for the rest; he knew Vittoria, having well studied it during the few days he had spent there before the battle: the wall, which it would be necessary to scale in order to get into the garden, was not

twelve feet high; Wellington would doubtless sleep in the room Joseph used to occupy, and neither the door of the bedroom nor that of the back staircase leading to it could shut. Wellington, therefore, would awake a prisoner: if he called out before he was properly gagged, or if the scheme should fail, they would kill him, and could but be killed in their turns.

The German colonels said they would willingly have gone with the General, if their lives alone were at stake, but that they could not expose their regiments to peril, in such an undertaking, without a written order from the General-in-Chief, or from the King; therefore, the project was abandoned. The next day the several corps rejoined the army, and fell back into their proper places in their brigades, and General Hugo returned to the King, who had been very easily found.

From that day the retreat, though often interrupted, went on smoothly. Food was not abundant, and the King himself was more than once obliged to dine upon roasted acorns. When kings make bad dinners, pages must expect to tighten their waistbands. Abel, who had not quitted the King, and with whom his father had been much pleased at Arapyles and Vittoria, was at that age when it is easier to bear being shot at than to fast. He used to go out hoping always for that dinner which he never had the luck to eat. At length, at some place or other in the Pyrenees, the name of which I no longer remember, he perceived a hovel, towards which he hastened as fast as his horse would carry him. He there found an old peasant and his old wife, not so very frowning considering they were Spaniards.

He drew out a piece of gold, and inquired what they could give him to eat.

"Nothing."

This was Spain all over. Giving up all idea of gaining anything by talking, he placed the gold coin on the table, and rummaged in the cupboard. He there found six eggs. Here was material for an omelette, but butter was needed. There was none, but he unearthed a pot of lard, and then a slice of bacon. The result of these discoveries, and of a fire, which he lit himself, was an omelette of a beautiful golden colour, most tempting in appearance; and Abel was just going to eat it, when Joseph entered.

Joseph's first glance fell on the omelette. It was a royal look, but nevertheless a starving one.

Abel turned pale, but he felt that he must sacrifice himself.

"Will your Majesty do me the honour to taste my omelette?" said he, sighing.

"Zounds!" said the King.

And he began to eat. Abel hoped, at least, that he should have his share, but the omelette was so good that Joseph did not leave him a mouthful. The unfortunate page came back rather more hungry than ever, and rather less rich, and felt that he had paid a tolerably high price for somebody else's omelette.

When, from the top of the mountains which divide Berra from Urugne, a sunbeam, suddenly piercing through the mist, allowed France to be seen—that France which most of them had not seen for five years—almost every eye was filled with tears.

The Emperor never forgave a failure. The defeat at Vittoria cost Marshal Jourdan his command, which was given to Marshal Soult. The day he arrived, Joseph quitted the army with the officers of his household. He dismissed them at St. Esprit, and retired into private life, at Morfontaine. General Hugo returned to Paris with Abel.

XXIV.

FRANCE INVADED.

ABEL was a first-rate recruit for the happy party in the Rue du Cherche-Midi. It was then complete. The three Hugos and the two Lucottes were joined by Victor Foucher, who had but the street to cross in order to be with them. The house had a courtyard attached to it, and in the courtyard was a coachhouse, in which General Lucotte's carriage stood. This carriage was turned into a ship, some of the party being passengers in it, others doing duty as waves. Half of the party got inside, the other half underneath, and immediately the rolling and pitching would begin. The carriage, shaken in every possible way, would crack and fall to pieces. This was delightful; but as General Lucotte rather preferred keeping his carriage uninjured, he prevented this stormy kind of navigation by locking the doors.

Madame Lucotte was too elegant to have returned from Spain without a prodigious number of trunks and boxes, which encumbered the coachhouse, and which positively seemed to invite being made use of for military purposes.

A very good imitation of a fort was, in fact, at once constructed with their aid, towers, bastions, and terraces being all at hand. Every box was turned to account, whether in good condition or the contrary. The old attacks on the steps of the rabbit-hutch were now despised as a mere child's game. This was something like fighting. The boys would scale walls, knock each other about, wound themselves with splinters of the wood; their hands would get covered with blood, the nails left in the wood would play terrible havoc with trousers and skin, and the whole thing was a perfect success.

But mothers are always finding fault. Instead of congratulating their sons on the glorious wounds received in these attacks, they would actually scold on this account; and the coachhouse door, like the doors of the coach, was closed against this little set of combatants.

There being no longer any coach-house to play in, the party resorted to the granary. The charm of the granary consisted in its containing the fodder for General Lucotte's horses. It would have been no trifling enjoyment merely to roll in the hay, to fight there, to bury one's adversary under a heap, and be buried in turn; but the granary had another merit besides the hay. It had a ledge outside, a sort of balcony without a balustrade; and this gave rise to a very pretty game. They would climb on the roof, and only cowards could refuse to jump on to the ledge. Mothers, who certainly are impossible people to persuade, did not enter into the fun of this leap; and, under the pretext that an awkward jump might throw the leapers off the ledge, and crack

their skulls on the stones in the courtyard, they became seriously angry, and put padlocks to the granary, just as they had done to the carriage and coachhouse.

Expelled thus from all the most delightful quarters, both up and downstairs, the games were limited to what could be done in the interior of the house. Armand Lucotte's room then became the field of battle. In order not to be pursued in this last refuge of proscribed liberty, he gave up noisy manifestations and the battles which had denounced him. Chairs were actually made use of to sit down upon, the bed did not serve as a barricade, and the chest of drawers remained a chest of drawers. Armand Lucotte then said,—

"I have discovered what we require in order to be left alone."

And he triumphantly drew from his pocket some cards and some counters.

There was but one cry heard amongst the band,—

"Let us play directly."

"At what game?"

"At every game."

"No," said Armand, "there is but one suitable game—bouillotte."

"We do not know it."

"I will teach it to you."

They began, at first, a game upon trial. Armand explained what *brelau* and *la carre* meant; and no professor at the Sorbonne—no preacher from the pulpit—ever had as attentive an audience. Everything was understood in a trice, and it was not even necessary to finish the trial game.

"We know how! Now let us play for money."

Playing for money was an ambitious idea. When all their pockets were turned inside out, and the purses emptied on the table, those who possessed so much as twenty sous were found to be the millionaires of the party. This did not matter: they managed very well by rating the counters at a low price. One hundred were given for a sou. Everything being relative, these few sous were played for with the same intense interest as if they had been valuable notes. Bouillotte became a passion and a fever; the boys could not sleep for thinking about it. They gave themselves up to unbridled games; some even went so far as to risk their whole property, and sat with upwards of ten sous piled at one time before them. Victor Foucher once had such a run of luck, that he won nearly two francs; but, then, it must be confessed that they had spent the whole night in gambling to produce this result.

Whilst this passionate love for bouillotte was at its height, General Hugo was no longer in Paris. He had only passed through it. Joseph, not being able to give him any employment, had recommended him to ask if from the French Ministry. He had seen Count Béliard, who had welcomed him gladly, and had promised him the first vacant division. This division being long in coming, he had gone to the Baths to await it: his doctors had advised him to go thither for the cure of his badly-healed wound.

But the Emperor had not yet forgiven Moreau's friend. Not only did the General receive no division, but he was

not even recognized as a general. In answer to his application, he was sent to the German army as a major. France was in danger, and about to be invaded: he sacrificed his *amour propre* to his patriotism, and joined the army, but simply as a volunteer.

The invasion commenced, and the Empire was less haughty. It may be recollected that Moreau's friend had retained possession of Avila, although isolated and exposed to the attacks of the most daring guerillas of Spain, and he was now asked if he would undertake the defence of Thionville. Thionville was a poor place to be under the command of the man who had commanded Madrid, and who had been governor of almost the whole of Old Castille. He did not trouble himself, however, about the importance of the town, but there being danger, he consented. He left the same night, entered Thionville at daybreak, left his luggage at the inn, and, before allowing himself to be recognized, he set off to inspect the enceinte and the outskirts. This done, he called on the commandant whom he was to succeed, showed him his orders, and immediately busied himself with the arming and provisioning of the place, and secured his communications.

It was the middle of January; the winter was a cold one, and the ice was rapidly forming on the Moselle. If it froze completely, there could be no communication with Metz, for the enemy were spreading from day to day, and were already occupying almost all the adjacent villages. The Commandant bethought himself of an expedient against the ice. He wrote word to the commandant at Metz desiring him to close the floodgates every

evening for six hours, and to open them again for eighteen. The sudden lowering of the water left the ice without support; it fell in, and the rapidity of the current carried off the fragments.

This organized system of daily getting rid of the accumulation had another advantage; for while it destroyed the ice, it destroyed also the boats and pontoons of the enemy, which were full of provisions and victuals. Besides this, it prevented a sudden attack on the place across the frozen ditches, which could have been easily traversed on ice; but when the frozen surfaces were daily broken and destroyed, the attempt to put an armed force across became absolutely impossible.

The Hessians arrived and established themselves at Guentrange. They fired a few shells at the fort, but without intending to attack it. The situation, however, was not pleasant, as no letter could now be passed. Even an old woman who, without being aware of it, was carrying a despatch in the flax of her distaff, was detained by the Hessians. When the ice on the Moselle was not forming, the stream conveyed letters very nicely. At Metz they were put into bottles or into bladders, and the stream carried them down to Thionville, where they were caught by nets spread out between the arches of the bridge. But the Hessians found this out, and took measures to prevent this employment of the river for the postal service. The water not being available, they next tried the air. The General had a balloon constructed, and one day when the wind was favourable filled it with letters and despatches; but the intense cold and an accident made this attempt also a failure.

An epidemic occurred. The hospital was so insufficient that the patients were obliged to sleep three in a bed; the sick were thus exposed to lie by the dying, listening to the death-rattle, or even to be in the very arms of death itself. Those who had no bed were impatiently awaiting some death of a comrade that they might occupy the place of the corpse. The poisonous miasma arising from putrid fevers had accumulated in the mattrasses and in the counterpanes. Whoever set foot in the hospital went to the cemetery, and the least indisposition was certain death. The General had the beds, linen, and rooms thoroughly washed, the walls whitewashed, the dormitories aired, and every patient had a bed to himself.

The place being closely invested, and the siege prolonged, it became necessary to economize the food. On the 20th of February the meat ration was reduced to six ounces. In March they had to do the same thing with regard to the beer, the allowance being diminished one-half.

The worst was that the garrison was composed for the most part of young soldiers, who were very much depressed by the blockade. In order to elevate the moral tone and improve their spirits, the General instituted a public ball, which was held in the riding-school, where they were allowed to dance until midnight on Sundays and holidays. This ball became a great success, and was the rendezvous of the best company in Thionville. Moreover, there was an abundance of fish in the ditches and in the shallow waters of the canal, and the right of fishing, at other times let by the authorities, was

allowed to the soldiers. Games of skittles were encouraged, and they were allowed to cultivate the glacis of the interior of the fort. All these recreations acted on the moral health of the garrison, and on its physical health also, and the number of patients brought to the hospital immediately diminished.

A more energetic kind of recreation consisted of occasional sorties. The French are so essentially a military people that, in spite of all prohibitions, the children of the town would run out with the detachments, range beyond the most advanced part of the column, expose themselves heedlessly to the Hessian fire, and bring back bullets to the arsenal. Many of them, and amongst others, a pretty little deaf and dumb boy named Clochet, had their dresses pierced through with balls.

Whilst the enemy was invading France, the little band in the Rue du Cherche-Midi went on playing at bouillotte. Their parents, pre-occupied with political events, paid less attention to the children. This crisis was a serious one to Madame Hugo. She did not like the Empire, and would gladly have seen it fall; but afterwards what would there be? What did the coalition mean to do with France? What would become of the Emperor's generals when he was finally defeated? Would they not fall with him? As a Royalist, she wished for the fall of Napoleon; but as a wife and mother she dreaded it. The future of the Lucotte family was also involved in that of the Empire. Altogether, then, there was a good deal of anxiety felt. The most contradictory news reached them from hour to hour. In the morning they were told that

the foreigners were advancing on Paris; in the evening they heard that they had been swept out of France. Now it would be rumoured that Napoleon had not a single soldier left; and then they would be informed that the divisions were complete. Day by day, General Lucotte, who was an idle man since his return from Spain, went to inquire about the news from Joseph, who was then President of the Council of Regency.

M. Foucher also could give them some information, as his post as head of the recruiting office made him conversant with the movements of the troops. Every day regiments were leaving Paris, travelling by post horses on enormous drays, constructed so that the soldiers sat back to back with dangling legs. In this way a company would suddenly appear at places which the enemy had thought to surprise.

Rapidity was the characteristic of this last campaign; and, though old, Napoleon again behaved as the young Italian general.

Political excitement became so catching as even to affect the children. The cards were put aside, and geographical maps substituted, on which they would trace the progress of the war. General Lucotte had some very beautiful and complete maps. Victor seized on them with avidity, and devoured them all, and learnt geography, as it is best learnt, with the eyes.

On the 29th of March, Eugène and Victor were awakened by a noise, which seemed to them like timber falling in the courtyard. They rose and looked out of

window. The courtyard was quiet. Nevertheless, the sound continued. They could not make it out, and went to bed again. As soon as their mother could admit them into her bedroom, they went to her to learn what was this noise which they had been listening to ever since morning. Madame Hugo told them that it was the cannonade of the Russians and Prussians. The sound of something falling that had awakened them was that of the greatest of thrones.

They were profoundly astonished at this. Prepared for the defeat of the Emperor as they ought to have been, by having conversations on the subject, they could not bring themselves to believe in the reality of foreigners appearing at the very gates of Paris. These children, who, till then, had been accustomed to see the French establishing themselves as masters in the capitals of other countries, were now astonished at the sound of cannon at their own doors. They listened, however, with the imperturbable curiosity of children, and thought it was something like the cracking of a whip.

They watched General Lucotte, in full uniform, get on horseback, and set off to place himself at Joseph's orders. They would have liked to go out too, and see what was happening in the streets. The walls were covered with pictures of Cossacks, with fierce countenances; gigantic fellows, seeming to roll their fierce eyes under their hairy caps, brandishing lances red with blood, and wearing round their necks necklaces of human ears, interwoven with watch-chains. Others were represented as setting fire to cottages, and warming themselves at villages in

flames. Paris was full of these coloured caricatures, Napoleon's last resource.

From one hour to another the defence became more doubtful. The worst of it was, that fighting for Paris was fighting for the Empire, and hardly anybody cared much about that any longer. Part of the population looked on the foreigners as liberators. Very few spoke of them as *the enemy*, almost every one called them *the Allies*.

Paris surrendered. It was necessary to house the conquerors. A Prussian colonel and forty soldiers fell to Madame Hugo's share. When she saw this troop come in, she cried out, and told the colonel "she had one room, but not a barrack."

"Pshaw!" said the colonel, "what is this yard?"

He settled his men there, saying it was nicely paved, and adding that there was a pump, which would serve for washing and drinking purposes; and that if they added to this foundation in the way of furniture a few trusses of hay, it would become quite a palace.

This officer was young and tall. At first, his figure, his epaulettes, his plumed hat, and his belt, all amused the children; but the charm was dispelled by an observation Victor made, who, when showing the feathers of the hat and the pigeon-breast to his brother Eugène, said,—

"Look! the colonel has the breast of a hen and the head of a cock."

Nothing more was needed to ruin the Prussian in the estimation of the two urchins, and this certainly proved that the whole party were beyond everything Parisians.

As the courtyards were insufficient, the streets had to serve as barracks. The Cossacks encamped in the gutter; they slept in the mud, between their great lances and their little horses with shaggy manes. The children would set out to look at the streets turned into bivouacs and stables. The Cossacks did not in the least resemble their pictures; they wore no necklaces of human ears, they did not steal watches, nor set fire to houses. They were gentle and civil, and had a profound respect for Paris, which to them was a holy city; they appeared ill at ease, and almost ashamed to be there.

Circulation was not easy, however, in places thus encumbered with men and horses.

One morning, Victor, wishing to go out, found the street barricaded up to the very door by recumbent Cossacks, who looked at him with their dull eyes, and did not stir.

The Prussian colonel, who was present, said to Victor, "Never mind, walk over them."

This Prussian was in all respects a man of the world, and thoroughly polite. He laid no stress on the victory the Allies had gained, which he ascribed to the fortunes of war, and for which he almost apologized. He had that kindliness of manner which ensures success. He admired everything in France, even the Emperor, and was the only Buonapartist of the household.

Whilst they were calling them *the Allies* in Paris, even to Madame Hugo and her children, General Hugo always called them *the enemy*, and refused to surrender Thionville.

On the 10th of April a flag of truce, which was admitted with the customary formalities, brought the General the following letter:—

"GENERAL,

"Although I feel sure that the news of the surrender of the capital is no secret to you, I hasten to give you official details concerning it, as much to place before you the intentions and objects of the High Allied Powers, as to inform you of the feelings that the Senate, the authorities, and the French nation have displayed on this occasion.

"I repeat, that the French nation has displayed these sentiments; for, for centuries past, Paris has decided the fate of the French nation, always accustomed to follow the example of the capital. Allow me, then, General, to beg that you will tell me what effect this important news has had upon you, and whether the French nation, in instituting a wise and salutary reform, may reckon also on your consent and co-operation.

"Forgive me for intruding the remark, that now is the time for a true patriot to display his most private feelings, in order not to be forgotten or neglected amongst the thousands of his countrymen who in a few days will declare themselves in favour of the ruling party.

"I am, with the highest esteem, &c.,

"BARON HAYNAU."

Together with the letter was a bulletin, the contents of which the General made himself master of. After

this, he informed General Haynau that he was in ignorance of the events announced to him in the letter, and that he should only hear of them when his superior officer, the General-in-Chief of the Army of the Moselle, chose to inform him of them.

The bearer of this communication had no sooner left him than a second one arrived, asking for a conference outside Thionville. The General replied, that he should not quit the glacis of the place, and that if what they had to inform him of could only be communicated by word of mouth, Baron Haynau was at liberty to come, and that he should be admitted with bandaged eyes.

This dry answer did not discourage the Hessian General, who that very evening sent a third horseman; but as all these goings and comings might have led to the supposition that they were in treaty to surrender the town, General Hugo did not allow either him or any one else to enter.

Still, Baron Haynau did not give it up. The mayor of Cattenom had a son who was an officer in the National Guards of Thionville. The wife of this mayor came to see her son, and through him found herself in the presence of the General, to whom she spoke of Baron Haynau. He was getting worried. The Hessians, to whose lot fell the most ungrateful task in the war—that of the blockade of places—had had the ill-luck to take none. The Allies were about to settle the destinies of France, and Hesse would have no voice on the subject if she arrived unconquering and with no prestige. The capture of Thionville was therefore of the greatest con-

sequence to her, and if the General would consent to surrender it, he might make any terms he thought fit. On this occasion, however, the General's reply was given by the howitzers, who obliged the enemy to go and make their propositions from a somewhat greater distance.

Having had no greater success with women than with men, Haynau tried what dogs would effect. A dog entered Thionville carrying a large parcel of newspapers, amongst which was a letter, urging an interview. The General refused to grant an interview, and thus wrote:—

"BARON,

"Whatever may be the changes which have taken place in the Government of France, you will believe that I cannot put faith in mere newspapers which are sent to me by the officer who is directing the blockade of the fortress I am in command of. Nothing official as to these events has reached me, and the General-in-Chief of the Army of the Moselle, who can so easily and so well communicate with me, has not as yet written to me on the subject.

"My country's laws command me to avoid all communication with the enemy. You are an enemy still, Baron, until I receive orders from the General-in-Chief to treat you otherwise. I can therefore have no conference with you.

"I remain," &c.

At length, on the 14th April, an officer from the staff of the General-in-Chief brought some despatches stating

the cessation of hostilities, and in support of this assertion, enclosed copies of the *Moniteur* of the 31st March to the 11th April, including Napoleon's Act of Abdication. The General then called a council of war, which accepted unanimously the acts of the Senate.

XXV.

THE BOURBONS.

THE restoration of the Bourbons caused great joy to Madame Hugo: her hatred for Napoleon, long restrained for fear of compromising her husband, now openly displayed itself. The Emperor was from henceforth only Buonaparte; he had neither genius nor talent, not even military talent; he had been beaten everywhere, in Russia as well as in France. He was cowardly. He had fled from Egypt and from Russia, abandoning to the plague and to the snows those whom his ambition had carried with him; he had wept like a child at Fontainebleau; he had assassinated the Duc d'Enghien, &c. On the other hand, the Bourbons possessed every merit and every glory.

The return of royalty recalled her dear Brittany to mind. It was to her a complete rejuvenescence, and for some weeks she was unusually lively and active. She never missed one public festivity. Her Royalist feelings proclaimed themselves in her dress. The weather was warm enough to allow of her only wearing a white cambric

muslin dress out of doors, and a rice-straw bonnet, trimmed with tuberoses. Fashion invented green shoes for ladies' wear, so that they might tread the colours of the Empire under foot. Madame Hugo was never seen except in green shoes.

The only persons who were happier than herself were the hairdressers. Royalty, as they understood it, meant wigs, powder, and feathers. In their joy at their being restored to them they coloured their shop fronts sky-blue, covered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. All this sky-blue was, however, a clear loss, for the wings of the pigeon never appeared again, and the hairdressers soon went over to Constitutional monarchy.

On the day of his public entrance, the Comte d'Artois sent, by an order in council, to the sons of so thorough a loyalist the decoration of the Order of the Lily. They were all the more proud of this that the decoration was accompanied by a patent, signed by the Prince. The lily was of silver, suspended by a white silk ribbon. The newly-made dignitaries hastened to fasten this princely jewel to their button-holes. At every corner of the streets there were sellers of white cockades. They each bought one, and had it sewn to their hats. Thus accoutred they considered themselves perfect Royalists.

A solemnity was about to take place at Notre Dame. The royal family intended going there in state, to return thanks. Madame Hugo was in search of a window from whence she might see the procession pass. M. Foucher found one, and offered her the half of it. The two families set off together in full dress. The weather being

fine they went on foot, and Victor offered his arm to Mademoiselle Adèle. He was beaming with joy at the thoughts of his lily at his button-hole and a "lady" hanging on his arm.

The room which the two families were to occupy was at the Palais de Justice, in the tower St. Jean. They ascended a dark staircase and entered a kind of cell, whose only furniture consisted in some straw chairs, placed there for this occasion. A narrow high window admitted a partial light into this empty and gloomy room. But Madame Hugo took no notice of the room: she had eyes only for the procession. The King wore a blue coat with epaulettes; his *cordon bleu* was very visible, also his round belly and the little pigtail behind his head.

He was in an enormous carriage covered with *fleurs-de-lis*, and by his side was the Duchess d'Angoulême, dressed in white from her shoes to her parasol. The Count d'Artois and the Duke d'Angoulême were on horseback on either side of the carriage. Before and behind were musketeers. The Old Guards followed, humiliated at forming an escort to this gouty fellow forced on them by strangers.

Whilst the sons were receiving the decoration of the lily, the father was less in favour. He was blamed for having been so disobliging to the Allies, and for having stopped the Hessians so long before Thionville. To have refused to give up to a foreigner a French fortress was then considered treason, and the Abbé Montesquieu, one of the Ministers, spoke in the Tribune of "the revolt of Thionville." The General was out

of favour, and was led to expect that he should soon lose the command of the town that he had been so wrong in defending for France. He did not therefore send for his family to join him there. Madame Hugo, who went to him for a short time to arrange some business, only took Abel with her, leaving Victor and Eugène under the care of Madame Lucotte and Madame Foucher. I copy these extracts from letters written to their mother by the two brothers:—

"My dear Mamma,

"Everybody feels stupid here since you left. We often go to see M. Foucher, as you desired us. He offered to let us join in the lessons his son is taking, and we thanked him for this. We work hard every morning at Latin and mathematics. A letter, sealed with black, came for Abel the evening you left. M. Foucher will send it on to you. He has been so kind as to take us to the Museum.

"Your dutiful son,

"Victor."

"We get more and more weary without you, dear mamma, and you really must come back soon. Victor and I have begun two heads in crayons, which we hope to show you when you arrive. Yesterday and to-day we have been at the Jardin des Plantes with the Lucottes. The house is kept in the very neatest order, and there is always a servant here. Madame Foucher is very good-natured to us. She has undertaken to mend my green

trousers, which I tore before you left. M. Foucher has shown us a letter from papa, which gave us great pleasure; but you are happier than we are, as you are near him.

"EUGÈNE.

"P.S.—Victor would not write to you when I did: this is why our letters only leave to-day."

"We await news of you with impatience, my dear mamma. We go on working very hard, but we have had to give up mathematics, not being able to understand them without help. With part of the money you left us we bought some studies of animal's heads. We draw, then we go to see M. Larivière, and then we work in the garden. This is how we employ our day. M. Foucher takes us out for a walk on Sundays and Thursdays, and we dine with him on our return.

"EUGÈNE."

Madame Hugo only remained a few weeks at Thionville, and then Eugène and Victor returned to their ordinary life. Their only novelty during that spring and summer consisted in "Bobino." They were quite taken with the performance, and wonderfully amused at the prodigious drubbings he gave his silly servant, and the laughable howlings the servant made. All this was only done in order to draw the attention of the public to the puppets inside the show. This display over, the children took their tickets, and for four sous watched the gesticulations, laughter, and tears of the puppets, which were on

so large a scale that they were called on the booth by the majestic title of "Theatre of Automatons." These pretty representations inspired the two brothers with an ardent desire to have a theatre of their own. They bought a magnificent one in cardboard, with gold threads, adding to it a troop of little actors made of wood. Everybody had to take a part, and the future author of *Ruy Blas* made his *début* in the dramatic world in a piece entitled *The Enchanted Palace*, the rehearsals of which were well attended, although the real performance was put a stop to by a very important change in the condition of affairs.

In September, the Restoration considered that it was strong enough to punish those who had resisted the invasion. General Hugo was deprived of his command, and removed from active employment, together with all those officers, without exception, who had taken part in the defence of Thionville. He came to Paris, and considered that it was time to begin thinking of the future of his children. Eugène would soon be fifteen, Victor thirteen. The General, whose plan was to put them to the Ecole Polytechnique, first sought out for them a preparatory school. He found one in the Rue Sainte Marguerite, and took them to it on the eve of the very day which had been selected for the performance of *The Enchanted Palace.*

XXVI.

THE "PENSION CORDIER."

THE "Pension Cordier" was not an "enchanted palace." The Rue Sainte Marguerite, dark and shut in between the Abbey Prison and the Passage du Dragon, which was smoky and noisy with the hammers of blacksmiths, had nothing in its outward appearance to recommend it to favour. The house was a detached building, one story high, between two courtyards, the second of which was used for play. On perceiving this courtyard from the windows, the children were surprised at first to find that it was full of verdure, and that the trees bore fruit in mid-winter; but they soon found that the trees were merely painted on the further wall.

The master of the establishment, M. Cordier, was an old abbé who had stripped himself of his cassock, like the Abbé Larivière. He was a singular-looking old man. He was an ardent admirer of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whom he imitated, even so far as to wear an Armenian costume. In addition to the pelisse and cap of this costume, he carried an enormous snuff-box, made of metal, into which

he continually dipped, and with which he rapped the heads of those scholars who did not know their lessons or were "impertinent" to him. Cordier had an assistant named Decotte, who was more brutal than himself.

The two brothers were not placed with the other boarders. The General, who wished them to make rapid progress, desired that they should be separated from the rest. They had a room to themselves, and only made their appearance at meals and at play-time. They had, however, one comrade in the same room, who was the son of one of the ushers, a gentle, industrious boy, named Vivien. This son of an usher, who was a deputy after 1830, was a prefect of police under Louis Philippe, and a Minister under the Republic. His father, who had just returned from India, had brought from thence a cargo of mats made of the spartero. They covered the floor with these, and the three companions passed the winter, wrapped in this kind of blanketing.

This bed of India matting did not, indeed, comfort the two Hugos for their loss of liberty; but grief is soon over at their age, especially as there was nothing to prevent their introduction into the school of those theatrical performances so suddenly interrupted at their own home. The idea once started, during play-hours, was warmly welcomed. And the affair would be much grander here than at the Rue du Cherche-Midi; the parts would not be given to mere puppets, inasmuch as there were real flesh and blood performers in the boarders themselves This time, too, they would have a real theatre. They chose the largest school-room—a room actually, as it

seemed, built on purpose. Tables drawn together formed the stage; under the tables was the green-room; the lamps were the foot-lights, and the benches the pit.

They were not troubled about the selection of performances: this was strictly regulated by the stock of costumes. The costume most easily constructed, and at the same time the handsomest, was evidently military. With cardboard and gold and silver paper could be constructed helmets, epaulettes, lace decorations, and swords, while a burnt cork at once creates a moustache. Thus, the set of pieces, of which Eugène and Victor were the sole and privileged authors, were chiefly based on the wars of the Empire. The only difficulty was the proper distribution of parts. The enemy being invariably overcome and beaten, nobody would consent to act the part of enemy. Victor, however, arranged matters thus. Every one was to be the enemy in turn. Once, he even condescended so far—he, the author—as to act the part of a Prussian officer himself, but he only did so once to set the example. Generally he allotted to himself the principal character. When Napoleon was one of the personages, he acted Napoleon. He then loaded himself with orders, and his chest glittered with gold and silver eagles. On the most solemn occasions, and in order to mix up a certain amount of reality with all these fictitious splendours, he would add to this grand display of eagles, his Order of the Lily.

Eugène and Victor had obtained over their companions the natural ascendancy due to their being parlour

boarders. The organization of the theatre, and the composition of the pieces, made them so influential that they became almost absolute. The school divided itself into two parts. One half took Eugène for its king; the other half took Victor. Vivien alone, being a parlour boarder, refused to submit, and, not being able to reign, he would not consent to obey. A people cannot exist without a name, and thus Victor's subjects called themselves the *Dogs;* Eugène's, the *Calves.* The two monarchs were absolute, exercising despotic authority, and never tolerating opposition: they had their code of laws, the severest punishment in which was the loss of civic rights and nationality. One of Eugène's subjects having failed in respect, the king said to him: "You are no longer my Calf." This was a terrible punishment. The ex-calf endeavoured to enrol himself amongst the Dogs, but they would have nothing to say to him, telling him he was a bad citizen. The poor lad became an outcast in the school, and was excluded from every game; his sadness and remorse appeased the anger of Eugène, who deigned to pardon him, and recall him from exile.

In return for all this, when their subjects behaved properly their king protected them. If a Calf even touched a Dog, Victor would set the whole pack upon him. The two kings held conferences in their room, where they discussed the reciprocal grievances of their people; and Eugène would seriously remark to Victor, "I have a complaint to make against your Dogs." On one occasion, when during a whole week no one had required punishment, Eugène rewarded his subjects with the

gracious announcement, "Calves, I am pleased with you!"

No one would be long a king if he had nothing to give. The King of the Dogs and the King of the Calves might have given away pensions and salaries; and for this purpose they had only to impose taxes, out of which they would, of course, deduct for themselves a heavy civil list. In this manner they might have been able to make presents "out of their privy purse," and their subjects, to whom they would thus have restored some crumbs of their own money, would have blessed them for their generosity. They disdained, however, to govern by low motives of private interest, and only distributed honorary rewards. They had their decorations. In order to avoid conflicts with other governments, they made themselves acquainted with the names of the colours that had not yet been chosen by any order; and they chose lilac for their ribbon. The cross was, of necessity, a cardboard one, covered with gold or silver paper, according to rank. It will be at once understood that Eugène and Victor had nominated themselves *grands cordons*.

The power of the two tyrants was such, that when the masters could not manage a pupil, when M. Decotte had exhausted his stock of tasks, and the Abbé Cordier had wearied himself with rapping boys on the head with his snuff-box, they would actually come to the king and ask him to reason with his subject, and enforce docility and attention.

The day scholars were specially employed in those

communications that had to be carried on with the outer world. One gentlemanly youth, named Léon Gatayes, who has since become a brave and useful man, was as great at swimming as at riding, clever in the use of every weapon, and ready for any encounter. To this dutiful subject was deputed the task of daily conveying to head-quarters the pennyworth of Italian cheese which His Majesty Victor I. took with his dry bread at breakfast; and he would tremble when the king's frown would show that he was not pleased with the quantity or quality of the ration. Another emissary of Victor's was a little fellow, the only son of wealthy parents, whose delicacy and tender nurture was seen by the colour on his cheeks. His parents had only made him a day scholar, not being able to part with him for twenty-four consecutive hours. He always arrived with his pockets filled with cakes and bonbons, which Victor distributed to the most deserving, leaving him a small share when he had done his commissions properly. No doubt the little fellow, whose name was Joly, would readily enough have given them away of his own accord, like all those who know that they need only ask in order to have. He was always most elegantly dressed, his clothes lined with wadding in winter, and covered with embroidery in summer.

In 1845, when M. Victor Hugo was one day crossing the courtyard of the Institut, he saw a man approaching, grey-haired, wrinkled, and miserable, and clothed in the remnant of a grey great-coat, patched with blue. The man accosted him, saying,—

"Do you remember me?"

M. Victor Hugo tried to recall the name of this miserable and melancholy-looking being, but did not succeed.

"No?" replied the man. "I am not surprised. I am a little altered. My name is Joly."

"Joly?" repeated M. Victor Hugo, to whom the name told no more than the face had done.

"Yes, Joly, of the 'Pension Cordier.'"

Mr. Victor Hugo then recalled to mind that pretty little boy, so rich and so well-dressed, who always was so loaded with bonbons.

"Now you remember," said the ragged old man. "Yes, it is I. I am the smart little Joly. I recollected you directly. It seems that the Academy and the Chamber of Peers are better adapted to preserve good looks than the convict prison." And the unfortunate man began telling him that he had lost his father and mother whilst still young, and had found himself sole master of a large fortune. He spent his money at random, and ran into debt. Unable to endure poverty, he had committed forgery, in consequence of which he had been condemned to seven years at the galleys, and had been branded.

Whilst talking, M. Victor Hugo and he had quitted the courtyard and were walking on the quay. M. Victor Hugo, before bidding adieu to this unfortunate man, wished to give him some money, and put his hand in his waistcoat-pocket.

"Not here," said Joly to him; "if a police agent were to see me, he would take me up for begging, and then I should be recognized. I have escaped from banishment. They have ordered me not to leave Pontoise. But

what on earth can one do in a little place where one is known directly? I occasionally come to Paris. I show myself very little in the day-time. To-day I went out to see you, because I knew it was your day at the Academy. At night, in order not to be found out in lodgings, I sleep on the river-bank. Here, just come this way!"

He dragged M. Victor Hugo off into an obsoure alley, and there his old schoolfellow gave him five francs, asking him to come and see him at the Place Royale.

Joly soon came, and M. Victor Hugo tried to rescue him from the abyss into which he had fallen, but he himself would lend no helping hand; he would do nothing, and refused any occupation offered him; never, however, refusing money. Each time he called he was more and more disreputable, and he was eaten up by vicious habits.

His pertinacity at last amounted to impertinence, and it became necessary to forbid him the house. He returned once more so lately as the 1st January, 1847, but since then nothing more has been heard of him.

XXVII.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

On Sunday, the 26th February, 1815, the "Pension Cordier" was taking exercise on the Champs de Mars, following the towing-path. When passing under the bridge of Jena, a pupil noticed, and showed his companions, this inscription in large letters, written on an arch: "*1st March*, 1815. *Long live the Emperor!*" This exclamation, thrown in the teeth of royalty, was commented on by the school-boys. Why, the 1st March, when it was only now the 26th February? Was it a mistake in the date, or a threat? The school returned home much puzzled.

On the 1st March Napoleon landed at Cannes.

General Curto, who had succeeded General Hugo as Governor of Thionville, declared that he would remain faithful to Louis XVIII., and warmly harangued the garrison. They seized him, however, and threw him over the ramparts, and General Hugo was requested to call immediately on the Prince of Eckmüll.

"General," said the Prince to him, "you must start in a quarter of an hour for Thionville. Everybody is asking for you there; the garrison, the inhabitants, the authorities, and the general commanding the division. There is

but one voice on the subject, and you must take back the government. It is a grateful homage rendered to your talents and conduct."

That evening the General started for Thionville.

Napoleon's career was this time but a short one. Paris soon became uneasy once more. The hopes of one party were the fears of another. Every ear was stretched to listen for news, and people lived in the streets.

This general pre-occupation penetrated even into Cordier's school; lessons suffered thereby, and the doors, imperfectly closed, allowed the pupils to escape.

The Allies re-appeared before Paris.

At that time there was in the school a young usher, who was intelligent and up to everything. His name was Biscarrat; his face was much pitted with the small-pox, but was nevertheless joyous and frank, and his character corresponded to his countenance. He was very fond of Eugène and Victor, and was also much beloved by Mademoiselle Rosalie, the school laundress. Mademoiselle Rosalie had a relation employed at the Sorbonne, and planned an excursion with Biscarrat to mount up into the dome, from whence Vaugirard, Meudon, and Saint-Cloud are discerned, and from whence they could remark the movements of the Allies. Biscarrat, whose regard for his friends was greater than his love for his mistress, carried his two young friends with him, and all four climbed the narrow staircase leading to the cupola. The first thing noticed by the two brothers was Mademoiselle Rosalie, who made Biscarrat go before her, but who paid no attention to the two children.

From the top of the edifice, the view was splendid. It was the month of June, and the finest weather possible. The birds were singing, the sun was shining, the horizon was a perfect sea of verdure; but the prospect was very sad. Firing was going on, the cannons thundered, blood discoloured the early spring flowers, and men who were strangers to each other, and who had never injured each other, were fighting together to settle the dispute between a King and an Emperor. The sun never ceased shining; and Victor was angry with the sun for being so glaring, and with the woods for looking so green. He was struck with the egotism of nature.

Some days after the battle of Waterloo, Lieutenant-General Czernitchef, who commanded the vanguard of the Russian army, had caused General Hugo to be summoned to give up Thionville to the Emperor Alexander. The General had replied that he should not do so, and, from that day, communications between Thionville and Metz had been totally intercepted.

The fit of Buonapartism which had seized the French populace on his return from Elba, had been singularly cooled by the Hundred Days. Now they were vying with each other as to who should abandon the Imperial cause. The roads were covered with deserters from the great army. Desertion began, even in the garrison of Thionville. The severest punishments did not stop it; a grenadier, who was condemned to death, and who was shot in the presence of the assembled troops, so little alarmed the others that it was found necessary to recall all the exterior posts, and to guard simply the citadel

The National Guard diminished from day to day. The General had the greatest difficulty in preventing the 12th battalion of the Army of the Moselle from seizing by force one of the gates in order to leave the town.

On the 11th July, the General heard that the Allies had entered Paris. He considered that, however, to be no reason why they should enter Thionville as well. The Prince of Hesse Homburg having begged that he might, at least, share with him the government of the fortress, he energetically refused the proposal. In order to avoid all misunderstandings, and to prove that he was resisting the stranger, not the King, he hoisted the white flag, on the 22nd July, and exchanged the cockade of the troops.

On the 1st August, some of the National Guards refused to serve, repulsed their officers, and rushed to the gates. It became necessary to call the men to arms, employ force, and shut them up under the guns of the fort. The next day, the 1st and the 4th battalions of La Meurthe deserted in a body. On the 6th of August, the 4th regiment of La Meurthe refused to obey. On the 10th, an order was received to disband the National Guard; this did not take long, as there were so few of them left; and there only remained with the General that division of the National Guards attached to the soil as landholders. These consisted of about 500 men. There were also 574 Customhouse officers, and 43 men of the artillery.

The Prussians, however, were approaching Thionville, and were bombarding the neighbouring forts, Rodemack

and Longwy. Field-marshal Ducos, who, on being ordered to surrender Longwy, had replied that he would begin to think seriously of it *when his pocket handkerchief began to burn in his pocket,* was forced to capitulate. The Prince of Hesse observed that Thionville's turn would come next. The General, who had no garrison, accepted the challenge. His courage appalled the cowards; they plotted to carry him off by night, and to deliver him up to the Prussians. This infamy was prevented, and the following nights the populace insisted on it, that a select guard should take possession of the houses adjacent to that of the Governor.

Everything was ready for a bloody defence. The place was well stocked with victuals and munitions of war, and the waters had been let loose and were inundating the road to Metz. At this time, news came that peace was signed, and that our enemies were now friends. This time, it was not necessary to remove the General. He would not consent to give up a place they had not been able to take from him; and as the Prussians were to come in on the 20th September, he left it on the 13th.

Addresses of regret and thanks were offered to him by the officers of the National Guard, by the body of Customhouse officers, and by the principal inhabitants. Already, the preceding year, the Thionville Jews had offered him a considerable sum, as a debt due to him for the fortunes his firmness had preserved to them, but he had refused it. They now renewed their offer, but he repeated his refusal.

XXVIII.

THE FOOLISH THINGS MASTER HUGO DID BEFORE HE WAS FULLY FLEDGED.

I HAVE in my possession about ten copybooks full of verses, written by Victor whilst at school. At the close of the index of the first and earliest book, which contains eighty-five pieces of poetry, I see written, "*See the index of the eleventh volume.*" This was in 1815; the author was then thirteen years of age.

Poetry was the order of the day. Everybody wrote poetry. Eugène wrote some; Father Larivière wrote some, and could not prevent his two scholars from doing so too. They had, indeed, first begun it at his house, where the melancholy Decotte used to write, but he did not encourage it in them. On the contrary, he considered it improper to have pupils for his rivals; and Victor having translated into verse the first eclogue of Virgil, he took it into his head to revenge himself by translating it into verse himself. Thus he would crush Victor's translation by the superiority of his own, which he showed to everybody.

But these beardless poets had two associates; Felix

Biscarrat, who naturally enough wrote poetry himself, and their mother. It was one of the features of the liberal education Madame Hugo desired for her sons, that they should take their own course, and she never attempted to interfere with their vocation. She was their confidant, would advise with them, and even suggest plots to them.

The first verses Victor lisped at Mr. Larivière's were of a languishing and chivalrous kind; but he afterwards adopted the warlike and heroic style. It is, of course, to be understood that these verses were not real verses; they did not rhyme, they were not yet on their feet. The child, without a master, and without knowledge of prosody, would read aloud what he had written, would perceive that it would not do, and would begin again, changing, searching out, until his ear was no longer shocked. By dint of gradually feeling his way, he taught himself metre, pauses (*cæsura*), rhyme, and the interchange of masculine and feminine rhyme.

But it was at Mr. Decotte's school that his passion for versification first declared itself. Mr. Decotte might watch him, not only with a master's eye, but with the keener eye of a rival; he might insist on his employing all his time on Latin and mathematics; he could oblige him to extinguish his candle at night, and could insist on his going to bed; but there his power stopped. When he got him to bed he could not make him sleep, and Victor employed half his night in versifying. Even his Latin went over to the enemy's side. One of his nightly exercises was to translate into French verse the odes of Horace, or the

eclogues of Virgil, which they had obliged him to learn by heart during the day.

An accident gave him some leisure time. During a walk in the Bois de Boulogne, the dogs and the calves quarrelled about a hill near the pond at Auteuil. There was a regular siege. For weapons they used knotted handkerchiefs. The calves, who were the besiegers, were driven back with loss, and a vigorous attack on the part of the dogs completed their total defeat. A calf, who would not consent to be thus humiliated, put a sharp stone into his handkerchief, and rushing precipitately amongst the dogs, reached the king and struck him with all his might. The blow was so sharp and so painful that Victor uttered a scream. He was wounded in the knee, and the blood was flowing. Then the perpetrator of the deed became uneasy at his success. Not only did his companions reproach him for his unfair wickedness, but he feared that it would reach the master's ears. Victor reassured him on this subject: he commanded his own subjects to say nothing, and insisted on Eugène doing so too. He came back from the Bois de Boulogne to the Rue Sainte Marguerite as well as he could, limping and supported by his brother; but he had hardly reached the school-house when feverish symptoms set in: the effort to walk had aggravated the complaint, and his knee was swollen to an enormous size. It was necessary to put him to bed. The doctor came, and asked him what had happened. The doctor soon discovered the deception that was endeavoured to be put upon him, and made the lad own that he had been hit by a stone; but neither the

doctor, nor Mr. Cordier, nor Mr. Decotte could make him tell who had been the perpetrator. It was a serious wound, and very long in healing. He did not care about it; he was rather pleased at being free from mathematics, and at being able to indulge in dreams to his heart's content. His mother came daily to see him. One day, when she asked him what the doctor had said, he replied, without showing any agitation, "I think he said it would be necessary to amputate my leg."

It was not amputated, but the articulation was a long time in getting right, and, after remaining for weeks in bed, when he was able to sit up he was still unable to attend to his lessons. Mathematics being put aside, he gave himself up to poetry, which decidedly got the upper hand of him.

During the three years he spent at Mr. Decotte's school (1815–1818) he made every possible kind of verse, odes, satires, epistles, poems, tragedies, elegies, idylls, imitations of Ossian, translations from Virgil, from Horace, and from Lucan ("Cæsar passes the Rubicon"). There were other translations from Ausonius, and from Martial, romances, fables, stories, epigrams, madrigals, logographs, acrostics, charades, enigmas, and impromptus. He even wrote a comic opera.

He would read all these things to his mother, to Eugène and to Biscarrat, the latter of whom frankly gave him his opinion thereon, and marked as good or bad those passages which most struck him as deserving notice. A poem of five hundred verses, entitled "The Deluge," thus

marked by him, contains, at the end, a recapitulation, which is as follows :—

"20 verses bad.
32 do. good.
15 do. very good.
5 do. indifferent.
1 do. weak."

It occurs to one to suggest what might have been the other four hundred verses, which are neither good, bad, indifferent, nor weak.

But Victor had in himself a more inexorable judge even than Biscarrat. As each copybook was completed his taste became more refined, and he would burn the preceding one. This is the reason why so many of them are missing.

At the close of one of the copybooks which he spared from destruction he thus pleads the apology of his youth (thirteen years):—

"Ami lecteur, en lisant cet écrit,
N'exerce pas sur moi ta satirique rage;
Et que la faiblesse de l'âge
Excuse celle de l'esprit."

[*Translation.*]

Dear reader, do not, in reading this piece, exercise upon me your satirical rage; and let the weakness of my tender years excuse the want of *esprit* in the verse.

On re-perusing the copybooks he spared, he would one day strike out one piece, and the next day another. At

the beginning of one of these books he has made this remark, "*An honest man may read everything that is not obliterated.*" In this case he has obliterated everything.

In another copybook, at the close of a story without a name, this memorandum is to be found: "Let anyone who can, name this story. I have yet to find out what subject I wished to write upon."

A year after he had written his tragedy of *Irtamène,* he thus speaks of it:—

"A quatorze ans, novice en mon essor,
J'osai porter mes vœux à Melpomène,
Et je croyais lui porter un trésor.
Enfant hissé sur le grand Irtamène,
Sur Phalérie, et le farouche Actor,
Je vins camper dans son vaste domaine
Que je fus sot, quand je vis l'inhumaine
En entendant mon ouvrage né-mort,
Me dire: Enfant, à quoi bon tant de peine!
Pour ennuyer, chez toi je me démène;
Fuis loin d'ici, naissant énergumène!"

[*Translation.*]

At fourteen years of age, then a novice in my poetical flights, I ventured to offer my vows to Melpomene, and I thought I had brought a treasure. A child, mounted on the lofty Irtamenes, on Phaleris, and the terrible Actor, I encamped on her vast domain. How foolish was I! The unfeeling Muse, hearing my stillborn verses, thus addressed me: "Child, why take so much trouble? It is only to annoy you that I come near you. Flee far from hence, juvenile ranter!"

He did not require a year to become disgusted with his

opéra comique, and sent it to his mother hardly finished, saying:—

"En descendant du mont de Castalie
Plus vite, hélas! que je n'étais monté,
Je rencontrai la charmante Thalie.
Elle me plut, car elle était jolie;
Je lui déplus beaucoup, de mon côté."

[*Translation.*]

On descending the mountain of Castalia, more quickly, alas! than I had ascended it, I met the charming Thalia. She pleased me, for she was pretty; I, on the contrary, greatly displeased her.

In one place, where he had made the word *safran* rhyme with *paissant*, he finds fault with himself by making this remark: "*Misérable!*"

On the first page of the latest, and consequently the best, of his copybooks I find this written: "*Les bêtises que je faisais avant ma naissance*," and underneath an egg is drawn, in which is represented some shapeless and horrid object. Beneath is written: "*Oiseau*" (bird). I will look for a moment into the egg, in order to please those who are interested in the fledging of the bird, and who already foresee the direction of its flight:—

REGRETS.

Adieu, beaux jours de mon enfance,
Qu'un instant fit évanouir,
Bonheur qui fuit sans qu'on y pense,
Qu'on sent trop peu pour en jouir;
Plaisirs que mon âme inquiète
Dédaignait sans savoir pourquoi,

Vous n'êtes plus, et je regrette
De vous voir déjà loin de moi !
Reviens, bel âge que je pleure
Ou du moins renais dans mes chants.

. . . . . .

Vous souvient-il de nos débats
Moins sanglants que ceux de l'histoire ?
Dans nos joutes, dans nos combats,
Rien ne manquait à la victoire,
Sinon que l'on n'y pleurait pas.
Qu'avec douceur je me rappelle
Ces jours où, d'une antique échelle
Chargeant les appuis incertains
Nous assiégions la citadelle,
Terrible asile de lapins !
Et, si quelque beauté naissante
Venait sourire à nos discords,
Il fallait nous voir corps à corps
Lutter et redoubler d'efforts
Pour attirer sa vue errante.

Parfois, d'un passe-temps plus doux
Etalant l'adresse savante,
Sur l'escarpolette mouvante,
Ployant, raidissant les genoux,
Nous volions, fiers de l'épouvante
De nos mères . . . . . .

. . . . . .

D'autres fois, d'un jardin champêtre
Cherchant les lieux les plus secrets,

Seuls, loin des regards indiscrets,
Nous y préparions le salpêtre.
Tantôt le bitume, construit
En pyramide pétillante,
Lançait en aigrette brillante
Ses feux, brûlant à petit bruit;
Tantôt la poudre, resserrée
Dans un tube au col rétréci,
Jaillissait en gerbe azurée.

. . . . . .

O temps! qu'as-tu fait de cet âge?
Ou plutôt qu'as-tu fait de moi?
Je me cherche, hélas! et ne voi
Qu'un fou qui gémit d'être sage.
Valez-vous ces plaisirs divins
Si chers à mon âme enchantée,
Plaisirs amers et toujours vains
Dont notre vie est tourmentée?
Trop avide de l'avenir,
J'ai hâté le cours des années;
Déjà je vois se rembrunir
L'horizon de mes destinées.
Oh! que ne puis-je rajeunir!
Doux gazon, qui, dès mon aurore,
Me vois rimer de faibles vers,
Que ne peux-tu me voir encore
Me rouler sur tes tapis verts!
Arbres qui, sous vos frais ombrages,
Me voyez méditer les sages
Et les chantres de tous les temps,

Que ne vais-je sous vos feuillages,
Au lieu d'écouter leurs ramages,
Poursuivre encor vos habitants !

Hélas ! dans le courant du monde
Bientôt ma barque vagabonde
Entrera pour n'en plus sortir,
Jouet de maint écueil perfide,
Roulant jusqu'à ce gouffre avide,
Toujours comblé, mais toujours vide,
Qui pour jamais doit l'engloutir !
Toi qui de mon enfance heureuse
Soutenais les pas chancelants,
De ma jeunesse aventureuse,
Modère les fougueux élans,
O ma mère ! jeté sur l'onde,
Si contre moi l'orage gronde,
Tes yeux de la mer en courroux
Calmeront les eaux convulsives.
Tu rendis mes plaisirs plus doux ;
Tu rendras mes peines moins vives.

[*Translation.*]

Farewell, happy days of my childhood, which vanished in a moment! Happiness, which flies away before one is aware of it, which one appreciates too little to enjoy it; pleasures, that my anxious soul disdained without knowing why; you are all gone now, and I already regret to see you so far from me! Return, happy age that I weep for, or at least be renewed in my songs.

. . . . . .

Do you remember our debates, less bloody than those of history? In our tilts, in our combats, nothing was wanting to victory, except that no one wept at it. With sweetness let me

recall those days when, charging from the tottering steps of an old ladder, we besieged the citadel, the fearful refuge of rabbits. And if some rising beauty came smiling to witness our quarrels, it was a thing worth seeing to view us, struggling and redoubling our efforts to attract her wandering gaze.

Sometimes, in gentler pastime, parading our skilful cleverness in the moving swing, bending, stiffening our knees, we soared, proud of our mother's alarm.

At other times, in a country garden, seeking for the most secret spots, alone, far from curious looks, we would prepare the saltpetre. Sometimes the bitumen, made into a sparkling pyramid, would throw forth its flame as a brilliant crest, burning with little noise. Sometimes the powder, shut into a tube with narrowed neck, would burst forth into azure sheafs.

. . . . . .

O Time! what have you done with that age, or rather what have you done with me? I seek myself, alas! and find only a madman who bewails his wisdom. Are you worth those divine pleasures, so dear to my entranced soul; bitter and always vain pleasures with which our life is tormented? Too eager after futurity, I hastened the course of years. Already I see, clouding over, the horizon of my destiny. Oh! why cannot I be young once more? Soft grass, which since my dawn, is witness to my feeble rhymes, why cannot you still find me, lolling on your green carpets? Trees, who from your cool shades see me pondering on the sages and songsters of all ages, why do I not venture under your boughs, and instead of listening to their warbling, still pursue your inhabitants?

Alas! on the world's stream soon my wandering bark will be launched, to quit it no more, joy of many perfidious rocks, hastening towards that thirsting gulf, always filled up, yet always empty, which will absorb it for ever. Thou, who in my happy childhood didst support my tottering steps, of my adventurous youth moderate the fiery outbreaks. Oh, my mother! Tossed by the wave, if against me the thunder roars, thine eyes will calm the convulsive waters of the angry sea! Thou madest my pleasures more sweet; thou wilt render my sorrows less acute.

LE DERNIER BARDE.

. . . . . .

Les Bardes, épars dans les bois,
Sourds à ces clameurs téméraires,
Laissaient aux vieux lambris des rois
Pendre leurs harpes funéraires.
Sur les rocs de Trenmor affrontant les hivers,
Ils pleuraient les héros sans chanter leur vaillance;
Et, comme on voit, quand l'orage s'avance,
Un calme menaçant précéder les éclairs,
Ils se taisaient: mais leur silence
Etait plus beau que leurs concerts.

Le fracas des chars de bataille
Fait soudain de Lomond trembler les vieux frimats.
Avide de nouveaux combats,
Edouard de Stirling a forcé les murailles;
Puis, franchissant d'Uthal les sommets sourcilleux,
Cet Anglais, secondé de ses lords intrépides,
De la Clyde en courroux dompte les flots rapides,
Et fait flotter au loin ses drapeaux orgueilleux.
Bientôt devant des pas, chargés d'obscurs nuages,
Les obstacles des pics sauvages
S'élèvent: sur leurs flancs grondent les vents du nord;
Autour d'eux leur grande ombre au loin couvre la terre,
Et le sourd fracas du tonnerre
Dit que ces rocs affreux sont les rocs de Trenmor.

Edouard, le premier à travers les bruyères,
Guide, en les rassurant, ses agiles archers.

Tout s'ébranle : et déjà les lances étrangères
Brillent sur ces vastes rochers.
Tout à coup, sur un roc dont la lugubre cime
S'incline sur l'armée et menace l'abîme,
Debout, foulant aux pieds les mobiles brouillards,
Agitant leurs robes funèbres,
Aux lueurs de l'éclair qui perce les ténèbres,
Paraissent de sombres vieillards.
Ce sont les Bardes. . . . . .

Le foudre en sourds éclats roule et se tait trois fois ;
Le vent tonne et s'apaise, et, marchant à leur tête,
Sur le bord de l'abîme où retentit leur voix,
Le vieux chef des Bardes s'arrête.
Les frimas sur son front s'élèvent entassés ;
Sa barbe en flots d'argent descend vers sa ceinture ;
Il abandonne aux vents sa longue chevelure,
Et semble un vieux héros des temps déjà passés.
Dans ses yeux brille encor l'éclat de sa jeunesse ;
On voit se déployer, dans sa main vengeresse,
Un étendard ensanglanté.
Et le chef, tel qu'un Dieu qui maudit le coupable,
Laisse tomber l'arrêt de sa voix formidable
Sur le vainqueur épouvanté :

" Edouard, hâte-toi, jouis de ta victoire.
Tandis que ton pied étonné
Foule les fronts glacés des aînés de la gloire,
Prends ce que leur mort t'a donné.

Tu vaincras : leur trépas à l'Ecosse déserte
Annonce assez son avenir ;
Mais tremble ! leur trépas annonce aussi ta perte.
C'est un crime de plus, et le ciel sait punir.

" Du haut de la céleste voûte
Fingal me voit, Fingal m'écoute ;
Vous m'écoutez aussi, par la crainte troublés,
Anglais ; et votre crainte est l'aveu de vos crimes.
Vous êtes les bourreaux, nous sommes les victimes,
Nous menaçons et vous tremblez !

" Monstre affamé de nos misères,
Crains ces forfaits heureux que l'enfer t'a permis ;
Tu portes sur ton front les célestes colères.
Ne te crois pas jugé par tes seuls ennemis.

" Tu nous braves, comptant sur ta nombreuse armée.
Ses cris dévastateurs nous promettent des fers ;
Mais les gouffres des monts, la faim et les hivers
Défendront l'Ecosse opprimée.
Et, si le sort servait ton bras ensanglanté,
Dans l'ivresse de ta conquête,
Des peuples abattus redoute la fierté ;
Crains de leur rappeler, en leur foulant la tête,
Qu'il était une liberté !

" Alors du sein de la poussière
S'élèverait notre étendard souillé ;
Un homme emboucherait le clairon de la guerre,
Et ceindrait son glaive rouillé.

Aux éclats de sa voix bruyante
S'éveillent les chefs endormis ;
Il accourt ; il entraîne en sa marche effrayante
Les peuples subjugués que tu croyais soumis ;
Tremble ! il t'apporte enfin, dans sa main foudroyante,
Ce que tes forfaits t'ont promis !

" Que peuvent tes fureurs trompées ?
Vois-tu ces tribus en courroux
Changer leurs chaînes en épées ?
Va, ton sang lavera nos villes usurpées
Du sang des héros morts pour nous.

" Edouard, un instant ton ivresse a pu croire
Que les fils d'Ossian se tairaient sans remord ;
Mais nos chants à jamais flétriront ta mémoire ;
Notre récompense est la mort.
Ton pardon eût puni notre lâche silence ;
Nous aurions dans ta cour pu flatter ta puissance ;
Notre main avilie eût lavé tes lauriers,
Et, laissant nos héros errer aux rives sombres,
Nous aurions de nos chants déshérité leurs ombres
Pour célébrer leurs meurtriers !
Nous, ô ciel ! nous mêlés à l'horreur de ta gloire !
Comme des chiens lancés par la fureur des dieux,
Nos implacables noms dans l'éternelle histoire
Poursuivront ton nom odieux ! "

[*Translation.*]

THE LAST OF THE BARDS.

The bards, scattered in the woods, deaf to these bold clamours, allowed their funeral harps to hang on the tattered remains of

royalty. On the rocks of Trenmor encountering winter, they would weep for their heroes without singing their prowess. And as we see, when storm approaches, a threatening calm precede the lightning, they were mute; but their silence surpassed the beauty of concert strains.

The noise of the war chariots makes the ancient hoar-frosts of Ben Lomond suddenly tremble. Eager after fresh encounters, Edward of Stirling has forced the walls. Then, crossing the cloud-topped summits of Uthal, this Englishman, seconded by his intrepid lords, subdues the rapid billows of the Clyde, and causes his proud banners to wave afar. Soon, before his footsteps, capped with dark clouds, the obstacles of wild peaks arise. On their sides howl the north winds, around them their great shade covers the earth afar. And the low rumbling of the thunder tells that these awful rocks are the rocks of Trenmor.

The first Edward guides reassuringly his nimble archers across the heather: all give way, and already foreign lances shine on these vast rocks. Suddenly, on a rock whose dreary summit overhangs the army and threatens the abyss:—on foot, trampling on the moving fogs, which agitate their mournful robes, by the flashes of lightning which pierce through the darkness—gloomy old men appear. These are the Bards. . . . . .

The thunder with dull crashes rolls and pauses thrice. The wind howls and lulls; and, marching at their head, to the border of the abyss, where their voices are heard, the ancient chief of the Bards halts. The frosts are piled up on his forehead. His silvery beard falls towards his waist; he abandons to the winds his long hair, and appears as an old hero of days gone by. In his eyes still shines the brilliancy of youth. In his avenging hand is seen unfurled a bloody banner; and the chief, like to a god cursing the evil-doer, allows the decree of his formidable voice to fall on the affrighted conqueror.

"Edward, hasten, enjoy thy victory, whilst thy astonished foot tramples on the hoary brows of the elders of glory! Take that which their death gives thee! Thou shalt conquer. The future announces to deserted Scotland but too surely their decease.

But tremble! their decease foretells also thy loss. It is one crime the more, and Heaven knows how to punish.

"From on high in the celestial arch, Fingal sees me, Fingal hears me! You also hear me, Englishmen, troubled by fears, and your fear is the confession of your crimes. You are the tormenters, we the victims. We threaten, and you tremble!

"Monster, eager for our misery, dread these fortunate crimes that Hell has remitted thee to accomplish! Celestial anger is stamped on thy brow: think not that thine enemies alone judge thee!

"Thou darest us, reckoning on thy numerous army: its devastating cries promise us fetters. But the gullies of the mountains, hunger, and winter, will defend oppressed Scotland. And should fate second thy bloody arm in the joy of thy conquest, fear the pride of a crushed nation! fear to remind them, whilst trampling on their necks, that there was once liberty.

"Then from the dust, would arise our soiled standard. A man would give tongue to the clarion of war, and would gird himself with his rusty blade. When his loud voice shall break out, the sleeping chieftains shall awaken. He runs forward, he drags with him in his fearful march the conquered people that thou thoughtest were submissive. Tremble! He brings thee, in his fulminating hand, that which thy crimes have promised thee!

"What avails thy mistaken fury? Seest thou these angry tribes change their fetters for swords? Go! Thy blood shall cleanse our usurped towns from the bloodstains of heroes who have died for us!

"Edward, one moment during the intoxication of success, thou mayest have believed that the sons of Ossian would be silent without remorse. But our songs shall for ever tarnish thy memory; our recompense is death. Thy pardon would have chastised our cowardly silence; we might at thy court have flattered thy high greatness; our degraded hand might have

cleansed thy laurels; and, leaving our heroes to wander by the sad shore, we, with our songs, should have disinherited their shadows to glorify their murderers! We, O Heaven! we, sharing the horrors of thy glory! Like dogs let loose by the furious gods, our implacable manes shall for ever pursue thy odious name!"

IDYLLE.

LE VIEILLARD.

O mon fils, où cours-tu?

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Vers les bosquets de Gnide
J'ose en secret suivre les pas
D'une virge aimable et timide:
Par pitié, ne me retiens pas.

LE VIEILLARD.

Jeune homme, crains Vénus: son sourire est perfide.
Minerve par ma voix t'offre ici son égide
Contre ses dangereux appas.

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Qu'importe la sagesse à mon âme enivrée!
La ceinture de Cythérée
Vaut bien l'écharpe de Pallas.

LE VIEILLARD.

Viens briguer des héros la palme triomphale:
Imite dans sa course, aux monstres si fatale,
Le vaillant fils d'Amphitryon.

LE JEUNE HOMME.

On vit filer aux pieds d'Omphale
Celui qui dompta Géryon.

LE VIEILLARD.

Suis Diane au regard austère.

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Faut-il jusqu'au sein du mystère
La suivre auprès d'Endymion?

LE VIEILLARD.

Toi que de dons trompeurs la nature décore,
Ecoute; la raison inspire mes discours:
Hippolyte, dès son aurore,
Fuyait le culte des amours.

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Anacréon, dans ses vieux jours,
Sur son luth les chantait encore.

LE VIEILLARD.

Crains qu'une ingrate——

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Oh! tu ne vis jamais
Un cœur si pur, une vierge si belle!

LE VIEILLARD.

Tu n'as point vu la beauté que j'aimais.
Car, ô mon fils, jurant d'être fidèle,
J'ai comme toi jadis connu l'amour,
Et son bandeau m'avait caché ses ailes.
Pourquoi, grands dieux! a-t-il fui sans retour,
Ce temps si court des ardeurs éternelles?

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Tu le vois, ô vieillard, ton cœur songe toujours.
A ce dieu qu'aujourd'hui j'adore;
On n'est pas loin d'aimer encore
Lorsqu'on regrette les amours.

LE VIEILLARD.

Non, je suis sage, hélas! va, crois-en ma tristesse.
Sur les plaisirs de ta jeunesse
Bientôt tu verseras des pleurs.
Quelque jour viendront les douleurs.

LE JEUNE HOMME.

Quelque jour viendra la sagesse.

[*Translation.*]

PASTORAL.

THE OLD MAN.

O my son, whither are you fleeing?

THE YOUTH.

Towards the groves of Gnide. I venture secretly to follow in the footsteps of an amiable and timid virgin. In mercy, detain me not!

THE OLD MAN.

Youth, fear Venus! her smile is perfidious. Minerva, through me, offers you now her shield against the dangerous allurements of the Goddess of Beauty.

THE YOUTH.

What avails wisdom to my elated soul? Cytherea's girdle is better than Pallas's scarf.

THE OLD MAN.

Come, snatch from the heroes the triumphal palm! Imitate in his course—so fatal to monsters—the valiant son of Amphitryon.

THE YOUTH.

He who subdued Geryon was seen spinning at the knees of Omphalé.

THE OLD MAN.

Follow Diana with austere mien.

THE YOUTH.

Must one, even into the heart of mystery, follow her to Endymion?

THE OLD MAN.

You, on whom Nature has lavished deceitful gifts, listen to me. Reason guides my discourse. Hippolytus, from his birth, fled from the worship of Venus.

THE YOUTH.

Anacreon on his lute, immortalized it even in his old age.

THE OLD MAN.

Dread that the ungrateful one——

THE YOUTH.

Oh, you have never met with so pure a heart, so beautiful a virgin!

THE OLD MAN.

You never saw the beauty that I loved. For, O my son! making vows of fidelity, like you, I once knew what it was to love, and being blindfold, I had never seen its wings. Wherefore, O, great gods, has this too swift time of eternal ardour fled to return no more?

THE YOUTH.

You see, O aged man! your heart ever returns to that god whom I now adore. When one regrets old flames, it is almost loving still.

THE OLD MAN.

No. I am wise; alas! go, believe in my distress. Over the pleasures of your youth you will soon weep bitter tears. Some day grief will come.

THE YOUTH.

Some day wisdom will come.

LA CANADIENNE SUSPENDANT AU PALMIER LE CORPS DE SON ENFANT.

ELEGIE.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

SUR ce palmier qui te balance,
Dors, tendre fruit de mon amour;
Mes bras, quelques instans, ont bercé ton enfance,
Ce fragile palmier te soutient à son tour;
Ainsi me berçait l'espérance.

Dors en paix sur ce frêle appui.
Si le vent vient gémir sur ta tombe légrère,
Le vent te dira que ta mère
Gémit sans cesse comme lui.
Aussi longtemps que les pleurs de l'aurore
Mouilleront ton front pâle, en arrosant les fleurs,
Aussi longtemps, mon fils, ta mère qui t'adore
Te viendra baigner de ses pleurs.
Tout sur l'arbre de mort te peindra ma souffrance.
Si pourtont le ramier de ses accords touchants
Te fait entendre la cadence,
Ne crois pas de ta mère entendre les doux chants:
Ta mère comme toi veut garder le silence.

Tu n'es donc plus? Mes yeux ne te verront jamais
Rire et folâtrer dans nos plaines,
Poursuivre le chevreuil de sommets en sommets
Et gravir le vieux tronc des chênes.
Je ne te verrai point, dans l'âge des amours,
Quand un duvet léger t'embellirait à peine,

A ta craintive amante apportant tous les jours
Le fruit d'une chasse lointaine,
Lui demander, pour prix des dépouilles des ours,
L'une de ses tresses d'ébène.
Nos guerriers ne me diront pas :
"Ton fils est digne de son père ;
Il porte sans frémir la lance des combats
Et le calumet de la guerre."
Je vivrai comme une étrangère,
Et l'on dira : "Son fils est le jouet du vent,
Il n'est point mort en brave, étendu sur la terre ;
C'est lui dont le cercueil mouvant
Courbe le palmier solitaire."

Tu n'es plus ; quel est mon malheur !
Tes yeux, à peine ouverts, sont fermés à l'aurore ;
Je fus un instant mère ; hélas ! à ma douleur,
Cher enfant, je crois l'être encore.

Au sommet du triste palmier,
Ce berceau, qui te sert de tombe,
Servira de nid au ramier,
Ou de demeure à la colombe ;
Et quand demain l'astre des jours
Teindra ton froid cercueil de sa couleur riante,
Au fond de ta couche odorante
L'oiseau s'éveillera : tu dormiras toujours.
Quand, pour bénir l'enfant dont sa fille est la mère,
Viendra mon père aux cheveux blancs,
Je guiderai ses pas tremblants
Au pied de l'arbre funéraire.

Que lui dirai-je, hélas ? Son regard attristé
Se remplira des pleurs dont ici je l'arrose.
Le fils que j'ai porté repose
Sur le palmier qu'il a planté !

[*Translation.*]

THE CANADIAN WOMAN HANGING THE BODY OF HER CHILD ON THE BRANCHES OF A PALM-TREE.

AN ELEGY.

On this palm-tree which rocks thee,
Sleep, tender fruit of my love;
My arms, for a short time, have rocked thee in infancy;
Now it is the turn of the frail palm-tree to support thee!
Thus was I rocked by hope.

Sleep peacefully on this frail support;
If the wind should moan over thy light grave,
The wind shall whisper to thee that thy mother
Moans ceaselessly like thee.
Long as Aurora's tears
Shall wet thy pallid brow whilst watering the flowers,
So long, my son, thy adoring mother
Shall come and bathe thee with her tears.
Everything on the funereal tree shall pourtray my sufferings to thee;
If, nevertheless, the ringdove, with his plaintive notes,
Allows thee to hear his cadence,
Think not that thou listenest to the sweet songs of thy mother.
Thy mother like thee keeps silence.

Art thou, then, no more? My eyes shall never behold thee
Laughing and sporting on our plains,
Pursuing the roebuck from summit to summit,
And climbing the old oak trunk;
I shall not behold thee in the season of love,
When a light down would hardly embellish thee,

To thy trembling lover bring daily
The fruits of a far-off hunt,
Asking her, in return for the spoils of the bears,
One of her ebony tresses.
Our warriors will never tell me
That "The son is worthy of the father;
He bears unflinchingly the battle lance
And the calumet of war;"
I shall live stranger-like,
And they will say, "Her son is the plaything of the winds:
He died not like the brave, stretched on the earth;
His is the rocking coffin
Which bends the solitary palm tree!"

Thou art no more; grief is mine!
Hardly had thine eyes unclosed ere they were sealed at thy Aurora;
One moment I was a mother: alas! to my grief!
Dear child, I feel as if I were so yet again!

At the top of the lonely palm-tree,
This cradle, which serves thee as a coffin,
Will serve as a nest for the dove,
Or for a home to the wood-pigeon;
And when, to-morrow, the star of day
Shall tinge thy cold tomb with its roseate glimmer,
In the depths of thy odoriferous couch
The bird will awake. Thou sleepest for ever.

When to bless his daughter's child
My white-haired father shall come,
I will direct his trembling steps
To the foot of the funereal tree;
What shall I tell him? Alas! his sorrowing eyes
Will fill with tears, with which I bathe it here.
The son I bore reposes
On the palm-tree which he planted.

Here and there were to be found translations. The following is from Ausonius:—

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
Hoc pereunte, fugis; hoc fugiente, peris.

Didon, de tes époux victime infortunée,
Tu fuis, quand Siché meurt: tu meurs, quand fuit Enée.

The following, from the Æneid:—

Le jour meurt: l'aquilon s'endort au sein des nues,
Nous abordons d'Enna les rives inconnues;
Un grand port lion des vents nous offrait ses abris;
Mais l'Etna sur ces bords vomit d'affreux débris.
Tantôt s'ouvre en tonnant son immense cratère;
De longs torrents de cendre il inonde la terre;
Tantôt ses rocs aux cieux roulent en tourbillons,
Tombent, et sur ses flancs tracent d'ardents sillons;
Le gouffre en feu mugit; sous sa voûte qui fume,
La lave enfle en grondant ses flots noirs de bitume.*

Some less serious things occasionally appear. Here is a whimsical explanation of the miracle of the wedding at Cana, in Galilee—

La nymphe de eaux aperçut Jesus Christ,
Et son pudique front de rougeur se convrit.

[*Translation.*]

The nymph of these waters perceived Jesus Christ,
And her modest brow was dyed with shame.

* In the original several pages of this translation are given. It has not been thought necessary to give more than the foregoing specimen of the style of the young author.—[Tr.]

Then some epigrams, a specimen of which follows:—

ON A BAD POET, WHO WAS ALSO A WICKED MAN.

Tu dis, Lubin, dans tes doctes ouvrages,
Que de mauvais auteurs on devrait se venger
En les noyant. L'avis, sans doute, est des plus sages;
Mais, mon ami, sais-tu najer?

[*Translation.*]

Thou sayest, Lubin, in thy learned works,
That one should revenge oneself on bad authors
By drowning them. The advice is doubtless of the wisest;
But, my friend, canst thou swim?

There were also madrigals, sometimes translations from the Latin, such as the following:—

ON A PRETTY WOMAN BLIND OF THE RIGHT EYE, WHOSE SON WAS BLIND OF THE LEFT EYE.

De l'œil droit seul Hylas voit la lumière;
Glycéris de l'œil droit n'a jamais vu le jour;
Donne, charmant Hylas, ton œil droit à ta mère:
Elle sera Venus et tu seras l'Amour.

[*Translation.*]

With her right eye only Hylas saw the light,
Glyceris with hers has never seen the day;
Oh, charming Hylas, give thy right eye to thy mother,
She will be Venus, and thou shalt be Cupid.

There are a few impromptus, of which this is an example:—

AN IMPROMPTU MADE AT DESSERT.

D'attraits ravissants pourvue,
Seule elle réunit tout ;
Ses appas charment la vue
Et chacun vante son goût.

Sa peau velontée et fraîche
Joint toujours la rose au lys.
Ce pourrait être Phyllis,
Si ce n'était une pêche.

[*Translation.*]

With enchanting allurements provided,
Alone she unites everything.
Her attractions are dazzling to the sight,
And every one boasts of their taste.
Her velvety fresh skin
Partakes of the rose and lily.
It might be Phyllis,
Were it not a peach.

We find a great many charades. Here is one of them :—

J'achète mon second avec mon premier,
Pour le voir à la fin mangé par mon entier.

Even puns appear, like those in the following couplets in a drinking song :—

Que la misère importune
Change en haillons mes habits ;
Mon nez, malgré la fortune,
Sera brillant de rubis.
Le maître des dieux s'étonne
De me voir à son niveau ;
Jupiter aima *Latone*,
Et moi j'aime *le tonneau*.

[*Translation.*]

Let importunate misery
Change my clothes to rags;
Spite of misfortune, shall my nose
Shine ruby-like.
The ruler of the gods is lost in wonder,
To see me elevated to his level;
Jupiter loved Latona,
And I love the barrel.

L'AVARICE AND L'ENVIE.

CONTE.

L'Avarice et l'Envie, à la marche incertaine,
Une jour s'en allaient par la plaine
Chez un méchant ou chez un fou;
Chez vous, ou chez quelque autre, ou chez moi-même—
en somme,
Elles allaient je ne sais où,
Comme le héron du Bonhomme.
Bien que sœurs, ces monstres hideux
Ne s'aiment pas; aussi, tout le long de la route,
Sans se parler, ils cheminaient tous deux.
L'Avarice, le dos en voûte,
Examinait ce coffre hasardeux
Pour qui toujours elle redoute.
L'Envie aussi l'examinait sans doute,
Comptant tous les écus dans son coffre entassés.
Chemin faisant, dame Avarice
Se répétait pour son supplice:
"Je n'en ai point encore assez!"
De son côté, l'Envie en regard louche,
Lorgnant cet or, objet de tous ses soins,

Disait, en se tordant la bouche:
"Elle en a trop, car j'en ai moins."
Chacune, à sa façon, méditait sur ce coffre.
Désir soudain à leurs yeux s'offre,
Désir, ce dieu galant, qui seul peut exaucer
Tous les souhaits qu'on lui veut adresser.
Désir dit aux deux sœurs: "Mesdames,
Je suis galant, vous êtes femmes,
Choisissez donc tout ce qui vous plaira,
Trésors, hommes, *et cætera*.
Surtout, expliquons-nous sans trouble:
La première qui parlera
Aura tout ce qu'elle voudra;
La seconde en aura le double."
Vous jugez dans quel embarras
Ce discours mit nos deux luronnes;
Avares, envieux, que faire en un tel cas?
Chacune des deux sœurs en murmura tout bas:
"Que me font, ô Désir, tes trésors, tes couronnes?
Que m'importent ces biens que m'accorde ta loi?...
Une autre en aura plus que moi!"
Et chacune, à ce mot funeste,
D'hésiter sans savoir pourquoi.
Le Désir, dieu léger et leste,
Les donne au diable, jure, peste
Et s'indigne de rester coi.
L'Envie enfin, toujours implacable et cruelle,
Regarde sa sœur en grondant,
Puis, tout à coup, se decidant:
"Que l'on m'arrache un œil," dit-elle.

[*Translation.*]

AVARICE AND ENVY.

A TALE.

Avarice and Envy were one day walking over the moors with unsteady steps, wending their way either towards the house of a wicked man or the abode of a fool; towards your home, mine, or somebody else's, or, in a word, like the good man's heron, I know not where they were going. Although they were sisters, these hideous monsters had no love for each other, so they walked along the road without speaking; Avarice with bent back, was examining that dangerous coffer, which she is always dreading that something should look into. Envy, of course, was also examining it, counting all the crowns shut up in the box. As they went along, Dame Avarice kept repeating, by way of worrying herself, "I have not enough yet." Envy, for her part, ogling the gold, the object of all her cares, would repeat, pursing up her mouth, "She has *too* much, for I have less." Each pondered in her own way about the coffer, when suddenly Desire appeared—Desire, that gallant god, who alone can accomplish all the wishes which are breathed towards him. Desire thus addressed the two sisters. Ladies, I am a *galant*, you are women; choose, then, anything you please, treasures, men, or anything else. But, first of all, let us perfectly understand one another; the first who speaks shall have everything she asks for, the last shall have the same gifts doubled." You may imagine the confusion which this discourse created in the minds of our two beauties. Misers, envious men, what would you have done under the circumstances? Each of the sisters murmured low, "What avail, O Desiré, thy treasures and thy crowns? Of what use to me are these gifts that you bestow on me? Another person will have more than I shall." And both of them at this fatal word paused, without knowing why. Desire, who is a light and easy-going kind of god, swears, inveighs, sends them to the Devil, and is indignant at having to remain so long without an answer. Envy, at last, who was ever implacable and cruel, looks at her sister chidingly, then suddenly making up her mind exclaims, "Tear out one of my eyes!"

That which is most evident in all these early productions that I have read, is the uniform tenderness the son exhibits towards his mother. His mother is the one object he sees in the world. She appears on every page. He never allows her *fête,* or the first day of the new year, to pass without addressing some lines to her. He dedicated his *opéra comique* to her. He cannot get used to living without her.

"Séparé d'une tendre mère,
Privé du bonheur de la voir,
J'exhale en soupirant un sombre désespoir.
Quel crime ai-je commis?" . . . . .

[*Translation.*]

Parted from a tender mother,
Deprived of joy in seeing her;
I sigh away my sad despair.
What crime have I committed?

The child-poet has naturally the same political opinions as his mother: he only repeats that which he has heard her say. He had never heard anything else. M. Foucher was a Royalist. Lahorie detested the Empire. He knew little of his own father, whose Imperialism, at first lukewarm and latterly chilled by the implacable spite of Napoleon, could not have combated the daily impassioned influence of the mother. The child is therefore only the echo of maternal belief; hatred of the Revolution and of the Empire; love for the Bourbons. Here are some verses written a few days after the battle of Waterloo:—

"Tremble! voici l'instant où ta gloire odieuse
Subira du destin la main victorieuse.

Sombre, inquiet, en proie aux remords déchirants,
Au remords qui toujours poursuivent les tyrans,
Tu voulus tout dompter dans ton brûlant délire,
Et pour mieux l'affermir tu perdis ton empire;
Mais, du sang des Français cimentant tes malheurs,
Ta chute même, hélas! nous fit verser des pleurs!
O champs de Waterloo! bataille mémorable!
Jour à la fois pour nous hereux et déplorable!"

. . . . . .

[*Translation.*]

Tremble! this is the moment when thy hateful glory
Shall suffer under the victorious hand of destiny;
Sombre, disquieted, a prey to cruel remorse,
To that remorse which is always the companion of tyrants,
In thy wild delirium thou wouldest overcome all;
And to secure thy empire more firmly, thou hast lost it all,
But with the blood of Frenchmen cementing thy misfortunes,
Thy fall, alas! has brought tears to our eyes;
Oh, field of Waterloo, memorable battle!
Oh, day for us at once happy and deplorable!

Shortly after, he wrote these lines to the telegraph:—

"O toi qui seul as pu, dans un siècle de sang,
Servir tous les forfaits et rester innocent,
Discret avant-coureur de l'indiscrète histoire,
Télégraphe! où sont-ils les beaux jours de ta gloire?
Sais-tu qu'il fut des temps où du Nord au Midi,
Tu suivrais l'heureux camp d'un despote hardi,
Quand, sur ton front muet posant ses pieds agiles,
La Renommée errait sur tes tours immobiles
Et disait dans un jour au monde épouvanté
Ou le Kremlin en flamme ou le Tage dompté?

Mais aussi lorsqu'enfin la Victoire inconstante
Du conquérant farouche eut déserté la tente,
Quand Dieu, plaignant l'exil où languissaient nos lys,
Eut repris son tonnerre à l'aigle d'Austerlitz,
Tu fus l'appui du Corse, et mentant pour sa gloire,
D'un revers en courant tu fis une victoire.
Tandis que par le froid, par le nombre accablés,
Nos braves en cent lieux mouraient inconsolés,
Tandis que ces guerriers d'une clameur funèbre
Frappaient les bords du Don et les rives de l'Ebre,
Grâce à toi, bien souvent, dans ce brillant Paris,
Un pompeux *Te Deum* fut l'écho de leurs cris."

[*Translation.*]

O thou! who alone in a century of blood, hast been enabled
To assist in every crime, yet remain undefiled,
Discreet forerunner of indiscreet history,
Where are they, O telegraph, thy bright and glorious days?
Knowest thou there was a time when out from North to South
Thou followedst the happy camp of a bold despot;
When on thy voiceless form he stood with active feet,
Renown would wander on thy silent towers,
Announcing in one short day to the affrighted world
Either the Kremlin burning or the Tagus stayed?
But, also, when at length inconstant victory,
The tent of the fierce conqueror had deserted,
When God, pitying the languishing exile of our lilies,
Had recalled his thunders from the eagle of Austerlitz,
Thou wast the prop of Corsica, and, lying for her glory,
Thou turnedst hastily a defeat into a victory.
Whilst, from the cold, and overpowered by many,
Our brave men died uncomforted in a hundred spots;
While these warriors with baleful clamour
Smote the banks of Don and the shores of Ebro,
Thanks to thee, often, in this brilliant Paris,
A pompous *Te Deum* echoed all their cries!

The adoration which he had for royalty was not more desperate than the hatred he bore the Empire. I noticed a song, whose burden always is "*Vive le Roi! Vive la France!*" an ode in which France calls the Duc d'Angoulême "the greatest of her warriors;" and another ode on "The Death of Louis XVII." prior to that of the "Odes and Ballads," together with an epigraph of Delille's.

His first tragedy (at fourteen years of age) involves a restoration. Royalism is there rampant. Zobéir, legitimate King of Egypt, has been deposed by the usurper Actor; Irtamenes, former captain of the guards to Zobéir, conspires to reinstate him, recalls him, and rouses the populace. Unfortunately the legitimate insurrection is vanquished, and Irtamenes, who is taken prisoner, would perish but for being married. He has a wife, of whom the tyrant is enamoured. Actor offers him his life in exchange for his wife; Irtamenes refuses this shameful offer with contempt. Actor, not being able to persuade him, bethinks himself of telling him that Zobéir is a captive too, and will die if he does not consent. Then Irtamenes is torn to pieces between his love and his loyalty; the husband yields to his subject, and he recommends his wife.....Let the reader be reassured, he learns that Zobéir is free, and stops short in the middle of his advice. The tragedy is so full of faith in kings, that there is one scene in it, where Zobéir, hearing that Irtamenes is about to be slain, introduces himself into the prison, and offers to die in his stead. It all ends in the chastisement of the usurper, and the coronation of the legitimate king.

The last verse of the piece shows perfectly what was understood by the child by the word loyalty :—

" Quand on hait les tyrans on doit aimer les rois."

[*Translation.*]

Those who hate tyrants should love kings.

To him, then, the arrival of the Bourbons meant liberty. At last they were about to breathe again, after this long, Imperial oppression. In an epistle to a certain M. Ourry he says :—

" Peut-être tu me crois de ces vieux cacochymes,
Nobles, et grands prêcheurs dès anciennes maximes ;
Ourry, détrompe-toi : j'ai seize ans, et mes jours
Dans une humble roture ont commencé leur cours ;
Je respecte la Charte et son frein salutaire,
Je lis *l'Esprit de Lois* et j'admire Voltaire."

[*Translation.*]

Perhaps you think me one of those old *cacochymes* . . .
Nobles, and great preachers of ancient maxims ;
Ourry, undeceive thyself. I am sixteen, and my days
In humble position have commenced their course ;
I respect the charter and its salutary restraint,
I read *L'Esprit des Lois* and admire Voltaire.

He desires that royalty should signify progress, exclaiming :—

" Rions de ces cerveaux de préjugés imbus
Pour qui nos arts nouveaux sont de nouveaux abus. . .
L'un, sachant que F— s'est couvert d'infamie,
Proscrit avec F— l'algèbre et la chimie ;
D'autres aimeraient mieux se voir, sans référés,
Pendus au parlement qu'absous par les jurés ;

Tel enfin qui, jadis jouet d'un empirique,
Croyait mille vertus au baquet magnétique,
Contre un remède utile aujourd'hui déchaîné,
Préférerait mourir à vivre vacciné."

[*Translation.*]

Let us smile at these brains imbued with prejudice, for whom our new arts are new abuses. One knowing that F—— has steeped himself in infamy, proscribe not only F—— but algebra and chemistry. Others would prefer seeing themselves, without characters, hanged by the Parliament, rather than absolved by the judges. He, in fact, who, formerly the plaything of an empiric, believed a thousand virtues to exist in the magnetic bucket for every useful remedy let loose in our day, preferred to die rather than to live vaccinated.

His Royalism was the Voltairian Royalism of his mother; the throne without the altar. We have seen that he "admired Voltaire." On Sundays during mass, which the school attended at Saint Germain des Prés, he employed all his time in pondering over verses, often not altogether orthodox epigrams, erotic odes translated from Horace, elegies, or tales, where, as in the following, fanaticism was not more tenderly handled than barbarism and war:—

"Sire Jupin, d'homérique mémoire,
Un certain soir ayant cuvé son vin,
Las de Junon et fatigué de boire,
Daigna jeter, dans son ennui divin,
Des yeux distraits (comme vous pouvez croire)
Sur le taudis du pauvre genre humain.
Il vit, hélas! sur ce globe de fange,
De cent forfaits un monstrueux mélange.

Là par un Grec c'est un vieux Turc volé,
Et puis le Grec par son maître sanglé,
Et puis le Turc que le cadi fait vendre,
Puis le cadi par l'émir empalé,
Et puis l'émir que la pacha fait pendre,
Puis le pacha, par le visir pillé,
Livrant sa tête au fer d'un janissaire,
Et puis enfin le visir étranglé
Par le sultan, dont il tua le père
Pour ce bon fils, qui'se l'est rappelé!
Ce que voyant, le dieu plein de colère
Se détourna vers de plus doux climats;
Mais les humains peuplaient la terre entière;
Aussi Jupin ne vit que des ingrats.
Là sans aigreur, des moines, bonnes âmes,
Brûlaient en chœur, pour le sauver des flammes,
Un homme atteint d'avoir mangé du gras.
Hurlant plus loin, maints furieux apôtres,
En bonnets noirs, en soutane, en rabats,
Se déchaînaient pour le grand saint Thomas,
Et, glapissant d'obscures patenôtres,
Ennuyaient tout du bruit de leurs combats.
Jupin leur dit: Je ne suis pas des vôtres.
Il vit alors, sous l'œil d'un souverain,
Mille guerriers; tout cuirassés d'airain,
S'entretuer pour arracher à d'autres
Un tas de boue aussi grand que sa main
(Sa main, je crois, en vaut bien deux des nôtres.)"

. . . . . .

[*Translation.*]

Mr. Jupiter, of Homeric memory,
One evening having vatted his wine,

Tired of Juno and sick of drinking,
Deigned in his divine boredom to cast
His wandering eyes (you may believe it as you like)
Upon the kennel of the poor human race.
He saw, alas! upon this globe of mud
A monstrous mixture of a hundred crimes.
There, by a Greek an old Turk is robbed,
And then the Greek is beaten by his lord and master,
And then the Turk is sold by the Cadi,
Then the Cadi is hanged by the Pacha,
Then the Pacha pillaged by the Vizier,
Abandoning his head to the janissary's steel.
And then, at length, the Vizier is strangled by
The Sultan, whose own father he had slain—
Slain for this worthy son, who now remembers it!
On seeing this the God, with anger great,
Turned to a warmer and more genial clime.
But human beings peopled all the earth,
So Jupiter none but ingrates could see.
There, without harshness, friars, good old souls,
Burnt in chorus to save his soul from flames,
A wretched man, accused of eating fat.
Howling at a distance, a herd of furious apostles,
In cassocks robed, black caps, and priestly bands,
Unchained themselves to please the great Saint Thomas,
And screaming out obscurest paternosters,
Were wearying all men with the noise of their battles.
Said Jupiter to them: I am not one of your sort.
He then perceived, beneath a sovereign's eye,
A thousand warriors, each in brass cuirass,
Killing their fellows, trying to snatch away
A pile of mud no larger than his hand,
(His hand, I think, is well worth two of ours.)
. . . . . .

Sometimes he got angry with politics which had interested him from childhood, and which engrossed such universal attention. Thus:—

"Bonjour, mon cher.—Entrez, Damon, je vous salue;
Votre femme? . . .—L'on dit l'affaire rêsolue,
La loi vient de passer.—Votre fils?—A propos,
Mina des insurgés veut quitter les drapeaux.
—Votre père?—Merci. Lisez-vous les gazettes?
—Non, mais—je suis au fait des intrigues secrètes.
Et vous, rien de nouveau?—Si fait, j'ai, ce matin,
Relu—Vous avez lu le dernier bulletin?
Rien de piquant. Pour vous, comment vont les affaires?
—De l'Etat? oh! ma foi, je ne m'en mêle guères.
Pour moi, j'ai, ce matin, tiré de mon cerveau
Le plan d'un nouveau drame—Ainsi rien de nouveau,
Serviteur!—Insolent!"

[*Translation.*]

Good-morrow, friend!—Come in, Damon, I greet you.
Your wife?—They tell me the affair is decided,
The law just passed.—Your son?—By the way,
Mina wishes to desert the colours of the insurgents.
—Your father?—Thanks. Do you read the papers?
—No, but—I am privy to the secret intrigues.
And you.—No news?—Oh, yes! I have this day
Re-read—You have read the last bulletin?
—Nothing interesting.—And you, how go your affairs?
—The affairs of State? oh! faith, I do not mix myself up in them.
As for me, I have, this morning, conned over in my brain
The plan of a new drama.—So, nothing new,
Your servant!—Impudent fellow!

The author of the military plays, acted and applauded by the whole school, did not intend to confine himself to a single tragedy. His instincts first enticed him towards dramatic art, and then the "Théâtre de Voltaire," given him formerly by General Lahorie, had helped. He had

devoured it, during his illness, from *Mahomet* to the *Guébres*, and from *Zaïre* to *Nanine*. Two years after writing *Irtamène* he began a new tragedy, *Athéli; or, the Scandinavians*, quite in proper style, in five acts, with time, place, dream, confidants, &c., all tallying. But he was then fifteen years old: he took a disgust to it whilst writing it, and only went as far as the second act. He then began to compose a comic opera. He called it, *A quelque chose Hasard est Bon.* At last, he turned his attention to the drama, and wrote the following piece, which is remarkable as the first sketch and point of departure of his dramatic performances.

INEZ DE CASTRO:

A MELODRAMA, IN THREE ACTS,

WITH TWO INTERLUDES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alphonzo, the Justiciary, King of Portugal.
Don Pedro, Infante of Portugal.
The Queen.
Inez de Castro, Maid of Honour to the Queen.
Two Children of Inez.
The Alcaide of Alpunar.
Romero, a Peasant.
Alix, Daughter of Romero.
Gomez, Alix's Lover.
Albaracin, Chief of the Moors.
The Chancellor of Portugal.
The President of the Privy Council.
The Herald of Justice.
Judges, Guards, Executioners, a Clerk of the Court, Jailers.
Villagers, Outriders, Huntsmen.
Grandees, Ladies, Officers.
Moorish Warriors, young Moorish Girls.

The scene is laid in Lisbon and in the neighbourhood.

INEZ DE CASTRO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

(*The stage represents a forest; to the right a cottage.*)

[A BEGGAR; THE ALCAIDE OF ALPUNAR. *They arrive together from the depths of the forest.*]

THE BEGGAR (*beckoning the Alcaide to him, shows him, in a mysterious manner, the cottage*).

It is here!

THE ALCAIDE (*equally mysteriously*).

This cottage contains the children of the Prince of Portugal!

THE BEGGAR.

The children of Don Pedro and Inez.

THE ALCAIDE.

What proof of this can you give me?

THE BEGGAR.

Alcaide of Alpunar, do you doubt my words? The two children, fruits of the secret union between Don Pedro and Inez, are hidden in this cottage. Enter, and you shall behold them, if you refuse to believe me.

THE ALCAIDE.

I believe you. You have been my informant on the subject of this gloomy history. The Infante Don Pedro delays his union with the Queen's niece. The invasion of the Moors, he tells us, renders his presence necessary to the army. You have made known to me, and have enabled me to inform the Queen of, the real motive of his delay; you have revealed to me his secret marriage with Dona Inez de Castro. Proofs of this alliance were necessary to me; to-day you discover to me the refuge where the two children are concealed, the fruits of this clandestine love. Listen! You are no beggar—you, to whom the secrets of kings are known! Tell me who you are. Your zeal shall be rewarded both by myself and by the Queen, if your discretion at all equals it.

THE BEGGAR.

Alcaide of Alpunar, just now you were mentioning the invasion of the Moors?

THE ALCAIDE.

Yes, but your name? I ask your name. You may reckon on my gratitude.

THE BEGGAR.

Alcaide, I am Albaracin, Chief of the Moors.

THE ALCAIDE.

What do I hear? you that dreaded chief?

ALBARACIN.

The mere presence of the Infante Don Pedro in the Portuguese camp prevents my penetrating as far as

Lisbon. Soldiers commanded by him are invincible. I sought means of delivering myself from this formidable enemy; and I have found them. My emissaries have discovered a secret marriage of the heir to the throne with one of the maids of honour to the Queen. Then, under this disguise, I came to you, Alcaide, to you, the repository of the secrets of this Queen. I felt no shame in doing so. Thus King Boabdil would often come and seat himself under the enemy's tent. I informed you of the clandestine marriage of the Infante. I deliver up to you his two children; and now the anger of this Queen must be made of use to me. The danger run by those dearest to him in this world will recall Don Pedro to Lisbon. I shall shortly follow him thither, for I fear not the army; the general only do I dread.

THE ALCAIDE.

I cannot recover from my astonishment, from my alarm.

ALBARACIN.

Alcaide, we each have our profit in this adventure. The greater the vengeance with which your Queen threatens Inez and her two children, and the more their lives are endangered, the more certain will my victory be.

THE ALCAIDE.

My lord. . . .

ALBARACIN.

Well! You deliver up your country into the enemy's hands; what matter? Alcaide of Alpunar, you will be Corregidor of Lisbon.

THE ALCAIDE.

Believe me, my lord, I only desire to serve the Queen's interests.

ALBARACIN.

Alcaide, I have this moment confided to you my secret. This will prove to you sufficiently how great is my contempt for you. Adieu. (*He goes out.*)

THE ALCAIDE.

Oh, why are there not with me four alguazils? Never should you, audacious Albaracin, again behold your camp of pirates and corsairs. And as for me, what good luck! To lay hands both on the Moorish general and on the children of Inez! Well, I must be contented with this latter capture. (*The door of the cottage opens.*) Ah, here they are, just coming out. I will go a little distance off. (*He retires to the end of the stage.*)

SCENE II.

[THE ALCAIDE (*at the end of the stage*); ROMERO, *and the two children.*]

ROMERO (*whilst the children are playing on the stage, walks about dreamily, not seeing the Alcaide*).

Poor children! May I be taken up for stealing the relics of Our Lady of the Mountain, if I understand their fate! Yes, they have now been two months in my cottage, chosen, doubtless, for its isolation; but who are their parents? I think God knows better than I do—unless their mother is that fine lady who comes every now and then to see them, as if by stealth, and who weeps.

Truly, at each visit she leaves a purse of gold containing more dollars than the cunning Devil offered St. Anthony in his temptation. She belongs to the Court, no doubt. But what matters all this? I owe to her my fortune; she may reckon on my devotion. For I am now rich; and that poor Gomez may look elsewhere for a wife, rather than have my daughter Alix. How they play about, these dear little children! I wonder what they mean by telling me not to call them by their real Christian names? What does it matter whether one's name is Hilarion or Andreo, if one isn't the son of an unmarried woman? But, hush! Perhaps these innocents pay for some great crime, or some notorious folly. (*He perceives the Alcaide.*) Whom do I see coming? It is the Alcaide of Alpunar. Devil take. . . . Go in, children.

THE ALCAIDE.

God keep you, father Romero! You have there two pretty children. Do not send them in.

ROMERO.

(*Aside.*) May you be strangled! (*Aloud.*) Many thanks, my lord Alcaide, . . . children are in the way . . . (*To the children hastily, and in a low voice.*) Go in, I tell you; go in!

THE ALCAIDE.

No, let them remain, they are charming. But I thought, father Romero, that you had but one daughter . .

ROMERO.

True for you, my lord Alcaide, but these are the chil-

dren of my nephew Perez . . . who sent them to me when he was ordered to join the Militia, now defending the coast from the invasion of Moorish pirates.

THE LITTLE BOY.

That is not true.

THE ALCAIDE.

Hum! What does he say? (*Aside.*) Good!

ROMERO.

(*In a low voice to the child.*) Will you be quiet? Don't venture to speak another word. (*Aloud.*) He is speaking to his sister, no doubt.

THE ALCAIDE.

Yes. . . . . People say a great lady comes to see them sometimes.

THE CHILD.

That is . . .

ROMERO (*in a low tone to the child*).

Hold your tongue! (*Aloud.*) It is their godmother, who brings them presents suited to their years.

THE ALCAIDE.

Who is their godmother, father Romero?

ROMERO.

The . . . the Duchess of—of Rivas . . .

THE CHILD.

No.

ROMERO (*angrily*).

Gil! Will you leave off talking to your sister?

THE CHILD (*haughtily*).

My name is not Gil, I am called Don Pedro.

THE ALCAIDE (*aside*).

Don Pedro! That's just it.

ROMERO (*to the Alcaide*).

Won't you step into my cottage to refresh yourself?

THE ALCAIDE.

Many thanks, friend Romero; these children interest me.

ROMERO (*aside*).

Hateful man! Confound the children!

THE ALCAIDE (*to the little girl*).

And you, my dear girl, what is your name?

THE LITTLE GIRL (*curtseying*).

Francisca. Once they called me Inezilla.

THE ALCAIDE (*aside*).

Don Pedro! Inez! Well done!

THE LITTLE BOY.

Yes, Dona Inezilla was your name when we lived in the old castle, and when the fine Prince called us his children.

ROMERO.

You may fancy, my lord Alcaide, that he talks of what he does not understand. (*Aside.*) Mercy on us!

THE ALCAIDE (*aside*).

The thing is settled; the nest is found. Let's go

and tell all to the Queen.. (*Aloud.*) Your servant, father Romero: may the Holy Virgin be with you!

ROMERO.

Adieu, my lord Alcaide. (*Aside.*) The Devil take you!

SCENE III.

ROMERO.

That infernal Alcaide! What business has he here? Come, children, go in; and as for you, Gil, take care not to contradict me another time. (*The children go back into the cottage.*) Now, then, what next? Here are Alix and Gomez. What do they want with me with such scared looks?

SCENE IV.

[ROMERO; ALIX; GOMEZ. *During this Scene the sound of a horn in the woods is heard several times.*]

ALIX.

What! Is it really true, father?

ROMERO.

What?

GOMEZ.

Senhor Romero, my father told me . . . .

ALIX.

That you would no longer let me marry Gomez.

ROMERO.

Your father said the truth, Gomez.

ALIX.

Heavens! Why so, father?

ROMERO.

By Our Mother of Atocha! young girls now question their fathers, just as the fathers of the Holy Inquisition question heretics.

GOMEZ.

Allow me at least, to inquire, Senhor Romero, if you have any fault to find with me?

ROMERO.

None.

GOMEZ.

Why, then, refuse me my Alix, after having so faithfully promised her to me?

ROMERO.

I cannot tell you why, dear Gomez, but it can no longer be.

ALIX.

Father!

GOMEZ.

I, who daily led your white mare to drink at the watering-place of Horcarral. . . .

ROMERO.

'Tis true.

GOMEZ.

I, who obliged the sorcerer Zulco to remove the spell from your cows.

ROMERO.

I don't deny it.

GOMEZ.

I, who gave you that fragment of the holy garments of the well-beloved John the Baptist, left me by my grandmother. . . .

ROMERO (*impatiently*).

Well, well, Gomez! spare yourself useless words. I cannot give Alix to you. I am sorry for it: what more can you have? Circumstances have changed.

GOMEZ.

What! have you, perhaps, had some misfortune, some loss? Tell me, Romero, quickly; my cottage, my nets, my boat, I will sell them all for you.

ROMERO (*aside*).

Good youth! he pains me, but the fact is my daughter is become rich, and the doubloons of a fine lady deserve something better than a fisherman.

ALIX.

Well, father!

ROMERO.

I am very sorry, dear daughter, but I have been thinking: Gomez's birth. . . .

GOMEZ.

Senhor Romero, I am an honest fisherman's son.

ROMERO.

No honester is to be found all round the coast from Ortiz to Pilavera; but do you know, dear Gomez, that one of my ancestors was registrar to the Alcaide of Alpunar?

GOMEZ.

I was not aware . . . .

ALIX.

Father, is such a reason as that to make you condemn your daughter to misery? I beg of you . . .

ROMERO.

Come, young girl, some hemp requires spinning in your mother's room, and hours devoted to weeping are lost to work.

ALIX.

No, you shall hear me, father. I will unbend you. Alas! Gomez is my whole hope, my whole joy. Come, Gomez, help me to move him, tell him that you love me, that you will make me happy. Father, have pity on me, on my tears! O God! (*She sinks down at his feet.*)

SCENE V.

[THE PRECEDING ONES; THE ALCAIDE; THE KING; THE QUEEN; INEZ; *Ladies, and Officers; (all the Court are dressed in hunting costume;) Footmen, Outriders, Villagers, &c.*]

THE ALCAIDE.

Our lord the King!

ALIX AND GOMEZ.

The King!

ROMERO.

The King! (*In a low tone to Alix.*) Rise, daughter.

THE KING.

What is the matter? How is it that this pretty young girl is at this old man's feet?

ROMERO.

My lord . . . your Majesty . . . It is nothing . . . it is . . .

THE KING.

What! I will know why . . . speak, young girl! what ails you? Do not fear!

ALIX (*drying her eyes*).

My lord, . . . I was entreating my father to give me in marriage to my betrothed.

THE KING.

And what prevents your father's marrying you to your betrothed?

ROMERO.

My lord, it is that . . .

THE KING.

Peace! let her speak.

ALIX.

It is because . . . Gomez is only a fisherman's son, whilst my father is descended from the registrar to an alcaide.

ROMERO.

From the registrar to an alcaide!

THE KING.

What matter? you love your Gomez then?

ALIX.

O God! Here, here he is! (*She points out Gomez.*)

THE KING (*to Romero*).

Come; believe me, old man, they love each other: let them marry; you ought not to be prejudiced by birth.

ROMERO.

But, your Majesty, a fisherman!

THE KING (*laughing*).

Come, come, would it not be possible to make up by doubloons for the distance which separates a fisherman from the registrar to an alcaide? I take it upon myself. Gomez shall receive from our royal treasury an income of one hundred doubloons of gold.

ROMERO (*joining Alix and Gomez's hands, exclaims*)

Kneel to the King, my children; long live the King!

ALIX, GOMEZ, ALL THE VILLAGERS.

God save the King, our good King!

THE KING (*to Romero*).

You, good man, in future, don't think so, much about your advantages of birth. They are but prejudices, don't you see! (*Romero, Alix, and Gomez bow deeply, and retire to one of the sides of the stage.*)

THE ALCAIDE (*mysteriously to the Queen*).

Madame, your Majesty desired me to conduct the

hunt. This is the house where the suspected children of Don Pedro are to be found.

THE QUEEN.

(*To the Alcaide.*) Silence! (*She comes up to the King; all the followers retire into the background.*) If you search this house, my lord, a faithful servant assures me that you will there discover the fruits of this clandestine intrigue.

THE KING.

Still occupied about that story! Believe nothing of what has been told you, madame; Don Pedro busies himself only with his sword. My son will marry your niece Constance when I shall tell him to do so.

THE QUEEN.

But, my lord, since the treaty which concluded our union also settled the marriage between your son and my niece, have you noticed the sombre preoccupation of Inez, the anxious looks Don Pedro casts on her!

THE KING.

These are all whims and fancies! And you wish to make out that chance brought me whilst hunting precisely to the house.

THE QUEEN.

Will your Majesty but condescend to visit it?

THE KING.

No, certainly I shall not intrude on the peaceful habitation of these poor people, by instituting a troublesome search there. Come, huntsmen, outriders!

SCENE VI.

[THE SAME; THE TWO CHILDREN.]

THE LITTLE BOY (*half opens the door of the house and calls his sister*).

Oh, sister, sister, come and see! Men, horses—it's the King—come and see the King!

THE LITTLE GIRL (*pressing close up to her brother*).

Oh!

THE KING.

Who are these children?

THE QUEEN (*pointing out Inez to the King*).

My lord, see how pale Inez is!

(*At that moment the little boy first perceives Inez, and he runs towards her calling out*) Mother! Mother!

THE LITTLE GIRL.

Mother!

INEZ.

Great God! Unfortunate children!

(*General astonishment. Inez clasps her children in her arms and falls fainting on a bench.*)

THE KING.

Their mother! What do I hear?

THE QUEEN.

You see.

THE KING.

Let everyone disperse; leave me here alone with this woman and her children.

SCENE VII.

[THE KING; THE QUEEN; INEZ; THE CHILDREN.]

THE QUEEN.

My lord, to clear up your doubts, question my maid of honour.

THE KING.

Dona Inez de Castro, is it true that you are the mother of these children?

INEZ (*pressing to her heart her frightened children*).

You see it, my lord.

THE KING.

Dona Inez de Castro, is it true that Don Pedro of Portugal is the father of these children?

INEZ.

Ask him, my lord.

THE KING.

Answer me.

INEZ.

I cannot reply to that question. Take my life, your Majesty.

THE QUEEN.

My lord, what would you have more! Are not all these reserves avowals?

THE KING.

So then, Dona Inez, you have disgraced at the same time the noble blood of your fathers and the august blood of your kings?

THE QUEEN.

Yes, my lord, she has seduced the Infante, and the fruits of this impure love are before our eyes.

INEZ.

Stay, madam. Don Pedro is my lawful husband. These children are his (*to the King*) and yours, my lord.

THE QUEEN.

You hear her.

THE KING.

What! You are married! Have you both so entirely forgotten your birth!

INEZ.

My lord, we loved each other. The funereal vaults of Castro were the temple where the marriage ceremony was performed, and my ancestors hearkened to my vows.

THE KING.

To them you shall account for it.—Hola! Guards! Conduct Dona Inez to the fortress at Lisbon, and let Count Mayo answer for her by his head! (*The two children cling tearfully to Inez, whom the Guards lead off.*)

INEZ.

My children, dear children, adieu!

FIRST INTERLUDE.

[*The stage represents the Moorish camp. The Moors are seated on the shores of the sea, and the masts of their galleys are seen in the distance on the water. The tents are decorated with pendants and streamers. Soldiers are scattered about amongst the trophies and piled arms. A chorus of young Moorish girls and Arab horsemen draw near, singing to the sound of harps, drums, guitars, and clarions.*]

SCENE I.

A WARRIOR.

Albaracin is absent. With him war has left the camp to make room for fêtes. (*A symphony is heard.*)

A YOUNG GIRL.

Warriors, mingle in the measure !
Sisters, change the tune at pleasure !
Our masters soon our slaves will be.
Let the drum its music make,
Let the haughty clarion speak,
Our voices to accompany !

A WARRIOR.

Let the day of battle come,
Comrades in the ample feast !
Our sword-games we shall love as well
As dancing near the houri's breast.
(*The dances recommence.*)

CHORUS.

Warriors, mingle, &c.

ANOTHER WARRIOR.

Vainly death may threaten,
We'll shake hands and banish sorrow.
Pleasure breeds audacity,
Dance now and fight to-morrow!

(*The dances continue.*)

CHORUS.

Warriors, mingle, &c.

A WARRIOR.

Here is the chief, our chief, the great Albaracin!

ALL.

Albaracin! Allah! Honour to Albaracin!

(*They prostrate themselves.*)

SCENE II.

[THE SAME; ALBARACIN. *He is richly clothed in garments of silk and gold, and bears in his belt a poignard bent round.*]

ALBARACIN.

Comrades, arise! We must fight. (*All rise.*) It is at the close of a festivity that one more readily hastens to the field of battle. The hand which has just fingered the guitar only knows the better how to handle the scymitar. Friends, you will conquer; my care has made all ready for victory. The Prince of Portugal, the formidable Don Pedro, has quitted the camp. You are about to attack an army without a general. Yes, you will

be conquerors. Come! We will hoist the Crescent on the very walls of Lisbon itself. Come! Don Pedro has left his soldiers undefended to hasten to the relief of a woman. To arms, brave friends, to arms!

ALL.

Allah! Allah! To arms!

(*The clarions and the cymbals play a military march, and the Moors go out in battle order.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

[*The stage represents a large room, hung with black drapery, sprinkled with death's-heads and white drops, and lighted by torches and fire-pots. At the far end is a tribunal, also hung with black; to the right, a throne for the King; to the left, a black scaffold, surmounted by a catafalque, and on which an axe is seen to glimmer. The front part of the stage is filled with guards, dressed in black and red, and with executioners covered with black penitents' dresses, and bearing torches. Two guards stand one on each side of the throne, and at the foot of the scaffold. Before the tribunal is the registrar's table.*]

A GUARD (*to another guard*).

Fabricio! Do you know why the Council is assembled, and who is to be judged?

THE SECOND GUARD.

I know not.

THE FIRST GUARD.

They say it is a woman.

THE SECOND GUARD.

What does it matter to me?

THE FIRST GUARD.

Poor unhappy one! If she once enters this room, she will not leave it again alive.

THE SECOND GUARD.

It does not signify to me. Speak to Melchior, the executioner; he will, no doubt, be able to answer your questions.

THE FIRST GUARD.

You are right. (*He addresses himself to one of the executioners, standing at the foot of the scaffold.*) Here, Melchior; do you know what woman it is the Council is about to try?

THE EXECUTIONER.

No.

THE GUARD.

Is it not a woman?

THE EXECUTIONER.

I don't know. It's no business of mine. I only know people when they are condemned.

THE GUARD (*aside*).

I pity the accused, whoever he is. If he seats himself on this bench, it is all over with him.

AN OFFICER (*coming in*).

Silence. The Judges are coming in.

(*The Guards range themselves, and nine Portuguese Grandees, clothed in black, take their seats on the tribunal.*)

SCENE II.

[THE JUDGES, *at the tribunal;* THE REGISTRAR, *at his table; Guards, &c.*]

THE PRESIDENT.

Rise, my lords! Here is the King.

SCENE III.

[THE SAME; THE KING.]

(*The King enters, preceded by the Herald of Justice, and seats himself on his throne, surrounded by his guards.*)

THE HERALD.

I, Herald of Justice of our Lord the King, give notice that His Majesty Don Alphonso, our lawful King, assembles the High Council of the very noble Grandees of this noble Kingdom of Portugal and Algarves.

THE PRESIDENT.

The authority of His Most Faithful Majesty our Lord the King comes from God.

THE KING. (*All rise.*)

We have summoned you to this palace, in order that

your very excellent lordships may decide on the high accusation brought against Dona Inez, Countess of Castro, for having seduced and secretly married our well-beloved son, Don Pedro, Infante of Portugal.

THE HERALD OF JUSTICE.

The law says: Any subject who shall have ventured to unite himself by marriage to the Royal Family of Braganza shall pay the penalty of death.

GUARDS AND EXECUTIONERS.

Death!

(*The Judges make obeisance.*)

THE PRESIDENT.

The authority of His most faithful Majesty our Lord the King comes from God. The noble Council will judge by the help of the Holy Ghost.

THE HERALD OF JUSTICE.

The King is about to leave.

(*All rise. The King goes out.*)

THE REGISTRAR (*to the Guards*).

Bring forth the accused.

SCENE IV.

[THE SAME, *except the King.* INEZ, *dressed in white, fettered and escorted by Guards.*]

THE PRESIDENT.

In the name of the Very Merciful Trinity, I ask you, who are you?

INEZ.

Inez, Countess of Castro.

THE REGISTRAR.

Inez, Countess of Castro, is accused of having secretly married His Royal Highness Don Pedro, Infante of Portugal.

THE PRESIDENT.

Is she accused of this crime?

THE HERALD OF JUSTICE.

Yes.

THE PRESIDENT.

Who will prove it?

THE HERALD.

I, by the help of God.

THE PRESIDENT.

Speak: Christ hears. Remember that truth is the parent of justice.

THE HERALD.

Before us, Herald of Justice of the King our Lord, has appeared the very reverend brother Urbano Velasquez, a monk of the order of St. Francis, chaplain of the Castle of Castro, who deposes that, on the festival of the Holy Virgin, now nearly six years ago, he gave the nuptial benediction, in the funereal vaults of Castro, to Dona Inez and to an unknown person calling himself Don Pedro of Portugal. This is the truth.

THE PRESIDENT (*to the Judges*).

My lords, is the crime proved?

A JUDGE.

With the permission of your lordship, I would ask whether it is proved that the unknown person was the Infante.

THE HERALD.

The monk so affirms.

THE JUDGE.

Was this monk acquainted with His Royal Highness?

THE HERALD.

We admit that he was unacquainted with him.

THE JUDGE.

This declaration then is not sufficient to justify a sentence of death on the accused.

THE HERALD.

It suffices, noble lord, since the accused confesses her crime.

THE PRESIDENT.

The words of the accused prove nothing, either for or against him. My lords judges, is the crime proved?

THE SAME JUDGE.

No.

A SECOND JUDGE.

To remove all impediments, I demand that the Infante be summoned before the High Tribunal.

A THIRD JUDGE.

His Royal Highness is absent from Lisbon; he is at the camp of Billegas.

THE SECOND JUDGE.

Let a messenger be sent. His Royal Highness can be here to-morrow.

THE FIRST JUDGE.

Your lordship must bear in mind, that no prince of the blood royal can appear before a tribunal without express leave from the King.

THE SECOND JUDGE (*addressing the first*).

My lord, when a crime against the State is under discussion, the High Council has full power to trace it out, and its members are bound to put aside all feelings of friendship or compassion.

A FOURTH JUDGE.

Noble President, I advise that your lordship summon His Royal Highness.

THE FIRST GRANDEE.

I beg to inquire of your lordships whether this is feasible without the permission of the King.

THE JUDGES.

Yes.—No.

THE PRESIDENT.

The tribunal will decide this matter, and first adjourn to the chapel, to enlighten its deliberations by prayer. Lead away the prisoner.

SCENE V.

[*The Scene changes, and represents the interior of a prison.*]

THE ALCAIDE (*alone*).

These divisions which have broken out in the Council have alarmed the Queen. The Infante is powerful, the

Grandees either love or fear him, and the people adore him. It is said that, whilst the Tribunal were disputing, the crowd began to murmur. In short, the Queen, who is injured in her nearest interests by the existence of Inez, has thought it prudent to decide on her fate, however the trial may terminate. I proposed a means to her, and she has charged me with carrying it out. I think . . .

(*A jailer enters.*)

SCENE VI.

[THE ALCAIDE; A JAILER.]

THE ALCAIDE (*mysteriously*).

Well?

THE JAILER.

She has done what you wished.

THE ALCAIDE.

Without refusal, without hesitation? What did you say to her?

THE JAILER.

What you told me: that the physician to the fortress begged her to drink this calming draught.

THE ALCAIDE (*apart*).

Calming for the Queen. Courage! The prediction of the Moorish Chief will be accomplished. Through this affair I shall at least become Corregidor of Lisbon. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

[THE JAILER, *alone.*]

How happy he is, that great lord! He must take a great interest in the prisoner. Truly, the poor lady fills even me with compassion, I who thought myself no softer than the stone bulls left by the Moors in the Valley of Roconcel!—Ho! who goes there?

(*A door opens at the far end.*)

SCENE VIII.

[THE JAILER; DON PEDRO, *hidden by a large cloak and a slouched hat;* THE TWO CHILDREN; ROMERO.]

DON PEDRO.

In the name of His Majesty the King, read.

(*He gives a parchment to the jailer*).

THE JAILER (*reading*).

"His Majesty allows Dona Inez to see her children. Count Mayo desires the porter and the jailers to give free entrance to the officer and to the attendant on the said children, who will be brought to their mother." This is, in truth, the genuine signature of Count Mayo.—My lords, wait for me: I will fetch the prisoner.

SCENE IX.

[THE PRECEDING ONES, *except the Jailer.*]

ROMERO (*to Don Pedro*).

My lord, I do not know you, but I think I perceive

the glistening tears in your eyes. Alas! if you would, if you deigned to assist me, it would be easy for us to save the prisoner. Ah, I should be eternally grateful to you for it, and the Infante Don Pedro would not forget the service rendered.

DON PEDRO (*surprised*).

What!

ROMERO.

I risk my head, perhaps, my lord, but I will tell you all. To me Dona Inez had confided her children: these unfortunate children have been her doom. Her kindness raised me from poverty; my devotion shall save her from peril, or I shall sink under it. In order to accomplish this I have to-day introduced myself into the prison as attendant to these children, not foreseeing that I should be watched by an officer. Now, noble lord, you may save her with me or lose me with her.

DON PEDRO (*he warmly clasps Romero's hand*).

You are a brave and worthy old man.

ROMERO.

My lord, here is Dona Inez. Silence!

(*Inez enters, accompanied by Guards, in chains.*)

SCENE X.

[THE PRECEDING ONES; INEZ; GUARDS; JAILERS.]

DON PEDRO.

Jailors, guards, retire. (*The Guards retire.*)

INEZ.

My children, my children! (*They throw themselves into her arms.*) Your presence causes me much joy, but doubtless, it also announces to me my death warrant. I am allowed a moment's happiness before I am tortured. Torture, O God! To die without having seen Don Pedro, without having bade him a last adieu! He will not have succeeded in protecting me; and I should not have been able to console him. My children, kiss me. You perhaps will never kiss again either your father or your mother. Don Pedro, Don Pedro, where are you?

DON PEDRO (*he throws off his mantle and uncovers his head*).

Inez, my beloved Inez, he is here.

INEZ (*throwing herself into his arms*).

My God!

ROMERO (*falling on his knees*).

What! His Royal Highness!

DON PEDRO (*pressing Inez to his heart, and holding out his hand to Romero*).

Oh, my noble spouse!—Yes, brave man, it is to myself that you displayed your devotion, and you were right in saying that the Infante Don Pedro will not forget this service. You shall second me in saving your benefactress.

ROMERO.

Ah, my lord, my blood, my life, all are yours!

THE LITTLE BOY (*to Romero*).

You see I am not Gil, but Don Pedro.

DON PEDRO.

What do I behold, Inez? chains, infamous chains on your adored hands? Oh, let me burst your fetters. (*He violently breaks the chains.*) The wretches! How bitterly shall they some day experience my vengeance. But come, come now; time presses.

THE TWO CHILDREN.

Oh, mother, come.

INEZ.

Prince, what do you require? Heavens!

DON PEDRO.

That you should follow me. Cover yourself with this cloak.

INEZ.

Oh, no! if we were overtaken, I should endanger your life.

DON PEDRO.

What matters, when yours is at stake?

INEZ.

O God! Already, perhaps, is your life threatened. How did you manage to obtain admission here?

DON PEDRO.

Listen! I was at the camp, near the coast of Billegas; a secret messenger warned me of your peril. I lost no time, but the High Tribunal was assembled, and at one

sitting it was about to decide on your death; one of the judges, my devoted friend, raised a difficulty to retard the decision. Count Mayo, who equally serves me secretly, opened to me the doors of your prison. The people are about to rise, the soldiers are murmuring. Let us fly, everything favours our cause. I possess a strong castle in the Algarves. I can there, if necessary, maintain a war against the King. My absence will permit of the debarcation of the Moors.

INEZ.

Do you think of what you are saying, my lord? Rebellion, civil war?

DON PEDRO.

Everything to rescue you.

INEZ.

Ah, rather a thousand deaths!

DON PEDRO.

Oh, Inez, are you not my wife? is it not my first duty to immolate all to thee, father, throne, country? . . . Well, then, no rebellion, no war: come, my Inez, I will not fight. I will do still more for your sake. I will hide myself. Oh, be persuaded! You know I shall die if you die! Make not these children doubly orphans; you owe them your life, as they have not asked you to give them existence.

THE CHILDREN.

Oh, come, mother, weep no more!

INEZ.

My children, Prince,—dear Prince, leave me. I have no more strength of mind left. Leave me, for pity's sake!

ROMERO (*on his knees*).

Madam, for Heaven's sake! . . .

(*At this moment, the door at the far end of the stage opens. A crowd of guards and jailers enter with torches. The Herald of Justice precedes them. The frightened children throw themselves into the arms of Inez and Don Pedro.*)

SCENE XI.

[THE PRECEDING ONES; THE KING; THE HERALD OF JUSTICE; GUARDS; JAILERS.]

THE HERALD.

Our lord the King! (*Astonishment and terror.*)

THE KING (*to Don Pedro*).

You here, Prince!

DÔN PEDRO.

My lord, not to have seen me here ought rather to have astonished you.

THE KING.

Have you forgotten duty?

DON PEDRO.

My duty? I do not forget it: it is my duty to defend my lawful wife when she is in danger.

THE KING.

Rash son! Rebellious subject! Know you not that the laws of the country punish with the last penalty of the law he who braves his father and his King?

DON PEDRO.

Heaven's law forbids on higher grounds the abandoning a wife.

THE KING.

Audacious! Do you invoke rebellion?

DON PEDRO.

No, my father; no, my lord; here is my sword. (*He gives up his sword.*) Without her, without Inez, perhaps, I should have hearkened to seditious temptations, and made use of my influence to protect my love; but now all I aspire to is to share in her fate, be it what it may. To this angel, whom you are persecuting, your Majesty owes the innocence of your son and the preservation of your throne. . .

THE KING.

What do I hear, Inez?

INEZ.

My lord, he accuses himself. Do not believe him.

DON PEDRO.

Let me tell all. Yes, my lord, I had penetrated into this prison to drag my spouse from thence, to fly with her, and to defend her, sword in hand, against even your Majesty himself. This was my plan, my lord. Inez's generous resistance changed it all.

THE KING.

Such noble conduct would have deserved a better fate.

DON PEDRO.

Yes, my father, and she whom you refuse as a daughter has saved you your son.

THE KING.

Inez, why is it that a State crime bows down your head?

DON PEDRO.

A crime! If it be one, I am guilty of it. Ah! you little know, father, what influence I was forced to employ, in order to induce her to share my love; and when she did love me, what tears, what prayers, to persuade her to a secret union! I was obliged to threaten her with my death, in order to gain her consent to my happiness. If she did marry me, it was but to spare my life. Ah! spare her in return, father! Punish me, condemn me—let your Majesty give orders for my death. The penalty of the crime ought to fall on me—I, who have dragged this noble Inez into the abyss.

THE KING.

My son! . . .

INEZ.

Ah, my lord, do not listen to him. I alone was weak and guilty. The life of the Infante should be sacred both to your subjects and against your enemies. As for me, my life is worth nothing; take it, my lord. Of what use is my life to the kingdom? An heir to the throne is a

necessity, my lord, and a father is necessary to these children, who will soon be motherless. (*She falls at the King's feet.*) My lord, promise me Don Pedro's life; spare it to yourself, to your people; alas! and to my sad children, who will soon be his only!

(*The children embrace the King; he turns away his head, as if to hide tears of sensibility.*)

THE LITTLE BOY (*to the King, pointing to Don Pedro*).

He is my father, and are you not my father, too? Is it not true that you will not kill my mother?

THE KING.

Great God! I know not where I am!

ROMERO (*on his knees*).

My lord, remember what your Majesty said to me when I refused to allow my child to marry.

THE KING.

My son! My daughter Inez!... Yes, Don Pedro, she is yours. She is great and noble as a queen. Let me embrace your children; they are mine. Let the Queen and the Grandees be told of this. Let the High Tribunal disperse: let them know that Inez is my daughter, and that I sanction her union with the Infante.

DON PEDRO, INEZ, THE CHILDREN (*kneeling at the King's feet*).

What unlooked-for happiness! Oh, what long and happy years we have before us, my Inez! You turn pale; what ails you?

INEZ.

I know not, Prince; this sudden revulsion, perhaps. . . . It is not easy to pass from despair to joy without emotion.

DON PEDRO.

Just God! your eyes grow dim, your breast heaves!

INEZ.

Ah! I burn! A terrible fire devours my entrails! I burn, oh, heavens! All my limbs are stiffening!

(*General alarm.*)

DON PEDRO.

My Inez, my beloved Inez, tell me! What ails you?

INEZ.

Raise me in your arms, dear Prince. I feel as if about to faint . . . Give me my children. (*She falls into the Prince's arms.*)

THE KING.

My unfortunate son!

DON PEDRO.

O God! will she die? . . . What have I done that such a misfortune should crush my life?

INEZ.

Yes, I die. . . That cruel draught! . . .

DON PEDRO.

Poison!

THE KING.

What do I hear?

DON PEDRO.

I see in this your implacable enemies, Inez. You shall be revenged!

INEZ.

Oh, no! I should have had a very happy life, but I die contented; for I die your wife, innocent in the sight of my King.

DON PEDRO.

Your are dying, then! . . . Tell me, my adored Inez; is it true, then, that you are dying?

INEZ.

Prince. . . Most dear husband! . . Alas! my children, embrace me; console your father. . .

THE CHILDREN.

Mother! oh, do not die, mother!

INEZ (*to the King*).

My lord—my father—forgive me. . .

THE KING.

Oh, horror! My dear son!

SCENE XII.

[THE SAME; AN OFFICER.]

THE OFFICER (*to the King*).

My lord, the Moors are under the walls of Lisbon. Albaracin has profited by the Prince's absence to provoke

a battle. The army, vanquished and discouraged, awaits your presence.

THE KING.

Great God! Every sorrow at once!

INEZ.

I am the cause of this fresh disaster. (*To Don Pedro.*) Prince, shake off your despondency. Farewell—go—fight. . . . I die! (*She dies.*)

DON PEDRO.

Oh, grief! (*He rouses himself dreamily.*) My lord! to arms! to death! to vengeance!

SECOND INTERLUDE.

[*A field of battle is seen under the walls of Lisbon. A fight. On one side Albaracin and the Moors, on the other side the King, Don Pedro, and the Portuguese. Don Pedro, encouraged by the heat of the combat, disappears. Fight between the King and Albaracin. The King falls. The Grandees run forward and surround him. Cries of triumph are heard at the same moment.*]

AN OFFICER.

Victory! victory! The Moors are repulsed!

ANOTHER.

The King is dead!

ANOTHER.

The salvation of our country costs us the death of our King.

SOLDIERS, OFFICERS, ETC.

King Alphonzo is dead! Long live the King Don Pedro!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

(*The stage represents the peristyle of a palace*).

[THE QUEEN (*in mourning garments*); THE ALCAIDE OF ALPUNAR (*robed in his gown as Corregidor*); GRANDEES OF PORTUGAL; GUARDS. *The Alcaide, now Corregidor, and the Queen are in front of the stage. Behind, the Grandees appear to be anxiously conversing with one another.*]

THE QUEEN (*in a low tone*).

What! Is it really to-day that he insists on being crowned!

THE CORREGIDOR (*the same*).

Yes, madam.

THE QUEEN.

The day succeeding his father's death! This of itself is a proof of his insanity.

THE CORREGIDOR.

He exacts it; he commands it, madam; and, as a consequence of this insanity, he desires that for his coronation the cathedral shall be hung with funereal draperies.

THE QUEEN.

But he, nevertheless, comprehends that he is King.

THE CORREGIDOR.

Yes, madam. For a moment that sombre melancholy was dispersed, which, ever since the recent death of Inez (*here the Queen shudders*), has pervaded the mind of Don Pedro, and which was not even dissipated by the King's death in the battle with the Moors.

THE QUEEN (*aside*).

May this insanity last long! Whilst it does last my power will last. (*Aloud.*) Well! my dear Corregidor, what said the King Don Pedro?

THE CORREGIDOR.

Breaking the terrible silence he has kept since Dona Inez's death. . . .

THE QUEEN (*in a low tone to the Corregidor*).

Again! Alcaide of Alpunar, can you calmly recall this event?

THE CORREGIDOR (*in a low tone*).

Can I repent having been of service to you, madam? (*Aloud.*) His Majesty commands that everything shall be ready to-day for his coronation; then, as if busied with some secret intention, he asked if Dona Inez's tomb was not already placed in the cathedral.

THE QUEEN.

Is it possible? What can be his project? But methinks here comes the King himself.

(*The Grandees range themselves right and left*).

SCENE II.

[THE PRECEDING ONES; DON PEDRO, *preceded by his Guards and dressed in black;* THE TWO CHILDREN, *also in mourning; a crowd of people; suite;* ROMERO, GOMEZ, ALIX, *amongst the crowd.*]

AN OFFICER OF THE GUARDS.

Our lord the King! (*All take off their hats; Don Pedro advances; gloomy, with arms crossed on his breast, and drooping head.*)

THE CORREGIDOR (*kneeling on one knee*).

My lord, the people of Lisbon wait impatiently for the coronation of your Majesty.

DON PEDRO.

Yes, that is true. I am King, Alcaide of Alpunar.

THE CORREGIDOR (*disqieted*).

(*Aside.*) Alcaide of Alpunar! Just heavens! Does he know? (*Aloud.*) All is ready for this happy festival.

DON PEDRO.

Ah! You have also been careful to see that a scaffold is erected in front of the State Prison?

THE CORREGIDOR.

A scaffold! Your Majesty! I was not aware.... And for whom?

DON PEDRO.

For you, Alcaide of Alpunar!

THE CORREGIDOR.

All-powerful God! I! I am innocent! Mercy, my lord! Be merciful, most gracious King!

DON PEDRO.

Silence! Fear destroys your memory. Alcaide of Alpunar, who gave the jailer poison?

THE CORREGIDOR (*at the feet of the King*).

In Heaven's name, in the name of the merciful God by whom you reign, have pity on me, my lord!

DON PEDRO.

Pity! You ask for what you never had, wretch!

THE CORREGIDOR.

I did everything, my lord, by the Queen's command.

DON PEDRO.

I know it, coward! Take him away, and let him be executed. The day of vengeance has come.

(*Guards drag away the Corregidor*).

SCENE III.

[THE SAME, *except the Corregidor*.]

THE QUEEN.

My lord, you do not believe. . . .

DON PEDRO (*wildly*).

Who speaks to me? 'Tis she, it seems to me; the woman who has been the cause of all my misery. Oh,

my Inez, your murderess is before my eyes! (*To the Queen.*) Is it not true, madam?

THE QUEEN.

Your Majesty!

DON PEDRO.

I present to you the children whom you have made orphans.

THE QUEEN.

My lord, these suspicions. . . .

DON PEDRO.

Madam, you are a widow; I, too, am a widower; but soon, perhaps, shall we both see again those beings whose lives are one with ours. Rejoice with me!

THE QUEEN (*trembling*).

Dare you . . . ?

DON PEDRO.

If you fear my making any attempt on a crowned head, fly, return to Castile, to your brother's, or to-morrow I consign you to the tomb, in company with your husband!

THE QUEEN.

What do I hear? Exile!

DON PEDRO (*with fury*).

Queen! Woman! Depart from within the reach of my sword and my eye-sight!

THE QUEEN.

So be it! War to you, mad King! (*She goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

[THE SAME, *excepting the Queen.*]

DON PEDRO.

Oh, Inez! Cruel ones have made me cruel. Oh, my Inez! (*To the Grandees.*) Does not the Archbishop await me at the cathedral?

ALIX, GOMEZ, THE MOB.

God save the King. Homage to the King, Don Pedro!

ROMERO.

May our King, Don Pedro, live for ever!

DON PEDRO.

What voice is that? It sounded to my ears like a faithful voice. (*He turns to Romero.*) Ah! it is you, worthy old man! Draw near; I remember you. It is a day of recompense as well as of punishment; you shall be present at the ceremony of my coronation, as Corregidor of Lisbon.

THE GRANDEES (*aside*).

Corregidor of Lisbon! a mere peasant! He is really delirious!

ROMERO.

Ah! my lord, I am unworthy.

DON PEDRO.

You are worthy because you call yourself unworthy. (*To the Grandees.*) My lords, acknowledge the new Corregidor.

THE PEOPLE.

Long live our beloved King, Don Pedro! May he live for ever!

DON PEDRO (*aside*).

Ah, people, if you love me, crave of Heaven my death, but not my life! (*He goes out with his suite.*)

SCENE V.

(*The stage represents the interior of a sepulchral vault.*)

[THE KING; THE CHANCELLOR; THE CORREGIDOR; THE CHILDREN; LORDS; GUARDS; PRIESTS, &c.]

A LORD.

What! Is it before this tomb that your Majesty will place the throne?

DON PEDRO.

Yes, here, my lords, here it is that I desire to be crowned! (*Astonishment.*)

THE CHANCELLOR.

Homage, in the name of God, to the King Don Pedro, our lord!

ALL (*kneeling*).

Homage!

THE CHANCELLOR.

Fidelity, in the name of God, to our lord the King!

ALL.

Fidelity!

THE CHANCELLOR.

May Heaven shower blessings on his reign, and felicity on his life!

DON PEDRO (*as if awakened by these words*).

My reign! my life! . . . felicity!

THE CHANCELLOR (*to the King*).

My lord, whilst sharing in the rejoicings at this august and happy ceremony, let your Majesty condescend to wean himself for one short moment from the grief which overpowers you, because of the glorious death of the King, your august father.

DON PEDRO (*he rises from his throne*).

Yes, my father is dead! My widowhood had caused me to forget that I am an orphan. My father is dead! . . . O, God! She is dead! She, my Inez, she who was all in all to me!

THE CHANCELLOR.

King of Portugal, stay your grief. Now is the solemn moment; the crown is about to be placed on your sacred head.

DON PEDRO.

Yes, you must crown me. But stay, Lord Chancellor: you must at the same moment crown your Queen.

ALL.

Our Queen!

DON PEDRO.

Ah, yes, my lords!—Say, is she not lying there, in that mournful vault?—Yes, that coffin is her royal couch.

Come, let some one fetch her, she is waiting.—She is your Queen: many of you, my lords, have persecuted her, but rest assured she will not wake to name you to her avenger. (*They bring, under a black cloth, the coffin containing the remains of Inez.*) She is there. Who will recognize her! Alas! (*he throws his royal mantle on the coffin*) the tigers have only left me that of her. And this royal mantle cannot hide from me the shroud.

THE CHANCELLOR.

My lord, here are the crown and the sword.

DON PEDRO.

The crown, the sword, it is all I expect. (*He takes the crown and rests it on the coffin.*) O Inez, receive the crown, I will take the sword; share my honours on earth, I will share yours in heaven! (*He takes the sword, embraces his children, and raises his arm to strike himself.*)

THE CHILDREN.

O father!

ALL.

Great God!

(*At this moment a miraculous light fills the stage; soft and distant music is heard. The Spirit of Inez appears, radiant, and surrounded by angels above the tomb.*)

SCENE VI., AND LAST.

[THE PRECEDING ONES; THE SPIRIT OF INEZ.]

ALL.

How wonderful! (*They prostrate themselves.*)

THE SPIRIT.

Stay, Don Pedro! A crime was about to part us for ever. If you desire our re-union in eternity, live for our children's sake, live for your people. Life is short, and many living men need you on this earth. It has been permitted me, dear consort, to come from the spirit-land, to give you this message from the Lord: "Live and suffer: the happiness of a people is sometimes dependent on the misery of kings."

DON PEDRO.

It is you, O my Inez! I again behold you, I will obey you; but, angel from heaven, deign to remain near me, escape not from me!

THE CHILDREN (*extending their arms*).

Stay, stay, mother, we are happy!

THE SPIRIT.

O, my children! O, my loved husband! I must leave you, but you will again see me through all eternity. Live. Farewell! (*The Spirit vanishes.*)

DON PEDRO.

O God! how overwhelming are the duties of a king, since I must sacrifice to them the happiness of dying!

XXIX.

FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE ACADEMY.

In 1817 the subject proposed by the Academy for the prize of poetry was the following:—"The happiness derived from study in every situation of life."

"Suppose I were to compete," said Victor to himself.

He had no sooner started the idea than he set to work. He wrote three hundred and twenty lines, from which I select these:—

Quand la fraîche rosée, au retour de l'aurore,
Tremble encor sur le sein du lys qui vient d'éclore,
Quand les oiseaux joyeaux célèbrent par leurs chants
L'astre aux rayons dorés qui féconde nos champs,
Mon Virgile à la main, bocages verts et sombres,
Que j'aime à m'égarer sous vos paisibles ombres!
Que j'aime, en parcourant vos paisibles détours,
A pleurer sur Didon, à plaindre ses amours!
Là, mon âme, tranquille et sans inquiétude,
S'ouvre avec plus d'ivresse au charme de l'étude;
Là, mon cœur est plus tendre et sait mieux compatir
A des maux... que peut-être il doit un jour sentir!

[*Translation.*]

When the gentle dew at Aurora's return
Still trembles on the breast of the lily newly blown,
When happy birds celebrate by their songs
The star with golden rays that fertilizes our fields,
With Virgil in my hand, O green and shady groves.
How do I love to wander 'neath your peaceful shade!
How do I love, when sauntering along your peaceful paths,
To weep over Dido, and to compassionate her loves!
Then my quiet soul, without anxiety,
Expands with greater joy to all the charms of study;
Then my heart feels more tender, knows better how to pity
Evils,—which, perhaps, some day itself will have to bear!

The verses concluded, a difficulty arose as to how they should be handed in. Victor had told his plan to no one, not even to his brother, nor to his mother; he wished, should he succeed, to burst suddenly into distinction, and, in the more probable event of a failure, to spare himself the humiliation of it; but the difficulty was to convey to the secretary of the Institute the poem and the sealed letter containing the name of the author. The secretary's office is not open on a Sunday, the only day the boarder was able to go out. Moreover, the verses were only finished on a Monday, and the following Thursday was the last day to receive competing verses. Unable to get out of this difficulty without help, Victor was obliged to confide in some one: he told the great secret to Biscarrat, who was stupefied and enchanted, but who managed the affair for him.

Thursday, the last day, was a promenade day, and Biscarrat headed the school. He led the procession towards the Institute, and on reaching it was taken with

a sudden admiration for the lions, before which he made his column halt. Whilst the pupils were absorbed in the contemplation of the *jets d'eau*, he made off quickly with Victor. The porter saw two wild-looking beings enter his lodge, and they questioned him as to where the office of the Secretary of the French Academy was situated, and then rushed up the stairs. Victor was then very glad to have taken some one into his confidence, for he never would have dared to enter alone. Biscarrat, it was, who was the one to open the door and enter first. Victor followed him with beating heart, and perceived, solemnly seated before a desk covered with papers, the guardian of these sacred records—a white-haired individual with lofty and formidable mien: it was an old man called Cardot. Victor tremblingly presented him with his verses and his letter. Biscarrat, who had retained a little self-possession, stammered out a few explanatory words; the terrible old fellow took a pen and wrote on the letter and on the poem the number 15, and master and pupil went down stairs again, proud of their courage, and assuring themselves that, with resolution, men would always accomplish even the most difficult enterprises.

As they were leaving the stairs, mutually congratulating each other, Victor found himself face to face with Abel, who was crossing the courtyard.

"Hold!" said Abel. "Where on earth have you been?"

A sudden *coup de soleil* turned Victor's face to purple.

Biscarrat himself, taken in the very act, knew not how to quibble. He confessed everything. Victor expected

to be scolded for the enormity he had committed; but Abel, who was no longer fifteen years old, and who had ceased to board at school, had not that dread of the Academy, and only thought it a very natural thing. Victor, somewhat reassured, desired him, nevertheless, to keep it a profound secret.

"Never fear," said the elder brother, "I will proclaim it from the housetops."

I need not relate with what feelings of intense interest, nor in what alternations of hope and fear, Victor and Biscarrat awaited the judgment of the learned body which holds in its sovereign hands the glory of poets. This heavy care did not preclude his taking proper recreation, and Victor would sometimes forget the Academy when playing at ball and leapfrog. One day, when he was in the very heat of a game, he saw Abel approaching, accompanied by two friends. Their imposing entrance inspired him with a vague suspicion.

"Come here, imbecile!" cried his brother.

He approached, rather overcome.

"You are a pretty creature!" said Abel. "What on earth was the use of putting nonsense like that in your verses? Who asked you how old you were? The Academy thought you wished to hoax them. Had you not done so, the prize was yours. What an ass you are! You are honourably mentioned."

In this manner M. Victor Hugo heard of his first success.

Abel's good happy face contradicted the brusquerie of his words. He was much pleased. The perpetual

secretary, Mr. Raynouard, had read, amidst the loud applause of the public, and especially of the lady part of the audience, the passage on the loves of Dido. The Academy had even paid the author the compliment of doubting his real age. The report said, "The author says in his work that he is only fifteen years old :—

'Moi qui, toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,
De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours.'

[*Translation.*]

I who have ever shunned cities and crowded courts,
Scarce three short lustres have accomplished yet.

If really he be only of that age," &c.

At that time to be honourably mentioned by the Academy was an event. The newspapers took up Victor; he was almost a celebrity. His kingdom increased in consequence of this, his people felt proud of belonging to him; Eugène's began to desert him, and many calves were metamorphosed into dogs. As to M. Cordier, had the sun been placed in his establishment as a boarder, he could not have been more dazzled. Even the fierce Decotte was overcome. It just happened at a time when the master and pupil were worse friends than ever. They had had a violent quarrel, and still bore each other a grudge. This last affair had happened thus :—Victor was in the habit of putting by all that he wrote in his table-drawer, and was always very careful to shut it. One day, on returning to his room, he found the drawer open, and the papers carried away. He hesitated not a minute; he felt that the violator of his drawer could only be M.

Decotte, and he was about to go and speak his mind to this robber of papers, when he received a message to the effect that M. Decotte wanted him. He went and found M. Decotte and M. Cordier seated with severe aspect at a table, where all his papers were spread out.

Verse-making at school is always an unpardonable crime, especially after being expressly and repeatedly forbidden. M. Decotte had acted thus towards Victor. But in this case, the verses were aggravated by the presence of a journal. Victor had the habit of writing down every evening the impressions and the incidents of the past day. Unfortunately, this manuscript, the ink of which has now greatly faded, has become unreadable in certain parts, and some pages have been destroyed, so that I can give but few extracts:—

"As soon as Eugène had finished his epistle to Baour he gave it to mamma, who offered no opinion as to the relative merits of his and mine."

This referred to an epistle of M. Baour Lormian's, about which the two brothers had spoken rather disrespectfully before their mother. She had defied them to do as well; they competed, but when a mother is the judge, children are pretty sure of obtaining the prizes.

"Last night, in a dream, I composed these four verses, the meaning of which I can only imperfectly guess.

"Si l'on quitte l'enfer, c'est pour monter aux cieux.
L'on ne sort pas des feux pour rentrer dans les feux.
Le Saint Office est donc très salutaire;
C'est déjà l'enfer sur la terre."

Here is a curious note, as a specimen of the politics inculcated by his mother:—

"Recreation ceases at nine o'clock. M. Cadotte comes: we take our drawing lesson till ten. Mamma comes at two. It is dull weather. We talk on business. To-day, twenty-five monks and friends are being tried, whose intention was to blow up the Tuilleries, to massacre the royal family, and to cut the guard's throat, to re-establish anarchy. I wish such scoundrels could be exterminated. It appears that there are some influential people, who are not known, who move the springs of the conspiracy. Mamma will tell Abel to come and see us; he will bring us back the copies of verses we have sent her. About three o'clock she goes out. There will be no walk to-day. We dine. M. Decotte gives us notice to be in readiness for our geographical lesson, which he will give us to-night. But company has come. The lesson must take place another day. We go to bed about nine o'clock."

The most remarkable note is this one, dated the 10th July, 1816 (fourteen years):—

"I will be Chateaubriand or no one."

This last line would have been quite sufficient to exasperate M. Decotte, but whilst recounting the events of the day, Victor necessarily related his intercourse with M. Decotte. Now, if the master had little love for the pupil, the pupil loved his master still less. And it is not difficult to exaggerate the proportions the master's defects assume in his pupil's eyes. M. Decotte was, in the journal, an epitome of every moral and physical deformity.

With a cold, haughty gesture the offended master pointed to the open copybooks on the table, but, not wishing to appear as if he was taking it up as a personal matter, he did not speak of the journal.

"Sir," said he, speaking as gravely as he looked, "I had forbidden your making verses."

"And I, sir," boldly replied the pupil, "had not authorized you to pick the locks of my drawers."

M. Decotte looked rather foolish. He expected to find a culprit taken in the very act begging for mercy, and he found himself in the presence of an accuser. He vainly tried to overwhelm him with his magisterial eloquence, but Victor neither lowered his brow nor his voice, and insisted on it that the harm did not consist in making either verses or a journal, but in forcing locks. The master, who had not a word to say for himself, closed the conversation by making this remark:—

"Since you add insolence to disobedience, from this moment you are no longer a member of this institution."

"I was just going to inform you of the fact," replied the pupil.

But here M. Cordier interposed. If Victor went away Eugène evidently would go too. Two parlour boarders were worth considering. M. Cordier had not his partner's reasons for sacrificing the interests of their mutual purse; the verses did not shock him with a feeling of rivalry, and the journal, in which he was spoken of kindly enough, only failed in respect when alluding to his Armenian pelisse. He patched up matters as well as he could, and peace was made, Victor having the best of it. He carried

off his memorandum books, and from that time was tacitly permitted to write in them what he pleased. But the reconciliation was only skin deep, and from that day M. Decotte and Victor were always in a state of secret enmity; they avoided speaking to one another, which was somewhat awkward for both, as M. Decotte himself gave the mathematical lesson. When it was Victor's turn to demonstrate, he would go up to the tablet without waiting to be told. M. Decotte never mentioned his name, and though living constantly together, they appeared as if they did not know each other. Mathematics got on all the better for this disagreement. It would have been too lowering to the self-love of the conqueror to merit a reprimand from his conquered foe: he therefore worked at his theorems and equations with the desperation of hostility.

The honourable mention put a stop to all this. M. Decotte's jealousy gave way before this triumph: he felt that he could not hold his own against a young man who was honourably mentioned by the Academy, and he forgot the overthrow of his poetry in the feeling of enjoyment consequent on the honour which was reflected on his school. He forgave the affair of the journal, which had always really been a minor grievance.

Victor wished to convince the Academy of the truth of his being only fifteen years old, and sent M. Reynouard his certificate of birth, with a few words of thanks. The perpetual secretary to the Academy replied most kindly, ending his letter thus: "Je *fairai* avec plaisir votre connaissance."

Victor showed this letter to M. Cordier, who only saw one fact in it, and that was the brilliancy shed over his establishment by having a pupil who corresponded with academicians. Victor was allowed to choose his own day for his visit. In right of his secretaryship, M. Reynouard had chambers at the Institute; therefore in the very temple itself the neophyte called on the high priest. As a climax to this solemn occasion, he happened to select a day on which there was a *séance*. He was shown into the library, separated only by a door from the room in which the immortals were assembled. Whilst awaiting the appearance of the author of the *Templars*, Victor remained *tête-à-tête* with an old academician, dressed in uniform and wearing a violet cap. This was M. de Roquelaure, who had been Bishop of Senlis before the Revolution; this elderly gentleman, who was reading at a table and took no notice of him, frightened him very much.

M. Raynouard came at last with the hurried manner of a man who has been disturbed; he saw only a lad, and having first of all thrown a doubt upon his age, he finished by giving it more credit than was necessary, for he did not ask him to sit down, told him that the incredulity of the Academy was in his favour, that it was a good thing for him that he had not received the prize because he was so young, as such success at his years would have spoiled him and disinclined him to work; and he then simply turned his back on him, causing Victor to remark that he was as deeply versed in politeness as in orthography.

All the academicians were not as crabbed as M. Ray-

nouard. On the contrary, the academy received the lad most warmly. M. Campenon, whom in after years he publicly eulogized, as director of the Academy, complimented him in verse:—

"L'esprit et le bon goût nous ont rassasiés;
J'ai rencontré des cœurs de glace
Pour des vers pleins d'âme et de grâce
Que Malfilâtre eut enviés."

[*Translation.*]
We are satiated with wit and fine taste;
I have met with icy hearts
Towards verses full of soul and grace,
Such as Malfilâtre would have envied.

The dean of the academicians, M. François de Neufchâteau, had himself gained a prize at a provincial academy when thirteen years of age. This glorious event, once more brought to light, was compared with the fresh triumph of our hero. The fifteen years were compared with the thirteen, a parallel was drawn between the two prodigies, and it was prophesied of Victor that he would be another François de Neufchâteau.

The old prizeman wished to make acquaintance with the youth, who recalled to him the bright dreams of his own early days, and this all the more because, at the time the prize was given (which dated back to the reign of Louis XV.), Voltaire had consecrated him a poet, and had publicly adopted him by these lines:—

"Il faut bien que l' on me succède,
Et j'aime en vous mon héritier."

[*Translation.*]

I must needs have a successor,
And love to think on you as on my heir.

M. François de Neufchâteau, reminded of these lines by the present occasion, was delighted at now being able to repeat them to another, and become the Voltaire of a future poet. He expressed this wish in the presence of one of Abel's friends. Victor hastened to see him, and soon the following exchange of verses took place:—

A MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS DE NEUFCHATEAU.

Ce viellard qui du goût nous montre le sentier,
Voltaire, chargé d'ans, mais imposant encore,
Des feux de son couchant embellit ton aurore;
Il te nomma son héritier,
Et c'est en toi qu'il revit tout entier.
Il te légua sa poétique audace,
Son génie et son enjouement;
Il te légua cet art charmant,
Cet art qu'il emprunta d'Horace,
D'unir les ris au sentiment,
De mêler la force à la grâce,
De traiter un rien gravement
Et de juger légèrement
Nos grands intérêts d'un moment.
Oui, Neufchâteau, sur le Parnasse,
Qui voit en toi son ornement,
Tu nous reproduis dignement
Le vieux dieu dont tu tiens la place.
Ah! joins l'indulgence aux talents,

Accueille une naissante muse
Qui vole à toi sans autre excuse
Que sa faiblesse et ses quinze ans;
Permets qu'elle ose, en ses rimes légères,
De la jeunesse et du printemps
Marier les fleurs passagères
A l'immortel laurier qui ceint tes cheveux blancs.
C'est peu: souffre encor qu'elle espère
En celui qui jadis fut l'espoir de Voltaire.
Dans ton jeune Apollon il vit le digne appui
De son nom et de sa viellesse;
Vieux à ton tour, illustre comme lui,
O Neufchâteau, daigne aujourd'hui
Etre l'appui de ma jeunesse.

[*Translation.*]

TO MONSIEUR FRANCOIS DE NEUFCHATEAU.

This old man who points out to us the path of taste,
Voltaire, crowned with years, but still magnificent,
With his expiring fire embellishes the dawn;
He chose thee for his heir,
And 'tis in thee he wholly lives again.
To thee poetic boldness he bequeathed,
His genius and his sprightliness:
Bequeathed to thee that all-enchanting art,
That art that he from Horace surely borrowed,
That of uniting strength to gracefulness,
Of making something from a very nothing,
And that of rapidly judging
Our all-engrossing interests of the day.
Who sees in thee its ornament,
Yes, Neufchâteau, stationed upon Parnassus,
Thou bringest us back worthily
The old deity whose place thou fillest now.

Ah! with thy talents combined, indulgence join,
Welcome a dawning muse,
Who flies to thee without other excuse,
Than that of feebleness and his fifteen years:
Permit the muse to dare in trivial verse,
The fading flowers of youth and of spring time,
To unite the passing flowers
To the immortal laurels crowning thy grey hairs.
It is but little. Let her still have trust
In him who formerly was Voltaire's hope.
In thee as a young Apollo he well saw
The worthy prop hath of his name and age;
Old in thy turn, illustrious like him,
O Neufchâteau! to-day, oh, condescend
To be the prop of my youth.

REPONSE.

D'un grand homme trop indulgent
Pourquoi me rappeler, avec coquetterie,
Que j'eus dans mon enfance un coup d'œil obligeant?
Si j'admets la cajolerie
Du compliment que je reçois,
Au fond, sans vanité, je sais ce que j'en crois:
J'en aime l'élégance et non la flatterie.
Il est vrai qu'à treize ans, sans avoir vu Paris,
J'osai, d'une province étrangère au Parnasse,
Et de l'enceinte d'une classe,
Envoyer à Ferney quelques faibles écrits.
Voltaire avec bonté sourit à mon audace;
A mes premiers essais il daigna faire grâce,
Mon âge en faisait tout le prix.

Ce n'est pas seulement votre âge
Qui de l'Académie a fixé les regards,

Lorsque jusqu'à deux fois elle a lu votre ouvrage ;
Dans ce concours heureux brillaient de toutes parts
Le sentiment, le charme et l'amour des beaux arts ;
Sur quarante rivaux qui briguaient son suffrage,
Est-ce peu qu'aux traits séduisants
De votre muse de quinze ans
L'Académie ait dit : Jeune homme, allons, courage !

Tendre ami des neuf sœurs, mes bras vous sont ouverts ;
Venez, j'aime toujours les vers !
Je ne vous rendrai point louange pour louange,
Laissons ces encensoirs, l'un à l'autre pareils ;
Dans un ordre meilleur ma vieillesse me range.
Et je puis acquitter, par un plus noble échange,
Vos éloges par mes conseils.

[*Translation.*]

ANSWER.

From a great man whose views were all indulgent,
Why bring back to my mind coquettishly,
That once in childhood he looked kindly on me?
If I admit that it is but cajolery
The compliment I at this hour receive,
At heart, without conceit, I best know how to take it;
I welcome its elegance, not its flattery.
Most true it is, that when thirteen, Paris to me unseen,
I dared from far provincial sites to Parnassus unknown,
And from my school-room walls,
To send to Ferney some most feeble lines.
Voltaire, all goodness, smiled at my great boldness,
Forgave the weakness of my first attempts,
Worthless but for the tenderness of my years.

Not only was it your tender years
That attracted the notice of the Academy,
When twice it perused your work.
In that bright assembly there shone on every side
Sentiment, with the charm and love of art.
Full forty rivals competed for the prize.
Think you 'tis nothing, that to your winning looks,
Your muse numbering but fifteen years,
The Academy should say, Young man, take courage!

Friend of the sisters nine, wide arms to you I spread;
Come: I am still a friend to verse.
I will not echo all your well-meant praise;
Away such flattering speeches all alike,
My age has raised me to a better place.
My debt I will acquit by giving now
For your kind praise my best advice.

Amongst the forty rivals mentioned as present at this brilliant competition, M. Casimir Delavigne may be noticed, who had gained no honours, having turned the subject topsy-turvy, and expatiated on the *inconvenience* of study in every station of life. He broke off with this conclusion:—

"L'étude, après l'amour, est le meilleur des maux."

The accessit had been given to M. Charles Loyson, who was the subject of this verse:—

"Même quand Loyson vole, on sent qu'il a des pattes."

I no longer remember who gained the prize.

On one occasion M. Decotte's school was highly honoured: M. François de Neufchâteau asked Victor to dinner. The old academician admired some one as much as he did Voltaire; this was Parmentier, the introducer

into France of the *parmentières*, for M. François would not have mentioned, nor allowed to be mentioned, the word *pommes de terre*, under any pretext whatever. He had constituted himself the advocate, protector, and devotee of the sacred tuber. His house, which was built in a sort of bastard Greek style, had a large garden, and this, as a contrast to the pretentious style of the building, he had converted into a large kitchen garden, entirely devoted to the culture—I was going to say the worship—of the potato. In order to prove that one could exist upon potatoes only, and even live well upon them, he himself would not eat anything else. As, in addition to all this, he was quite a *gourmet*, he exhausted the thinking powers of his cook in inventing him various seasonings for his potatoes. The potatoes assumed all kinds of shapes, and every dish was a surprise. A cutlet was given you, it turned out to be a potato; a fish, a potato again; a rice croquette, but still potatoes were the order of the day.

When they had exhausted the history and praises of potatoes, it became necessary to change the subject to literature. The academician was busy, just then, with a new edition of "Gil Blas," which M. Didot was about to publish. One thing puzzled him. A Jesuit, named Isca, had suggested that Lesage's romance was a mere copy of an old Spanish novel of Marcos Obregon de la Ronda. This romance not having been translated into French, it was necessary, in order to make sure of the truth, to understand Spanish, but this was beyond his powers.

"I understand Spanish," said Victor.

"Oh!" said the old man, "you would be doing me a real service if you would take the trouble to read the book, and tell me if the Jesuit is correct."

The next day Victor went to the Richelieu Library. He had no need even to ask permission to go out; the porter had had orders, once for all, never to refuse the privilege of the door to the academician's guest. Victor profited by his liberty rather more than he wished, for the romance was in four thick volumes, and he had to give several sittings to it. This was the more necessary as he was desirous of doing full justice to the honourable confidence reposed in him by Voltaire's heir, and made notes, and a detailed comparison between the French and Spanish romances. The result of this comparison was that there was no resemblance between the two works, and that Lesage was, in very truth, the real author of his own book.

Victor carried his conclusion to M. François de Neufchâteau. The venerable Dean of the Academy found it so admirably executed that he transferred it verbally to his own edition—without changing a word—and signed it with his name.

XXX.

DINNERS AT EDON'S.

NOTWITHSTANDING his new occupations, Victor continued the studies of philosophy, physics, and elementary mathematics, at the College of Louis le Grand.

The mathematical master, M. Guillard, was so good-natured, and his sympathetic ugliness assumed so nearly a paternal character, that the pupils called him FATHER GUILLARD. He was very absent in manner, and had the harmless mania of tucking up his gown, just as if he were about to cross a gutter: this he did if he had only to rise from his seat to reach the black board. He had a nose in *facettes*, which made all his scholars laugh, and the absurdity of which he himself admitted. One day, one of the pupils not being able to comprehend the meaning of polyhedron, he said to him, "Look at my nose!"

The philosophical master was a M. Maugras, who like M. Larivière, and M. Cordier, had been in orders. As he considered that he had worn the priest's gown long enough, he dispensed with it in his capacity as teacher.

Nevertheless, he still continued to wear a sombre-looking costume: he was always to be seen in a greatcoat buttoned up to the chin, and in a white cravat. His sallow face was riddled all over with the small-pox, which was the reason he compared himself to Mirabeau, whose gestures and attitudes he succeeded in imitating better than he did his eloquence. His teachings leaned towards materialism. His was a far less numerous class than Father Guillard's, and he exemplified his philosophy in a different way than by mere lectures, for he explained the theory of sensations to empty benches.

Academic glory does not entirely preclude boyishness. M. Maugras was not only grateful for, but struck by, the profound attention with which Victor took notes whilst he was talking; the truth was, that Victor had taken a fancy to commence every line on every page with the same letter, *A* or *D*, or any other letter, and this required unmitigated attention on his part; it often became necessary to write wide or to cramp the words, so that the required letter should fall into its proper position. Victor allowed nothing to divert his attention from this important task, and was quoted as a model of application. Unfortunately, M. Maugras would sometimes question him, and would find out that he had heard nothing of that to which he had listened so attentively.

M. Maugras, nevertheless, still always felt a certain regard for this mechanical auditor, so admirable in his behaviour, and when the time came for the general examination he sent him to take his trial.

"I reckon on you. When one has been honourably

mentioned by the Academy, a prize at the University is a mere trifle."

The University was more particular than the Academy. Victor gained nothing at all, although the subject was one which fell in with his views: it was the demonstration of the existence of the Almighty.

He was more fortunate in physics, and gained the sixth accessit. The cultivation of the physique in contradistinction to philosophical teaching had warmly interested him. The professor, M. Thillage, adopted the system of object-teaching. His first lesson had been on billiards: cannons and cushions were made use of to explain in an amusing manner the angles of incidence and of reflection, and the elasticity of spherical bodies. He also lectured at the School of Medicine, where he had a finer room, and one better supplied with implements than at the College. He one day took the pupils of the Louis le Grand establishment there to show them some optical phenomena, I no longer remember what, and made them all look through a telescope.

"Let us see," said he to Victor, "if you can read what is written over there by the help of this instrument."

Without putting the instrument to his eye, the lad read at once—

"CHANTIER DU CARDINAL LEMOINE."

"Faith!" said the astounded teacher, your eyes are spy-glasses!"

The subject of the competition in physics, "The Theory of Dew," was given by a person of cold manner,

rather supercilious look, and strongly-marked chin. Victor never seen him before—it was Cuvier.

The holidays afforded a perpetual source of enjoyment to Victor, and their advent was celebrated by all his mother's friends. Abel, who no longer hoped for any military promotion, had, since the downfall of Joseph, laid aside his epaulettes and his sword, and had turned his attention to business: he lived alone, and received much company at his lodgings. One of his friends dazzled Victor. This was a printer named Gilé, noted for his rich and tasteful dress. His coat was cut in the shape of a fish's tail, and was of olive-brown colour. This was the highest elegance of the day, and was dotted all over with metal buttons, even to the shoulders; those who only went moderate lengths in fashionable dress had the waists of their coats in the middle of their backs; but Gilé had his at the nape of his neck. His hat was stuck on the right side of his head, and rendered visible on the left a thick tuft of hair frizzed out with curling-irons. His trousers were ornamented with large stripes, which looked like stripes of gold lace, marking his grade in the regiment of dandyism. They were pinched in at the knees, and widened at the bottom, giving his feet the appearance of elephant's hoofs.

Victor's admiration at so much splendour may be readily conceived, and he could not help viewing, with melancholy looks, his poor school clothes. Once he was bold enough to express a timid wish, in his mother's hearing, for a coat cut in the same style of fashion. But Madame Hugo, who was so accommodating towards her

children in everything concerning their moral aspirations, thought badly of this love of dress, and severely enough begged him to remember that men were appreciated by their intelligence, and not by their garments.

Abel had a certain number of friends engaged in literature, with whom Victor and Eugène became still more intimate. It resulted in the bringing together a society desirous of being more nearly associated. A dinner was organized, to take place on the first day of each month, at a restaurateur's in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie; the proprietor's name was Edon. This banquet, which cost two francs a-head, wine included, made up for the poverty of the bill of fare by a profusion of poetry. At dessert, each member was expected to show a specimen of what he had written during the past month. These youths treated the matter seriously, and Bacchanalian verses did not generally bear away the palm. Victor once read aloud there "The Last Bard," on another occasion, Virgil's "Achéménide," specimens of which have been already given. At another time, the translation of one of Horace's satires was his contribution to the hilarity of the evening.

The only thing that dimmed the satisfaction arising from this dazzling banquet was when the waiter would appear, and march round the table, demanding forty sous from everybody. The first person to whom he would apply showed no embarrassment. He would boldly put his hand into his pocket, and suddenly discover, with astonishment, that he had forgotten his purse. But all could not possibly have forgotten their purses precisely

on that very day, and the others knew not what reply to make. Then Abel, who was the Rothschild of this little band, would say with a smile,—

"Come, I will be magnificent at a cheap rate." And he would pay for those who had no money.

Even the return to school did not interfere with the *literary banquet*. Victor was at liberty to absent himself when he pleased, and to take Eugène with him, who, however, was sometimes capricious and odd, and would refuse to go, preferring to shut himself up at school.

As to Victor, he never failed them.

One day, one of the party had a sudden idea.

"Do you know what we ought to do?" said he.

"What?"

"We ought to write a joint volume. We meet at a dinner, let us meet in a novel."

"Explain yourself."

"Nothing easier. Let us suppose, for instance, that several officers on the eve of battle relate their histories to pass the time away, whilst waiting the moment to kill or to be killed. This will give us unity, and we shall obtain variety by our different styles. We will publish the work without an author's name, and the public will be agreeably surprised to find united in one volume every kind of talent."

"Bravo!" exclaimed they with enthusiasm.

The plan was adopted. They agreed as to the dimensions of each story, for the whole work was not to exceed

two volumes in octavo, so as not to be too high-priced a book. As to the rest, every one was at liberty to choose his own subject. As they were separating, Abel repeated the decision that had been come to.

"And now," said he, "we must not fold our arms. In order to oblige us to work, it will be as well to fix the period when we must have it ready. Come! how much time shall we give ourselves?"

"A fortnight," said Victor.

The rest looked at each other to see if he was in earnest. But he was at that age when nothing daunts. He repeated,

"Well, why not a fortnight?"

"A fortnight to write a novel," said Malitourne, "to invent the plot, and to write the whole! This is childish."

"I shall have finished in a fortnight," said Victor.

"Nonsense!"

"I bet you anything you like."

"Well, bet a dinner to us all."

"A dinner to all; so be it."

On the morning of the 15th, all the guests of the *literary banquet*, heard from Victor to the effect that he had finished his share of the undertaking, and that, in order that no one should quarrel with him as to quantity, it formed an entire volume, and those who wished to hear it, had only to meet at Gilé's house that evening at eight o'clock.

All hurried thither, and Victor read "Bug Jargal."

Malitourne owned that he had lost his wager. The

other unanimously declared that it was better than any dinner, and that they each owed him one.

Abel started the thing, and gave the first dinner—which was also the last. The others found they had too little money to follow his example, and too little time to contribute their share of the book, and the stories stopped short with Victor's, just as the dinners did with Abel's.

XXXI.

OLD FRIENDS SEPARATE.

DURING that year, so especially devoted to mathematics, Victor was particularly noticed for his application by the teacher of the morning class, M. Laran. But one day this teacher, who was tall and thin, rose suddenly from his seat, leaned forwards and stretched out his neck, which expanded like an opera glass, and he thus discovered that what was occupying Victor so intently, and kept his eyes so earnestly fixed on the table, was a volume of the "Génie du Christianisme," cleverly concealed behind a barricade composed of his inkstand, his books, and his cap. The volume was confiscated, and the pupil threatened with expulsion should he be found using any book save a mathematical one. So Victor was reduced to the occupation of carving his name on the table, with the date, initials, and flourish.

He gave more attention at the afternoon class. The mathematical master, M. Lefébure de Fourcy, a tall, ill-formed person, whose crooked shoulders formed a pedestal to a long, pock-marked face, was, nevertheless, full of spirit and life. He would cross the schoolroom at one

stride; he demonstrated like thunder, and would cover the slate like lightning. This rapid fulguration won over Victor, who took a violent fancy for a time to figures. But having paid little attention to the other lectures, his science had many gaps that he was obliged to supply with his imagination. Sometimes he found strange and complicated solutions to the most difficult problems. His singular pupil was himself a problem to M. Lefébure de Fourcy, who was equally astonished at his inventive powers and his ignorance.

Amongst Victor's schoolfellows was Victor Jacquemont, who has since become celebrated. The future orientalist was so quick at science that he solved problems whilst hearing them asked, and he spoke x's and y's as if algebra had been his mother tongue. He was intelligent and unconstrained, with black and tumbled hair, and would quickly close his budget of erudition, turning from algebra to chemistry with all the ease of a practised traveller.

Another schoolmate, Blondel, who was as fair as his name intimated, formed a friendship for Victor, and addressed to him congratulatory verses on his academical success. In after years the two poets were parted, and M. Victor Hugo had long lost sight of his comrade Blondel, when, on the day of his admission into the Academy, the commander of the company deputed to pay him the accustomed military honours, offered his sword. This officer was Blondel, twice associated with him in his academic career, and who now saluted him with the sword, as he had formerly done with the pen.

Victor did not care to rest satisfied with merely an honourable mention from the Academy. He again competed the succeeding year. The proposed subject was the "Institution of the Jury." He composed a dialogue, supposed to be between Malesherbes and Voltaire, in which the former upheld the Parliament, the latter the Jury. The Academy carried out M. Reynouard's system to perfection, which consisted in sparing young men an inordinate excess of praise. Victor was not even honourably mentioned.

Eugène, who had modestly left the glory of belonging to the Academy of Paris to his brother, and contented himself with provincial honour, obtained a prize at the Floral Games of Toulouse, for an ode on the death of the Duke d'Enghien, in which his Royalist feelings energetically stigmatised the author and the accomplices of the bloody ambush, and in which he also predicted to Murat the punishment he afterwards received :—

O Murat, la Calabre et ses rochers t'attendent ;
Ses vautours naissants te demandent !

[*Translation.*]

O Murat, Calabria and its rocks await thee ;
Its vultures, yet unfledged, call out for thee !

In August, 1818, the two brothers left school and came to live at home with their mother. Madame Hugo no longer resided in the Rue du Cherche-Midi : for the half-pay of the General no longer allowed her to indulge in the luxury of a garden. She had less expensive quarters on the third storey of No. 18, Rue des Petits Augustins. She had not been able completely to give up all idea of

verdure, and having no trees of her own, she desired, at least, to look on those of others. From her windows she could now see the fine ruins of the former garden of Larochefoucault.

This house, contiguous to the Museum of the Petits Augustins, had once formed part of the convent which this museum had replaced. Madame Hugo's bedroom, which had a vaulted roof, had formerly been part of the chapel. The room allotted to the two brothers, as a study, looked on the courtyard of the museum, which was crowded with sculpture and fragments of architecture. When the Revolution arrived, which destroyed all inequality in death as well as in life, the tombs of St. Denis had been transported to the museum of the Petits Augustins. Eugène's and Victor's windows overlooked these sepulchres. Louis XVIII. did not allow of kings, even when dead, being placed side by side with their fellow men, and, therefore, he re-peopled St. Denis, and the museum was then obliged to restore to the cathedral the tombs it had usurped. Victor looked on sadly at this removal of the dead. The very departure of sadness leaves a sad impression.

Shortly after this, our heroes became deeply interested in matters that had nothing whatever to do with the Academy. After dinner it was Madame Hugo's custom to visit her friend Madame Foucher. When her sons left school they would accompany her thither. Almost every evening in the winters of 1819–20 the porter of the Hôtel Toulouse would give admittance to Eugène and Victor, who walked in, arm in arm, behind their mother,

she with her workbag in her hand, wearing a violet-coloured dress with a yellow cashmere shawl.

Madame Foucher used to sit in her bedchamber, which was a large room with a deep recess in it. Her visitor would find her arm-chair ready placed in one of the chimney corners, and would seat herself in it, without removing either shawl or bonnet, and begin to work. M. Foucher, who no longer spent his evenings at the War Office since the downfall of the Emperor, would sit in the opposite chimney corner, having his snuffbox and taper conveniently placed on a little occasional table close by him.

These evenings passed very silently. The master of the house, whose health was very much broken owing to his long and late sedentary employment in former times, was not much inclined for conversation, and scarcely stirred. He could not tolerate any inquiries after his health; he hated any attention being paid him: everything of the kind annoyed him. He appeared ashamed of being an invalid, and would bury himself in his corner and in his books. Partly not to disturb him, and partly because it was her nature, Madame Foucher talked but little. Eugène and Victor, who were as strictly disciplined in all matters of ordinary life as they were free in everything connected with intellectual culture, had been taught by their mother never to speak unless they were spoken to. Madame Hugo would now and then leave off working, either to look at the crackling wood on the fire or to dive into her snuffbox, for she, like M. Foucher, took snuff. She would hand her snuffbox to her old friend, merely

saying, "M. Foucher, will you take a pinch?" M. Foucher would reply "Yes" or "No," and generally these words, in addition to "How do you do?" and "Good bye!" were the only ones heard during the whole evening.

These monotonous evenings were to Victor so attractive that it was hardly comprehensible at first. He was ready the moment dinner was over, and urged the slower Eugène to make haste. He could hardly keep himself from walking before his mother; and if, by chance, she happened not to pay her customary visit to the Hôtel Toulouse, he became quite melancholy.

The Revolution had not paid much more respect to the statues of the kings than to their tombs, and the statue of Henry IV. had been overthrown at the same time that his body was exhumed. In order to distinguish this king, however, who was less unpopular than the others, they had taken advantage of the exhumation to make a cast of his face, and the plaster mask was made use of by the sculptor Lemot in his equestrian statue on the Pont Neuf. When the time came for this fine work of art to be placed, the enormous bronze was conveyed from the studio, covered with a green veil, by twenty strong horses, and escorted to the bridge by a multitude of curious people, whose numbers were augmented in every street through which the procession passed. Among the crowd was Victor. All went on famously for a time, and the horses provided were sufficient for the purpose; but when they arrived at the quay the ascent was too steep. The horses could not accomplish it; the whip and the oaths of the drivers were of no use; the poor animals did their best, but

they would slip on the stones, and all their efforts resulted in nothing. Then the crowd unharnessed them and harnessed themselves in their stead; by dint of pushing at the wheels, at the shafts, at the back, at whatever spot, in fact, there was room for the hand to rest, they pulled, pushed, rolled, and dragged it along, and triumphantly conquered the ascent. As may be conjectured, Victor was not the last to harness himself to this work.

That same year the Academy of Toulouse offered a prize for a poem on the "Reinstatement of Henry IV.'s Statue." This subject naturally fell to Victor, who, somewhat disenchanted with the Academy of Paris, because of his recent failure, was attracted towards the Floral Games, which had honoured Eugène with so fine a silver lily. Besides this, he was able to compete there without fear of usurping Eugène's rights: the Floral Games was not one of those stingy Academic Institutions which only give a single prize for poetry. They gave seven. There were to be gained in it laurels sufficient to overwhelm the brows of the two brothers.

As for the six other prizes, the Academy allowed the competitors to choose their own subjects. Victor had an ode ready written, "The Virgins of Verdun," which he sent as his first contribution. Just as he was about to set to work on the "Reinstatement of Henry IV.'s Statue," Madame Hugo was seized with inflammation of the chest, aggravated by the cold weather of the month of January. They forgot everything about the competition for prizes, and the brothers spent both night and day in attendance on their mother. One evening Madame Hugo,

who felt better, asked Victor if he had not sent his second ode. He replied that he had not written it, and that he should think no more about it; for, in order to be in time, it would have been necessary that he should send it off the next morning. Madame Hugo expressed great disappointment at this impossibility, caused by her illness, and fell off to sleep quite sad. Victor, on witnessing his mother's regret, set to work at once, and, whilst watching by her sick bed, wrote his ode, which she found on her pillow when she woke.

Some days after, he received the following letter:—

"Toulouse.

"Since receiving your odes, sir, I hear nothing on all sides but remarks on your great talent and on the vast hopes you inspire in our literature. If the Academy thinks as I do, Isaure will not have crowns enough for the two brothers. Every one here is an admirer of such talent as yours at seventeen years of age, and almost incredulous of the fact. To us you are an enigma which the Muses alone can unravel.

"Accept, &c.,

"SOUMET."

"The Virgins of Verdun" gained the golden amaranth and "The Statue of Henry IV." the golden lily. Eugène was honourably mentioned, and received the compliment of having his verses printed in the collection of the Floral Games.

Madame Hugo once restored to health, the nightly visits to Madame Foucher began again. But winter was drawing to a close. Madame Foucher was in the habit of hiring a small house in the suburbs for the summer

season. In the year 1819 she established herself at Issy. This rusticating greatly annoyed Victor. In vain he insinuated to his mother that Issy was hardly a step further than the War Office, that they had but to cross Vaugirard to get there: the daily visits were at an end. Often, however, when the weather was fine, Madame Hugo would take her two sons, and, stopping by the way to purchase baskets of fruit, they would make their way to Issy, and the servant, to whom they would entrust them, would hasten to lay the table for the three extra guests. The fruit devoured, they would saunter into the garden to breathe the fresh air, which was too often mixed with an unreasonable proportion of dust, because the wall at the bottom of the garden, lowered intentionally, was close to the green where the village dances were held.

With the single exception of the dinner at Issy, Victor had no recreation whatever. Madame Hugo, now that her sons were growing up, tightened the reins of discipline: it was time they should be thinking of their future career. They had it now in their own hands; they could no longer rely on their father, who was ruined by the downfall of the Empire and by the defence of Thionville.

She felt the weight of responsibility she had brought on herself by allowing them to leave off mathematics and take to literature; and her conscience as well as her feelings of maternal affection were bound up in their success. She had brought them up contrary to their father's wishes; she had taken them from him; she was both father and mother to them; she had a double duty to perform, and ruled them without appeal. They spent the whole day at work, and never went out without her; and it was a

touching sight to see these two great boys, one of whom was just twenty years of age and the other already of newspaper notoriety, fastened to their mother's apron-strings, obedient to her, and, as far as she was concerned, still complete children.

Summer over, the silent evenings began again at the Hôtel Toulouse, and Victor was delighted. He displayed his feelings, however, too plainly, so that the parents perceived his joy, and sought out the cause of it. It did not take long to discover that his happiness did not consist either in watching the fire crackle, or in spending two hours sitting without stirring on a chair which was by no means too comfortably stuffed, that it mattered little or nothing to him whether there was conversation or not, and that he was best pleased when M. Foucher's eyes were fastened on his books and those of the ladies on their work. The reason was that he could then feed his eyes on Mademoiselle Adèle to his heart's content. It was also discovered that Mademoiselle Adèle was not the least angry at this. They were fulfilling the prophecy which had affianced them before they were born.

Between them they hardly numbered thirty years; it would have been folly to unite two such children as husband and wife. Victor was penniless, and Mademoiselle was equally poor. "Let us part them," said the heads of their respective families; "if their love continues they will come together again sooner or later." And the parents no longer met as before.

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